WEEK ENDING AUGUST 24, 1929

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August 24, 1929 **Liberty** Vol. 6 No. 33

A Weekly for Everybody

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Branch Offices—Chicago: Tribune Tower, Tribune Square. Detroit: General Motors Bldg. Boston: Rice Bldg. San Francisco: Kohl Bldg.
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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —*Stephen Decatur.*

SPORT FOR EVERYBODY

When we read recently the speech made by Senator Harry B. Hawes of Missouri who urged more generous Federal aid for the conservation of wild life we got to thinking of the "days of real sport." And we decided that those joyful days are not of the past but of the present. It's a fine thing, and a useful one, to build bird sanctuaries. We heartily support the efforts of the Audubon Societies that last year got Congress to appropriate $8,000,000 for the protection of migratory birds. These feathered workers who do their bit in farm relief, save our shade trees from destruction, and provide the thrills of beauty and of song must be preserved. But wild life as our fathers and grandfathers knew it, the game birds and game fish of field and forest which furnished part of their livelihood and most of their sport, is going fast. This destruction of game is inevitable.

That we still like to take our pleasures as did our fathers is shown by the fact that 15,000,000 fishing licenses are issued yearly.

It's a good thing to get away from cities and into the wilds to hunt and fish—to repeat, in a way, the experiences of our ancestors in which they found both pan meat and pleasure—but if we had to depend on unaided nature we would be out of luck.

The man with gun or rifle or rod is not the principal destroyer of fur and fowl and fish. Wild life fades away in the very presence of man who cuts the forests, drains the swamps, and puts under plow the fields that would bear a bounteous crop of weeds to provide seeds for the quail.

The day when the average man can enjoy the thrill of watching a brace of setters—or pointers, if you wish—quartering a field for quail is passing, and the day when most sportsmen can seek out the grizzly, king of American big game, is gone. Gone also is the day when the casual fisherman finds trout in plenty for his fly outside preserved waters barred to the general public. Only the sea with its inexhaustible finny hordes remains as ever.

How fortunate, then, that we have found excellent substitutes for the outdoor sports of our fathers, sports that take their millions into the open and provide pleasure for a far greater number than ever before took this way to health and happiness.

First of all we think of golf; tennis perhaps comes second. Then there is swimming; we are apt to become enthusiastic about that. These are everybody's sports, while baseball and football are the games of youth and for the most part the girls can only look on.

Our nation's tremendous gains in material prosperity brought the automobile and the leisure to use it; and though the automobile contributed greatly to the destruction of wild life by making the remote places easily accessible, it is compensating by transporting millions to the golf courses and the bathing beaches. And driving an automobile is sport in itself.

Golf has perhaps two and a half million active players; tennis may have as many; but, as we have said, swimming today is everybody's sport. In the days of "the old swimmin' hole" such pleasures were largely confined to small boys—certainly girls young or old knew little of it. Now highly organized bathing beaches and countless outdoor and indoor pools offer this—one of the greatest sports—to everyone. Beaches from Maine to Florida, along the Gulf and the length of the great Pacific shore of California, are in constant use at some time of the year; and the indoor pools carry on all twelve months. Millions are swimming today where hundreds swam before.

We said a few paragraphs back that driving an automobile is sport in itself. Perhaps you doubt that, having in mind to wonder why people seem to enjoy driving on crowded roads of a week-end. We are certain that the man behind the wheel is taking a vacation from himself. By a turn of the wrist he controls the might of forty to sixty horsepower; that power is *his* and his ego is restored and built up by the knowledge that the safety of friends and relatives on the back seat is committed to his hands. This is a relief from the feeling of subordination which most of us know. The man at the wheel is, for the time being, a king. He is master of his own fate and glories in the sure and quick decision that proclaims him Man, despite, perhaps, the shrilled doubts of some back-seat driver.

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J. M. Patter… R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; Max Annenberg, General Manager;
Jan… Business Manager; S. W. Stubbings, Secretary; Sheppard Butler, Executive Editor.
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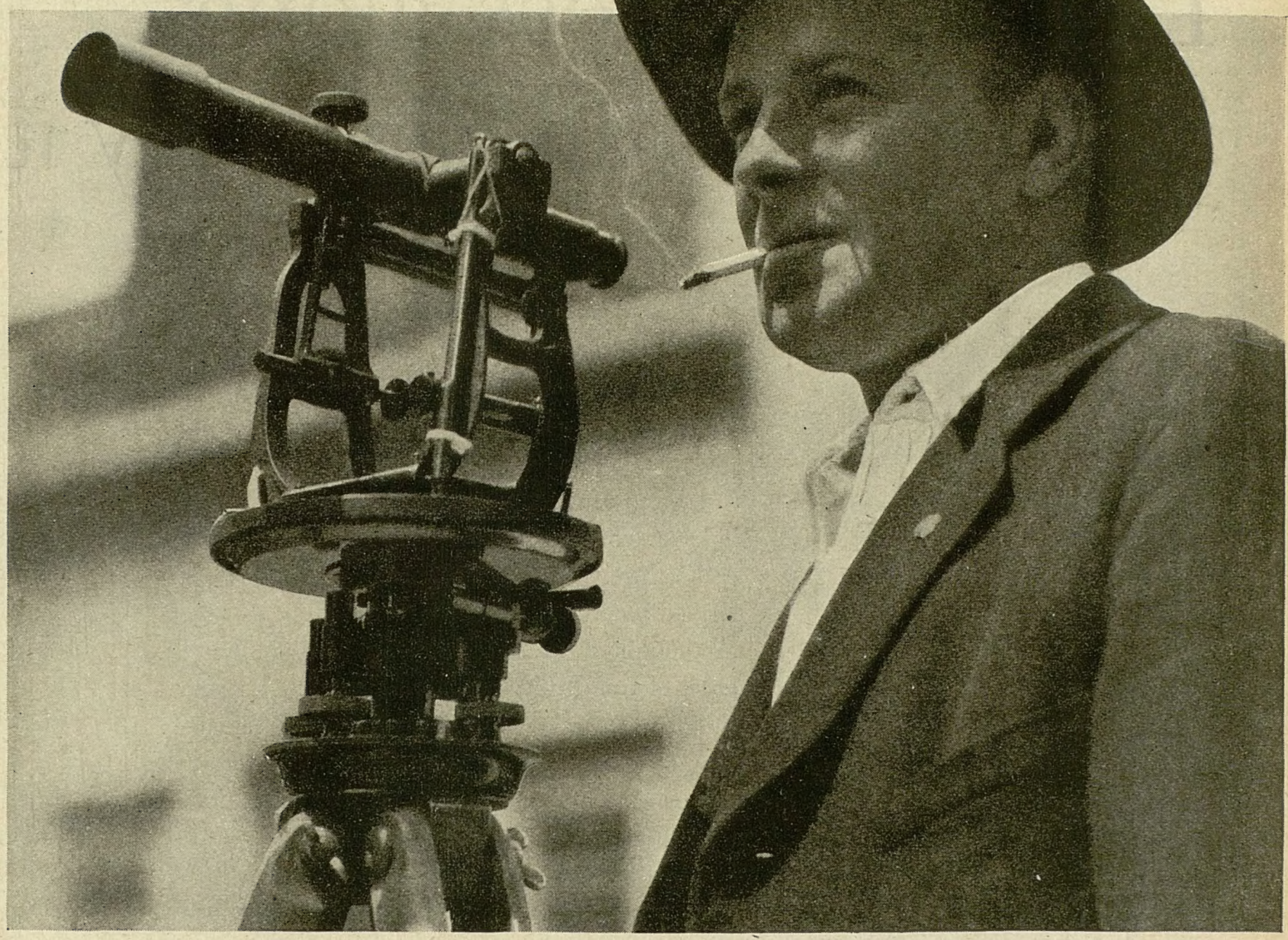
Addres… Avenue, New York, N. Y. Allow four weeks for change of address.

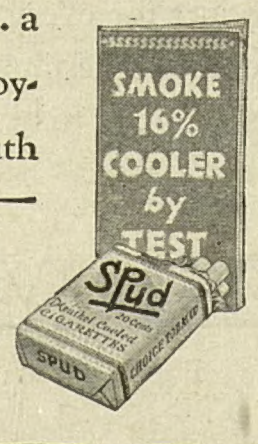
Do you SMOKE ON SIZZLING STREETS?



...THAT'S WHEN SPUD'S COOLER SMOKE IS WELCOME!

From the man on the street... the dust-swept, broiling street in summer . . . comes grateful appreciation of Spud's refreshing, cooling smoke. People everywhere are finding Spud a great summer smoke . . . a cigarette that allows unlimited tobacco enjoyment... its cooler smoke always keeping mouth and throat cleaner . . . keeping tobacco senses unclouded and alert. Spud smoke is proven 16% cooler. It heightens Spud's full tobacco flavor. It makes Spud the new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

"SMOKE 16% COOLER BY TEST"...a little book telling how Spud's greater coolness was proved scientifically and what it means to you... sent gladly on request.

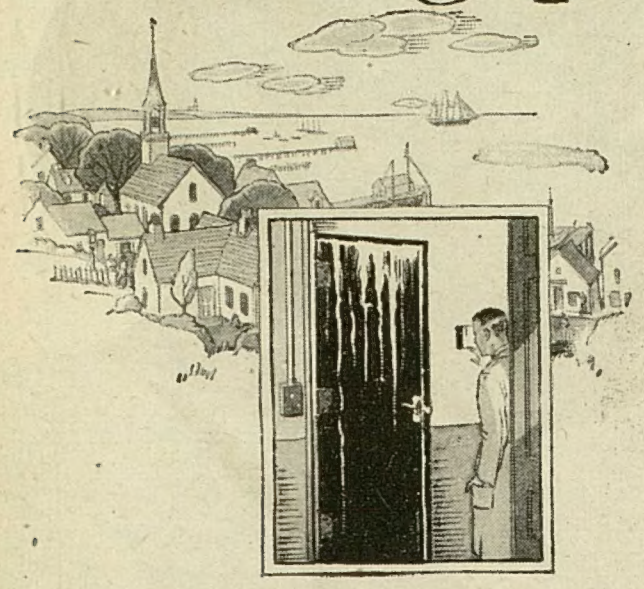


JUDGE SPUD...Not by first puff.. but by first pack. Surprise of first puff soon forgotten... continued coolness heightens enjoyment of the full tobacco flavor.

MENTHOL-COOLED **SPUD** CIGARETTES

All branches on the same tree; all growing out of the Chrysler root principle of standardized quality

Passing progress along so all can enjoy it



BEHIND this stout door is a compartment where a saline fog does its worst with the materials used in a motor car. Since no man could live in such an atmosphere, the test is observed through a small window.

ALL units of Chrysler Motors operate hand in hand, pooling their experience and resources, conducting group research and experiment, holding council together, exchanging ideas—and in each case the public is the principal gainer.

Instead of small groups of engineers working independently of each other, really pitted against each other, Chrysler Motors engineers are marshalled together as one vast creative force—with all thought and all effort keyed in a common spirit of teamwork and helpfulness.

There is no petty rivalry, no jealous contention, no hiding away of secrets. On the contrary, the combined group carries on its studies and development work in one great laboratory. Progress, as a result, is not selfishly confined to any one product, but is automatically extended all along the line.

Advancements worked out for any one Chrysler Motors car are, wherever possible, adapted and applied to all the others. Thus, as each Chrysler Motors car advances in quality, performance and value, all advance.

And, inasmuch as there is a Chrysler Motors product for every pocketbook, this means that the finest results of automotive progress are passed along to be within the reach of *everybody*.

CHRYSLER "77"

CHRYSLER "70"

CHRYSLER "66"

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL

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PLYMOUTH

DODGE BROTHERS SENIOR

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DODGE BROTHERS TRUCKS, BUSES *and* MOTOR COACHES

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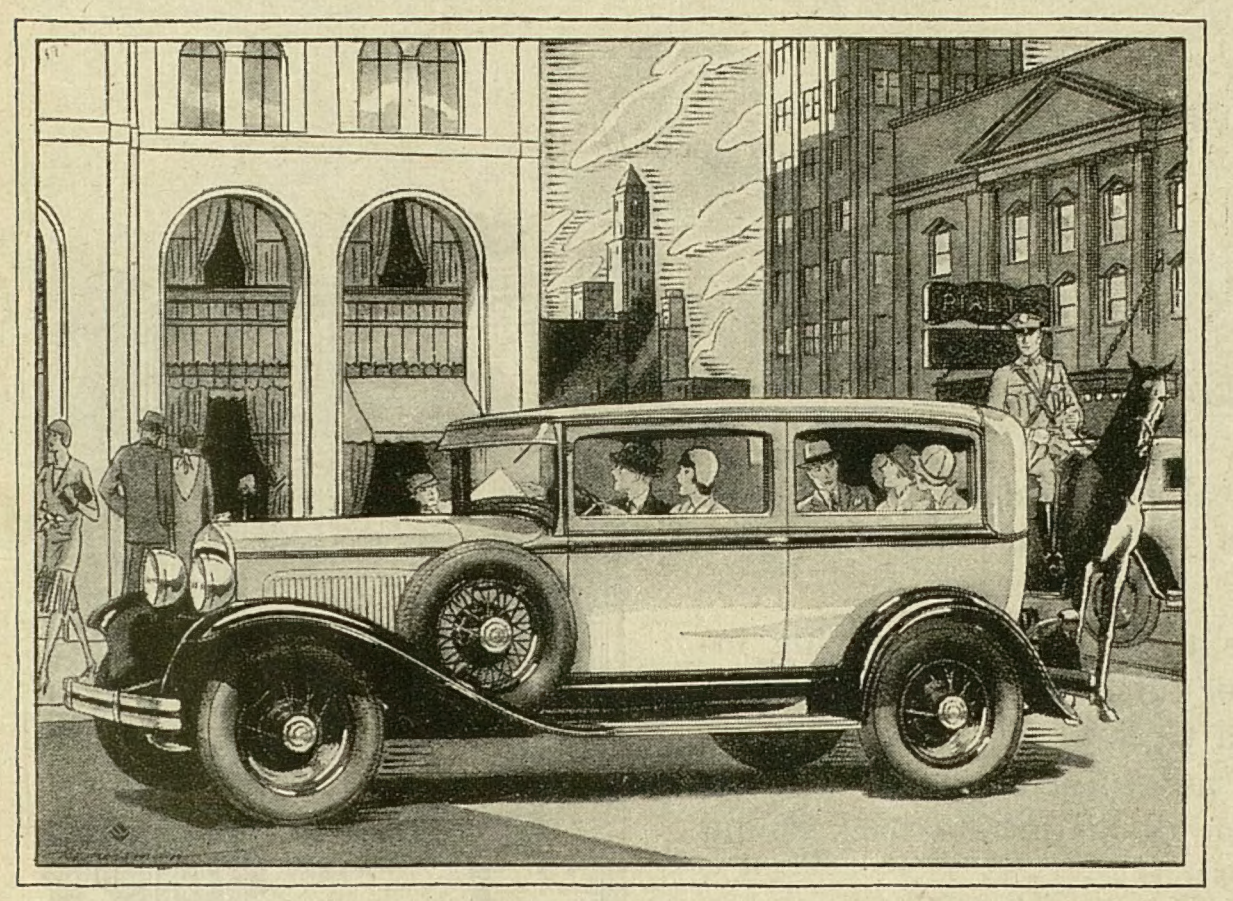
out-reaches its field

FIVE different ways



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FULL SIZE PLYMOUTH

PLYMOUTH

AMERICA'S LOWEST-PRICED FULL-SIZE CAR

TO ANYONE with an eye for value, it is plain to be seen that the improved Chrysler-built Plymouth is the dominant car of the low-priced field.

Strictly speaking, there are just five main points on which to judge a motor car — Beauty, Performance, Comfort, Safety, Economy —and the newly refined Plymouth takes the head of its class on all five counts. The reasons are obvious.

One: Plymouth is the *only* low-priced motor car that can boast the refreshing charm, individuality and smartness of Chrysler designing.

Two: Plymouth is the *only* low-priced car that can demonstrate the smooth, flexible, animated performance that comes of Chrysler engineering principles.

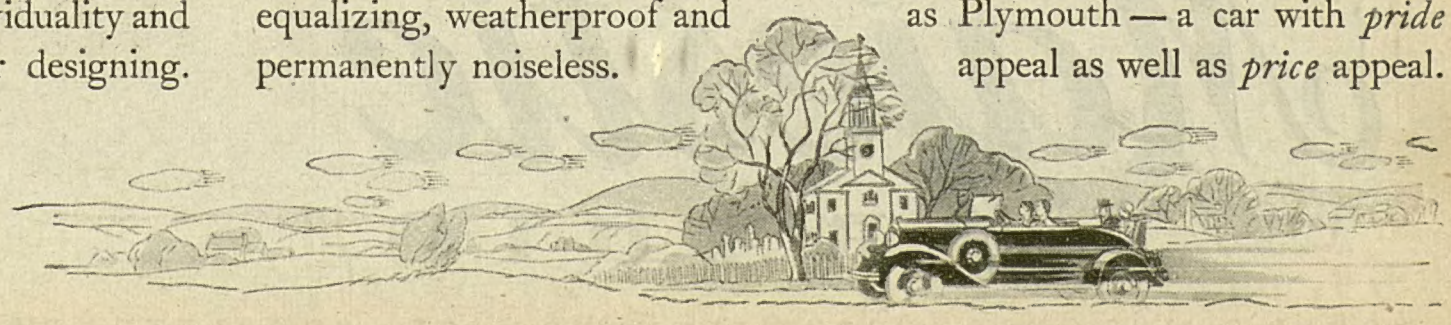
Three: Plymouth is the *only* full-size automobile at anywhere near the price. It has the roominess of many a high-priced car.

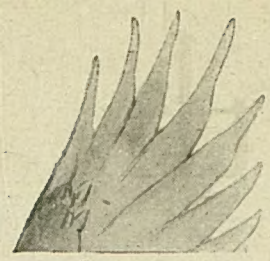
Four: Plymouth excels in rugged, dependable construction, and is the *only* low-priced car with the safety of modern internal-expanding 4-wheel *hydraulic* brakes—self-equalizing, weatherproof and permanently noiseless.

Five: Plymouth can show a better record of low upkeep cost and at the same time match all comers in sparing consumption of gasoline and lubricating oil.

These are the facts. All comparisons simply go to show that Plymouth has made a clean sweep in obsoleting all the old rules and notions so long observed in the low-priced field.

The result is a constant upward swing in Plymouth sales, for motorists have long desired a car such as Plymouth — a car with *pride* appeal as well as *price* appeal.





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Mighty Monarch of the Air

LIFELIKE at last—not only real as life but big as life—the wonderful, colorful flood of tone that pours from the new Majestic.

For Majestic now provides the means of applying increased power to the detector tube, enabling it to handle maximum volume without a trace of distortion—setting free the pure, unhampered, *magnified* tone. All howling, all squealing, all A. C. hum, all disturbing background noises are completely eliminated.

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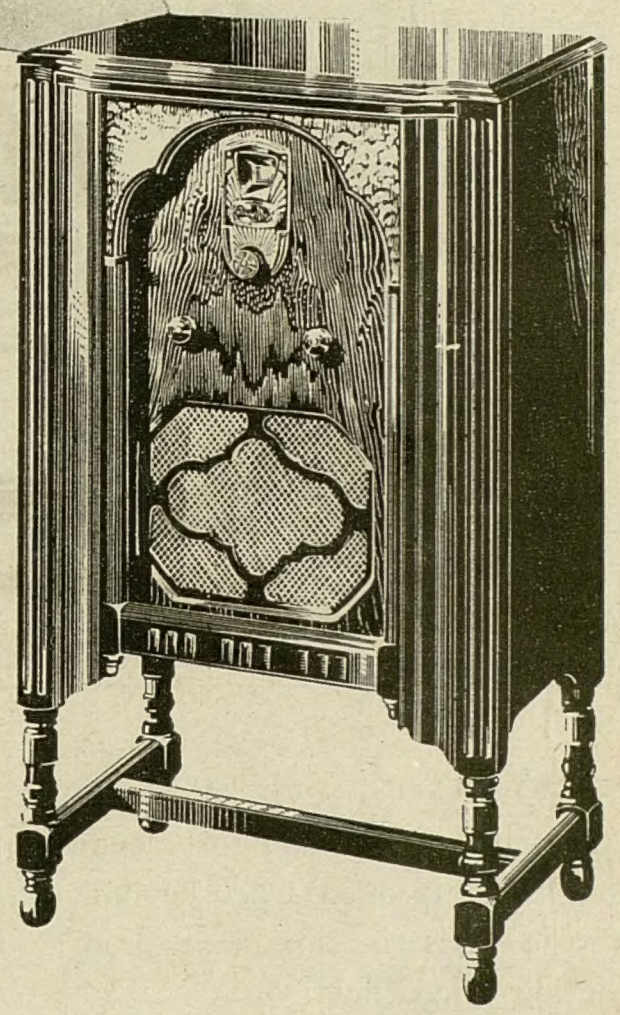

Model 91 . . . Power Detection and the *new* –45 tubes plus four tuned stages of radio frequency. Absolutely no hum or oscillation at any wave length. Automatic sensitivity control gives uniform range and power all over the dial. Improved Majestic Super-Dynamic Speaker. Heavy, sturdy Majestic power unit with positive voltage ballast insures long life and safety. Early English design cabinet of American Walnut. Instrument panel overlaid with genuine imported Australian Lacewood. Escutcheon plate and knobs finished in genuine silver.

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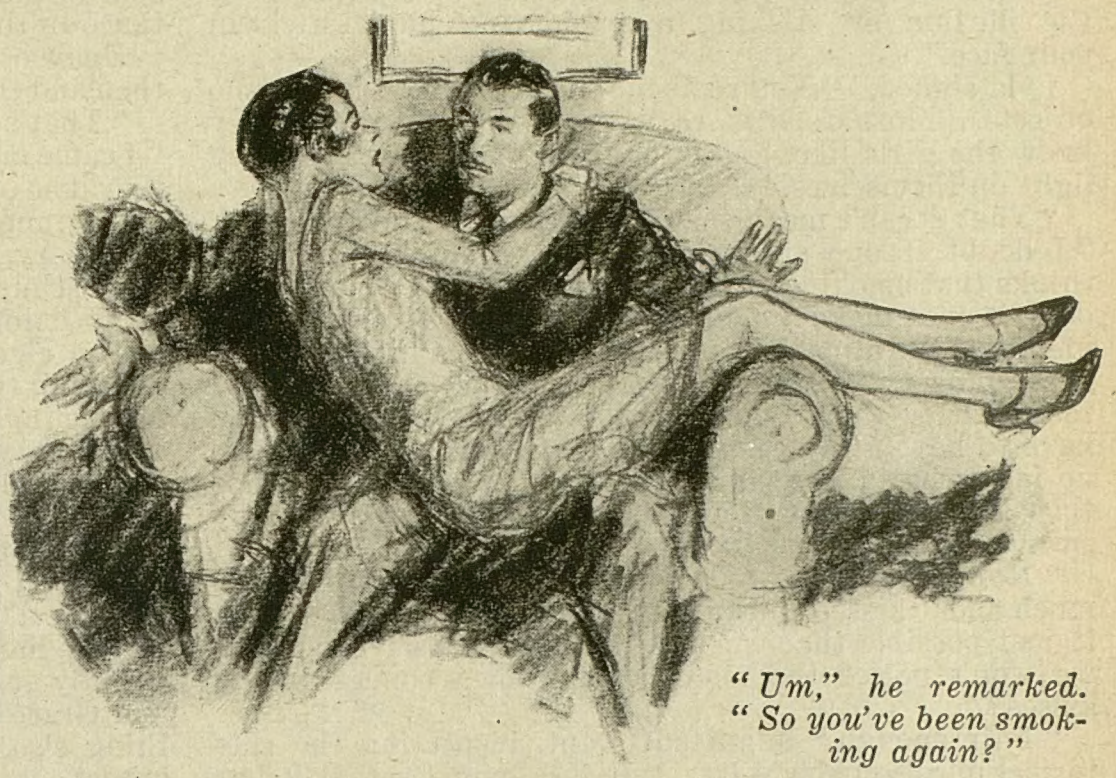
So Few Days Left

The Story of a Lesson in Love



"Um," he remarked. "So you've been smoking again?"

By

FRANK R. ADAMS

who began writing musical comedies while in college. At the thirteenth he switched to magazine stories and novels. He took time out to serve in France as an artillery officer. Then back to the inkpot in Michigan.

Pictures by RAYMOND SISLEY

GRANT SMITH took one sniff as he entered the front door of his own brand-new suburban bungalow.

Cigarette smoke!

Well, what of it? He would be pleasant until he was sure.

So he took off his hat and coat, hung them on the hooks in the hall, and went into the living room, where he announced his presence by a loud, slightly unconventional yell, finished off by the brisk command:

"Heads up!"

The results were plentiful and pleasing.

From the rear of the house came the clatter of tinware being dropped, feet hurried down the hallway, and there emerged into view the most delightful Mrs. Smith in the entire telephone directory.

Young, alert, colorful, petite, Lyla was a lively animation of a man's wildest wish. Everything about her was crisp, hand-picked for the occasion, except that her very dark blue eyes were just on the point of melting with love and devotion.

She came toward her rather recently acquired lord and master like a puppy uncertain whether to wag or bark.

Instead she did neither, but, at a more or less prearranged signal, jumped, landing fortunately in Grant's arms, even if the impact did knock him staggering back into the overstuffed rocker.

It was about then that he kissed her.

"Um," he remarked, savoring the flavor. "Listerine! So you've been smoking again?"

"I use Listerine," she asserted primly, "to avoid becoming a trap for germs."

"Very sanitary of you, I'm sure," Grant replied with sarcastic approval. "It just happens that I had noticed the smell of the smoke the moment I entered the house."

"You do put two and two together rather well, don't you? Isn't it strange that detective headquarters hasn't insisted on your help during the more difficult stages of the recent murder cases?"

Grant refused to be sidetracked. His good humor deserted him for the moment. "You know I do not like the idea of my wife smoking."

Lyla sat up, the gaze still as raptly adoring, but the chin perhaps a little squarer. "I don't think that an occasional cigarette hurts me any. And, besides, all women smoke nowadays."

"I'm inclined to agree with you on both counts, but that does not alter my opinion. To my notion it is not a question of health or fashion—it's the principle of the thing."

That was the way so many discussions had started among these and other Smiths.

"But you smoke a pipe," Lyla pointed out. She remembered having said the same thing before sometime. In fact, this entire conversation seemed like the rehearsal of a one-act play in which they were both practically letter-perfect.

"Sure I do," Grant conceded. "And I shave with an

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[SO FEW DAYS LEFT
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old-fashioned razor and play poker all night every other Saturday. Legally you can do everything that I do, but do you think it will make you more attractive? You women starve yourselves to death and cut off your hair in order to look like children, and then you rip the lid off the illusion by sticking a smoldering punk stick in your face."

Lyla sighed. "You're about the only man I know who objects. Most fellows carry the special brands they know the girls like, and offer them one every time they light up themselves."

"That doesn't mean that they like it," Grant objected. "I doubt if one single solitary man in all the world thinks that smoking adds anything to a girl's charm. It doesn't even make a man more attractive, really, but the unsavory untidiness is so far removed from the daintiness we hope for in women that it is especially unnatural to find it in them. For some reason or other we men have to have kisses, no matter what flavor. But you've no idea what a pleasant surprise it must be to find lips that are merely sweet woman lips and not perpetually smoke-acrid."

"How," demanded Lyla suspiciously, "do you know so much about kisses and women's lips? And, besides, isn't it just possible that we women smoke ourselves so that we won't notice the taste of your own condescending kisses?"

"Fair enough," admitted Grant, inspecting the rhetorical question shrewdly. "It just happens that it has nothing whatever to do with the case, but it shows a sort of primitive faculty of ratiocination which proves, at least to me, that the feminine mind exists and that its processes are not entirely uncontrollable."

"Do you think we like stale tobacco kisses?" Lyla persisted.

"I rather think most of you do," Grant answered. "Or at any rate you would if you were in the dark and it was the only way you could tell whether it was a man or a woman you had run into."

Lyla giggled. "I can tell by the whiskers."

"Pretty soon you won't be able to," Grant pointed out grumblingly. "Not if the ladies keep on making monkeys of themselves and trying to imitate all of man's most objectionable qualities without adopting any of his virtues."

"Such as?" Lyla inserted suggestively, but got no further rise out of her husband, who got up and bounced her on the davenport, also overstuffed and much newer than it would be in a month or so if it kept on living in the same apartment with the young and vital Grantland Smiths.

THERE was time out for dinner which Lyla had very capably prepared. The pleasant conversation that went with the repast was chiefly the not very interesting but eminently satisfactory dialogue that takes place around most young married dining tables with the varnish still unmarred by baby shoes and toys.

Grant thawed very perceptibly toward his lovely vis-à-vis, who always pinned spangles on his playtime moods. He had practically forgotten the austere irritation which had marred his home-coming.

Until—

With an unconscious gesture that showed how habitual it was, Lyla reached for a cigarette to go with her after-dinner coffee.

She hadn't really meant to take one at all, until she found it in her hand; and he had made a mental resolution not to be fussy about it any more, even if she did.

But there was the darn thing, stuck up like a spite fence between them. Lyla lit it because it would have seemed sort of foolish to put it down like a child discovered stealing an apple. And Grant tried elaborately not to notice what she had done. But his conversation stumbled in mid-speech, and the little, foolish, teasing remark that he had begun never did get finished. It just became fog in a suddenly lowered temperature. Sleet changing to drizzling rain filled the atmosphere.

They tried to talk cheerfully—the way ducks do about bad weather—but it was not entirely successful. That smoke-spiraling white tube occupied an eye-compelling spot in the foreground out of all proportion to its importance in the picture.

Heaven alone knows what might have happened right then and there if the doorbell had not rung.

"That's Grace and Horace," Grant explained glumly. "I came out on the five-fourteen with Horace and he said they'd be over."

An immediate assumption of company manners was necessary, or at least a general effort in that direction seemed indicated to the Smiths, who were old-fashioned about being quarrelsome before their friends.

The cigarette went out while Lyla was stacking the dishes in the sink for tomorrow morning when she would be feeling worse, if possible, about everything, especially dirty crockery, and Grant opened the door and put on a genial front for the visiting firemen.

THE Hogartys were Grant's friends. Ordinarily Lyla found them fairly entertaining, but sometimes they seemed a little crude. This was one of those times. Horace had a fund of semiparlor anecdotes that sounded slightly indigo until after the second or third cocktail; and Grace Hogarty was big hearted and also big everything else, including hips, bosom, and what you might expect.

She laughed tolerantly at her husband's jokes, even when he small-timed her, and did his routine for three or four repeats in a day. Grace reminded Lyla of those patient wives of vaudeville jugglers, who stand by in pathetic sausage tights and hand their husbands crockery, hardware, and furniture as required in the act, smiling mechanically and thinking, doubtless, all the while, of chocolate creams, sleep, Variety, and fried onions.

Horace and Grace had come over to play what they probably thought was bridge—no one having had a chance yet to interrupt them and tell them different.

Horace's big story for that evening was unfortunately the one about the flapper and the Anti-Cigarette League snooper who said she'd rather break the seventh commandment than smoke a cigarette.

Grace laughed heartily at that, not noticing that she was the only giggler, and took a cigarette herself. "Try one of these, Lyla. They're new. Cemetery Specials, Horace calls 'em—a wreath with every package. But that's just his kidding. They're really very mild. Since I've been smoking them I don't have that sort of a whisky cough that used to bother me."

Lyla refused the cigarette with a gesture of impatience.

"What's the matter, dearie? Aren't you feeling well?" Grace was all concern.

"I'm all right."

"I never saw you refuse a drag of any kind before."

Lyla was nearly white with restrained fury by this time. She wanted to strike at her tormentor—to do anything to make her shut up.

But Grant finally jumped in and on. "Yes," he contributed to Grace's last remark, "it is indeed very seldom that anyone ever sees Lyla any more without a cigarette dangling from her lips."

Lyla stood no more of that. What woman would? She deliberately selected a cigarette from Grace's package and lit it. That was the only match she needed during the entire balance of the evening. For the next three hours she used the butt of one cigarette to ignite the next.

The constant smoking made her head ache and her throat got raw. But that was nothing to the irritation that grew and boiled over in Grant's mind. In some way he had a feeling that his manhood was being flouted, and that he, as a representative of his sex, was being sickeningly humiliated.

Finally, at the end of a rubber which he had lost dis-

THE elderly lady would have fallen if Grant had not caught her. The station agent came out with a glass of water.

astrously because of absolute inattention to his game, he stood up and announced that he would have to go out and get some fresh air. He threw a wad of bills at Lyla.

"Play three-handed for a while and if I'm not back settle my losses for me."

Lyla regarded the money with some dismay. There was quite a lot of it—all that Grant had, as he was later to discover to his discomfort.

"Why, Grant, where are you going?" she asked.

"To get some more cigarettes," he snapped back at her. "I'm going to walk a mile for one kind and maybe a hundred for some other brand. Anyway, it may be quite a trip."

THAT seemed like a pretty good exit line, so he grabbed his hat and coat as he went through the hall and managed to slam the outer door before anyone thought of a comeback. Even Horace seemed to notice that something was wrong.

"Old Grant ain't sore about anything, is he? Did I say something?"

"No," Lyla corrected and reassured him; "I am the one who displeased him."

"You?" Grace questioned. "Why, honey, you're nearly perfect, and, besides, you've only been married six months and . . ."

"It's about the cigarettes." Lyla tried to smile and pass it off as if it were a minor matter. "He doesn't like to see his wife smoke."

Grace snorted. "Well, of all the old-fashioned ideas! Has Grant suddenly gone foolish?"

"Say," cut in Horace, "if that's what the row is about, Grant ain't so foolish. He's only acting out what a lot of us other guys haven't got the nerve to start."

"I laugh merrily," said Grace. "Are you, by any chance, one of those old-fashioned mothers' boys yourself? Next thing, you'll be wanting us women to quit getting haircuts and cover up our legs."

"You guessed it. I belong to a club that's been hoping for that—along with light wines and beer—for about ten years."

"Why, Horace, women will never give up the health and the freedom of movement that comes from wearing short skirts."

"My aunt! If freedom of movement and health is what they want, why don't they wear wool socks and long pants? You dames make me tired. I suppose cigarettes make you healthy, too?"

"They don't do any harm."

"Maybe not. But I can't think of any man just offhand who would like to see his wife smoking in front of his kids."

"If he had any," supplemented Grace.

"Like I'm going to have."

"Do you want me to go along with you?"

"Go along with me? Where?"

"To the orphans' home."

According to a quaint old-fashioned custom, Lyla went with Grace to get her wraps. Of course the party was automatically over.

"Aren't men ridiculous?" Grace asked when they were alone.

"Yes," Lyla admitted; "but how in particular?"

"About every once in so often they have to assert their authority and make some woman do something she doesn't want to do, or else they feel they have lost their manhood or something. Heaven help the wives of the men who

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[SO FEW DAYS LEFT
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haven't got a blonde stenographer to boss around daytimes. Far be it from me to speak a kind word for either a straw top or a key puncher in general, but they do save many a family from premature divorce."

"I suppose," mused Lyla as she glanced critically at Grace's legs, which were marvelously shaped but some way a little glaring in nude hosiery visible to a Plimsoll mark just above the knee, "that perhaps Grant is partly right."

"Hush!" cautioned Grace. "Partly right? He's entirely right, but don't let anybody hear you say so. It isn't fashionable any more to admit that most men may have more sense than their wives, but lots of us know it even in this century. I guess we rebel just because we see others doing it. I don't remember to have seen any family yet that was very happy with a woman at the head of it."

Lyla almost laughed. "You're a funny one to talk after what you just said to Horace."

"Oh! That was just in front of you. He knows that in private I'll do pretty nearly what he wants me to. I've figured it out this way. A woman has a couple of choices—either she can boost her husband up to a swell idea of himself that will be worth a lot to him in dealing with people on the outside, or she can wear him down until he'll let her be the boss rather than argue any more about it. The only trouble with that is that no woman can get any real happiness out of being married to a man she can order around."

Grace slapped her face with Lyla's powder puff and then rubbed off some of the white around the corners of her nose with a handkerchief—also Lyla's.

"I'll get an earful on this very subject on the way home, and probably in about a month I'll be off smoking—at least for a while. And Horace will get a raise in salary just because it will make him feel so big and strong."

AFTER the Hogartys had gone, Lyla rather resentfully turned over in her mind Grace's thinly veiled advice. She had become somewhat weary of the slightly patronizing attitude which people always adopted toward brides. Besides that, she was still smarting from the slap that Grant had given her in front of his friends. And there was the headache and the raw throat. Slowly the tears came up into her eyes and she threw herself down on her bed—a very much abused young woman.

The farmer laughed. He began to close the door agai

Grantland Smith, when he left the front door of his house, had no very clear idea where he was going or what he would do after he got there. His masculine ego had been flouted and he either had to bury it or else nurse it back some way to a semblance of its natural vigor. Perhaps if he beat up some innocent bystander it would do the trick.

The natural place for any commuter to head for is the railroad station. Grant got there in five and one-half minutes—thus clipping forty-five seconds from his customary schedule, which shows almost exactly his frame of mind and barometric pressure.

He did not know what time it was, but if the last train for the city had not already left he would take it.

There was a west-bound train—the limited, California bound, which made a sort of a flying stop at their town—in the station when he came up. He might have taken that, but it seemed better to start the adventure a little less wildly. Besides, there was the matter of his job. Perhaps just running away from his wife would be sufficient for the time being. It might be just as well to stick with the meal-ticket job until he could decide what to do next.

So he let the limited depart without him. After that there was no one else in the station but himself and the ticket agent, so he could not help being aware of the old lady who came in all out of breath and asked for a ticket to Clinton.

The station agent reached for a ticket, but paused to remark, "There isn't a train until tomorrow at ten-forty-six."

"I thought the limited—"

"That just left. That's her whistling at the Heights now."

"But I've got to get home. My husband is dying."

"I'm sorry, but I don't know what I can do about it."

Here, take my watch," said Grant and started to unfasten it.

The elderly lady seemed stunned. She did not say anything more, did not indicate whether or not she still wished to purchase a ticket. But she just stood there as if she were hanging on to the ledge of the window for support.

That may really have been the case. At any rate, after a moment she began to sway and would have fallen if Grant, who was watching her, had not jumped to her assistance and caught her.

The station agent came out from behind his barrier with a glass of water. "Take a sip of this, lady. Then, shall I reserve a parlor-car seat for you on the ten-forty-six?"

"Thanks." She motioned him away. "I'm afraid that won't do any good. He'll be expecting me on the limited."

"Probably it isn't as bad as you think," put in Grant. "Why not get a good night's sleep and then take the morning train?"

She shook her head. "No. It has to be tonight or never. The limited gets to Clinton about three. Between three and four—that's the hardest time for people that are going to die. He'd wait until the train got in so he could see me, but if I'm not on it—why, I guess there wouldn't be any other chance."

Privately, Grant thought it was what he termed "an old wives' tale" or more inelegantly "a bunch of spinach," but the woman's dismay was so stoically genuine that he could not believe but that she thought she was speaking the wisdom of the ages.

Grant Smith was not a very hard-boiled misanthrope. The realization that here was a nice elderly lady up against a kettle of fish that she did not have any way of handling made Grant forget for the moment that he had any troubles of his own. He was still resentful, but not acutely so, and he did not recall poignantly what it was all about.

That was how he came to make the astounding offer to drive her to Clinton "and get there ahead of the limited unless we're arrested."

The woman accepted the offer in the spirit in which it was made. Perhaps she did not realize either just what a large order it was.

GRANT left her in charge of the station agent and dashed home for the family coupé. From the garage he pushed it down the driveway by hand so that Lyla would not hear him starting the motor; and even out in the street he did not turn on the lights until he was a block away from the house. He wasn't sure whether he did that in order to make Lyla worry less or to make her worry more in case she discovered that the car was gone. The chances are that his sense of chivalry did not, at that moment, include his attitude toward his own wife.

At the railroad station he found his prospective passenger in complete possession of her faculties and quite ready to embark on the perilous adventure.

She did not notice the speed with which Grant hit the Lincoln Highway. Her thoughts were evidently far ahead on the transcontinental strip of cement.

"He'll hear the first whistle of the engine over here on the Illinois side," she said, "and then the rumbling of the train on the trestle bridge across the river. We used to listen for that together years ago when our boys used to be coming home from Chicago. Tonight he'll be listening for it alone. Could we go any quicker?"

Grant laughed. They were doing sixty-three right then. "We're running faster than the limited now and there's almost no traffic on the road ahead of us between here and Denver. When the engine gets warmed up a little, I'll let her out and we'll see if the fenders are wide enough to lift us off the ground."

That satisfied the old lady—Mrs. Kearney she told him her name was—but she still sat forward a little on the edge of the seat as if, by so doing, she could lash the horses under the engine hood to even greater exertion.

It was quite chilly out, enough so that the car was more comfortable with the windows completely closed. This shut out the roar of the road sufficiently for unstrained conversation.

Grant with clumsy masculine sympathy attempted a cheerful optimism.

The old lady turned to him with a totally unexpected smile. "You needn't be sorry for me, young man," she said. "And if you get me there before he goes away you need not think of me as being sad—ever."

Grant did not exactly understand.

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[SO FEW DAYS LEFT
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She went on. "Are you married?"

"Yes."

"But not long enough to know that nothing much matters so long as you are together. You find that out after a good many years, I guess. Before that you're pretty apt to quarrel about who is right and who is wrong, not realizing that probably neither one of you really is ever more than half right. Sometimes it seems a shame that when there are so few days left, no matter how young you are, people should have to quarrel and argue and cry and swear in order to smooth down all the rough edges and make two lives fit together the way mine and John's do. But it's probably the crying and the swearing that make the few days really worth while.

"The only thing that is really dreadful is to lose any of those. That's why I'm so anxious to get back to John, and why John is staying there in his old worn-out body until I get there. It will not be very sad when he goes—we're neither of us afraid any more—but we'd like to say good-by. You'll probably understand that better some day."

Grant might or might not have prodded her with a question which would have had some actual bearing on the problems that harassed his own life if the motor had not spoken for him.

Or sputtered rather.

"Tut-tut-tutta-tut," said one or two of the cylinders, the others refusing stubbornly to take part in the discussion.

Grant promptly threw off the ignition switch. He knew what was the matter—lack of gas and nothing else. No use to waste the few drops left in the vacuum tank in order to gain a hundred yards or so.

All along the line he had been on the lookout for an all-night service station. There had to be one. But there wasn't—not so far.

There was a farmhouse by the roadside. Farmers sometimes have gasoline. Grant was out of the driver's seat and half way to the farmer's back door before he really knew what he intended to do. He had to have help and he had to have it quick. A delay would make his grandstand play useless; worse than that, ridiculous.

A repeated rapping brought two dogs and finally one bony dejected-looking man in a nightshirt to the door. He carried a kerosene lamp and peered out to see who it was. The dogs seemed to hunger for raw human meat, but Grant stood his ground until the master of the house succeeded in quieting them by kicking them with his bare feet.

"Now," demanded the farmer, "what the hell do you want?" Thus disproving the general impression that farmers do not talk like that.

GRANT explained his craving for gasoline.

"Ain't got a drop," the farmer assured him, evidently glad to be able to disappoint the individual who had interrupted his beauty sleep. "I'm too poor to own an automobile or a tractor, and my wife pumps water by hand. Good night."

But Grant had his foot in the door.

"Then where can I get some gasoline?" he demanded.

"About ten miles west there's a station," replied the farmer after a moment's deliberation. "You can walk there before daylight and probably get a ride back with the early trucks headin' for Chicago."

"But how about your neighbors?" suggested Grant. "There must be someone hereabouts who will have a supply of gasoline."

The farmer laughed. "You struck a bad stretch of country and a bad season, stranger. All the automobiles that's been owned around here lately has been confiscated for nonpayment of installments. You might just as well start walking and let me go back to bed. It'll keep us both warmer."

But Grant could not give up. He'd promised not only Mrs. Kearney, but also himself that he would beat the limited to Clinton, and there had to be a way.

He eyed the lamp. "Got any more kerosene in the house?" he asked.

"A little."

"I'll buy it."

"It ain't for sale."

"A dollar a gallon."

"My mistake. You've bought it."

"Get it for me quick, then," Grant ordered. "I've got to get my motor running on it before she cools off or she won't burn it."

The farmer had only a gallon and a half of oil. He held the can in his hand while Grant reached in his pocket for his money.

There wasn't any.

Grant started to explain. The farmer laughed. He had a very disagreeable laugh. He began to close the door again.

"Here, take my watch." Grant started to unfasten it from the slender platinum chain that anchored it across his vest. "It's a very good one."

THE farmer eyed it doubtfully. "Don't need a watch—specially without a chain."

"Take the chain, too."

"It's kind of plain, ain't it? And just silver."

Grant had taken from his left pocket the knife which was fastened to the other end of the chain.

The farmer saw the knife. "Throw in the knife and I'll take it," he said generously.

Grant gave it to him and grabbed the kerosene. "I should think you would!"

He dumped the oil into his tank and climbed into his seat. Wham! The starter worked. The motor stuttered, grumbled a little, and took it.

The vacuum still held and the kerosene was sucking in.

"Nasty, indigestible stuff," muttered the motor. "I've a good mind to spit it out."

"Nothing of the sort, old girl," declared Grant firmly. He knew motor talk and would not stand for sulking.

"Then we'll die," declared the sixty mechanical horses in one voice.

"Try that and I'll give you hell," promised Grant, advancing the spark and crowding the carburetor a little.

"Who are you talking to?" asked the old lady, mystified by the one side of the dialogue which she had heard.

"To the engine," Grant explained, laughing a little. "You have to kid 'em sometimes or they'll quit you cold—like a woman."

He frowned as he thought of the simile. A balky motor and a woman—especially a wife. He didn't have much use for either of them, he lied to himself.

The engine, in spite of the fact that he had taken his mind off it in order to feel sorry for himself, had settled down to a contented growl and began to gnaw off the miles at the old rate of speed.

Grant found a service station that was half open. At any rate there was a man sleeping in it. He made him fill the tank with the motor running for fear he couldn't start on the pure kerosene in the carburetor. Then he borrowed money from his passenger to pay for it.

Not until he was well under way again, did Grant realize that he had not asked the farmer with whom he had left his watch and accessories what his name was. Grant wasn't sure that he would recognize him again unless he wore the same nightgown. That was going to be a lot of trouble—traveling up and down the highway asking farmers to dress for bed and hold a lamp in one hand just to stimulate his memory. He sighed. Doubtless it could be done, but what a nuisance.

Well, that was a trouble he would have to defer also. There was enough gasoline in the tank now for a little ground and lofty automobiling and Grant gave his motor the bit. The kerosene had done a lot of good—sort of like a dose of castor oil—had loosened up the carbon,

put sparkle into the eye, and hoisted the tail over the dashboard.

In an hour and thirty-five minutes Grant had the tail light of the limited in sight, and in fifteen minutes more he was hanging on to it by his feelers. At the river he crossed neck and neck with the engine.

The old lady sighed. "You did it, young man, and we're here in time."

"I hope so."

"Oh, I know. People who have been married as long as John and I have can tell about such things. Turn right at the next street, please."

She was wonderfully composed and capable now. According to Grant's casual estimate she ought to be worn out and hysterical, but here she was, ready to meet her life's greatest crisis in full possession of her nerves and power. They made 'em for service in the old days, Grant thought. He'd bet she didn't smoke nerve-shattering cigarettes. He wished he hadn't thought that disturbing thought. It brought him back with a bang, face to face with his own blasted life.

The house to which she directed him was ominously lighted—the only illuminated one in a dark street. Upstairs there was one window, wide open, that was not so bright as the others. Someone passed in front of it and back, carrying things.

"That's our room," said Mrs. Kearney half to herself. "And it's after three o'clock. They're expecting me and death. But John is only expecting me. He thinks I'm more important."

She was so sure of herself, so proudly conscious of her importance, and confident that everything would be all right now—even if it seemed all wrong. Grant had only a glimmer of understanding, but the little that he did have, clutched at his husband heart and made him listen to voices that he had never heard before.

They went up the stairs, Grant following at Mrs. Kearney's elbow, ready in case—

But there was no "in case."

The door of the sick room upstairs stood open. It was shaded and chill in there. A doctor stood on one side of the bed counting feeble life beats, and a nurse hovered behind him ready to hand him a hypodermic or draw up the sheet as the case might be.

The patient actually saw her first—or sensed her presence first anyway.

"Araminta!" he whispered.

She went over to him and took the other hand. She did not feel the pulse; didn't do anything in fact—just held it. She said nothing. Neither did anyone else.

Grant left the three of them grouped around the bed and tiptoed downstairs. He went outside and lit a cigarette.

WHEN he realized what he had done he threw it away. Then, remembering that it was the last one he had, he retrieved it.

He was still smoking when the doctor came down looking for him.

"Mr. Kearney is dead?" Grant asked.

"No. Mrs. Kearney sent me down to tell you not to wait any longer. She's afraid your wife will be worrying about you and wants you to go right home."

Grant grinned. "Does Mrs. Kearney think of everything?"

The doctor laughed a little. "She thinks of nearly everything that is wonderful. You're going to think so when I tell you that she sent this to you." He handed Grant a ten-dollar bill. "She remembered that you did not have any money. And you're to give me your address, too, so that she can thank you later."

Docilely enough, Grant gave his street and number, and, docilely enough, too, he took the money and started away.

It was not until he had been driving an hour or more that he realized that he was actually obeying instructions and heading for home—"going right home" just as Mrs. Kearney had ordered.

Well, maybe he had better drop in at the house and get a clean shirt and collar before going to the office. He would just about have time for that. Lyla would be asleep, anyway, and would not know that he had been there. So the moral effect would be just as good as if he had stayed away entirely.

Yes, men do fool themselves like that.

Grant left his motor running out in the street while he entered the house. He would only be there about thirty seconds.

He let himself in. The air was chill. It reminded him fearfully of that other house he had left before dawn. What if—

But how silly.

There wasn't a trace of last night's party—not a cigarette stub, not a disarranged piece of furniture in the living room. It was cold, but there was a kindling fire in the fireplace.

BEFORE it—all unconscious of his presence—sat a huddled figure—Lyla. She was dumping cigarettes into the blaze—not cigarette stubs, but real live cigarettes, whole ones, packages and cartons of them, and loose ones from a humidor.

She wiped her eyes once and sniffled a couple of times.

The smoke, no doubt.

But Grant didn't think so either.

So he tiptoed out again, boarded his car, and drove briskly over to the business part of town down by the railroad station.

At an all-night lunch counter he bought every cigarette they had—toasted, coughless, satisfying—all kinds.

When next he entered his house his pockets were bulging with them.

Lyla was nowhere in sight. The fire in the fireplace was just dying out.

But Grant went no further. He stood in the middle of the room and shouted loudly: "Heads up!"

Nothing happened. Then something did. Nothing tangible, that is, but the air became electric with life.

Grant braced himself.

But he fell over on to the davenport anyway, which he had taken the precaution to locate behind him before he announced himself.

She did not kiss him or anything like that. She just reached up and touched his cheek.

"I'm glad," she said.

His arms were tightening around her when their telephone rang.

It had to be answered. No one would be calling up so early in the morning unless it was something important—or a wrong number.

Lyla was the one who answered it.

"Yes, I am Mrs. Smith," she said.

Then there was quite a long speech from the other end of the wire. Then Lyla said "Good-by" and hung up thoughtfully.

"What was it?" Grant asked.

"A lady in Clinton," Lyla said, "wishes me to tell you that her husband, Mr. John Kearney, sends you his compliments and the curious information that he has decided to live until she, too, is ready to step into the dark so that they can go together. She says to remind you that there are so few days left no matter how many there are." Lyla paused. "I'm not sure I know exactly what she meant. Do you?"

"I think I do, but I'm damned if I can explain it to you except in actions."

He began pulling cigarettes out of his pockets until the table was littered with them.

Lyla laughed. "I'm beginning to understand already. We'll have these stuffed and mounted to hang on our walls."

He interrupted her: "You're silly."

"Do you like 'em silly?"

"My dear, that's the only kind who would ever understand me and love me, anyway."

"You—and every other man in the world."

THE END

Ruth Draper

She Walks Alone

By MARK HELLINGER

THE theatrical season of 1928-1929 was admittedly one of the worst that the Broadway producers have ever suffered. Theatrical managers and dramatic critics, searching for an explanation, blamed everything from the talking movies to the price of a haircut in Russia.

All these discussions, however, made little impression on the theatergoer. The public viewed the proceedings with an amused air as the theatrical alibis flew fast and furious. Only the very best attractions made money. The play that, in another year, would have stood an even chance for success was hustled off to the storehouse before the amazed producer could blink his eyes.

In spite of this doleful situation, however, the year had its compensations. Far and away the most important of these was the great triumph of Ruth Draper, who is today recognized as the most amazing personality that graces the American stage.

Until the last weeks of 1928 the name of Ruth Draper was comparatively unknown to the great mass of theatergoers. We knew her merely as a woman who turned up in a Broadway theater on a Sunday night and presented what she termed her "original character sketches."

Ruth Draper in the costume of a lady of the court of Philip IV of Spain.

Now, the average Sunday-night offering in New York is a horrible thing. As a general rule, some little cutie who says she's an actress but can't land a job convinces her sweetie that she ought to give a Sunday-night concert. The sap hires a theater for her and plasters her name among the theatrical advertisements. At the appointed hour, the cutie prances out upon the stage and goes through the motions of singing and dancing.

The result is about as exciting as a leather-bound file of the Congressional Record. At the final curtain, the applause from the friends and relatives is always generous. There are no hisses, because the poor suckers who bought their seats can be depended upon to disappear during the intermission.

Unfortunate as it may seem, Ruth Draper was placed in that category by theatergoers who steered clear of Sunday-night performances. True, she received superlative notices from the newspapers that troubled to review her performances. True, too, people who saw her once returned to see her again and again. True, Miss Draper had played six consecutive weeks in London and had been acclaimed in many cities on the Continent.

Yet to the average New Yorker she meant nothing. Clara Bow and plenty of "it"—ah, that's the stuff! The Front Page, with plenty of curses, and My Girl Friday, with the leading lady removing her panties at the end of the second act—oh, baby, now you're talking! But a woman named Ruth Draper doing character studies—who the devil would want to waste an evening that way?

Thus, when it was announced that Miss Draper, appearing alone upon a stage, would be presented as a regular attraction at the Comedy Theater, a number of producers laughed out loud.

"The dame is daffy," said one wiseacre to me. "Jus' because a couple of highbrow critics tell her she's good, she gets an idea that she can fill a theater six nights a week plus a coupla matinées. And right in the middle of the worst year we ever had, too!

"I guess all the saps ain't in Hollywood jus' yet. She'll find out."

Disregarding all the pessimism, Ruth Draper opened at the Comedy. And the rest is history. From holiday week to the end of April she played there, a Broadway success. With a top price of $3.85 for tickets, the receipts for a week never fell below $8,500, and they went as high as $13,000. On a percentage basis, Ruth Draper earned in the neighborhood of $5,000 a week.

Accordingly she has become one of the highest salaried artistes in the world. Yet she demands no tremendous productions and she asks for no costly leading men to bolster her work. All she needs are a table, a chair, a shawl, and a man to pull the curtain.

And, if the union did not insist, she could probably do away with the man who pulls the curtain.

. . . . .

PREPARING an article on Ruth Draper is no easy assignment. It is hard to describe her because you run out of glowing adjectives too rapidly. It is difficult to paint a picture that will do all her sketches justice because they are so many and varied. And it is totally impossible to quote her for the extremely simple reason that she will not be interviewed.

The woman refuses to speak for publication. Whether

As a character in her sketch, In a Church in Italy.

As The Southern Girl, drawling and languorous.

Ruth Draper herself.

it is because she has an inferiority complex or because she has no desire for publicity, no one seems to know. She simply will not talk—and what are you going to do about it?

Press agents who have been hired by Miss Draper's managers to work for her have discovered that she is the strangest of all creatures—an actress who would rather not have her name in the papers. Some years ago, for instance, Russel Crouse, now the very excellent columnist on the New York Evening Post, was asked by James B. Pond, who was then Miss Draper's manager, if he would handle Miss Draper's publicity. Crouse agreed, and an appointment was made for him to see her.

After he had waited almost an hour for her to appear, she finally entered the library of her home and shook hands with her new publicity man.

"Now, Miss Draper," said Crouse, seating himself comfortably, "tell me something about yourself."

Miss Draper shook her head.

"I have nothing to say. I don't want any publicity."

Crouse swallowed hard.

"But," he objected, "I've been hired to do this work and I must know something about you. Suppose you tell me a little something about the time you were requested to appear before the King and Queen of Spain. That would be interesting."

Again Miss Draper shook her head. This time with more finality.

"Nobody wants to hear about that," she murmured. "Why should they? I have nothing to say about that. I don't care for any publicity."

Russel Crouse left Miss Draper that night knowing slightly less than he had when he had arrived. He continued to do her publicity work for several years. But he never again attempted to interview her.

At the current writing Arthur Kober is Miss Draper's publicity representative. When he undertook the work, he—like his predecessors—attempted to draw some words from her. He failed. And in the months he has been publicizing her, his first meeting with her was his last.

As interest in Ruth Draper grew to tremendous heights, it was only natural that editors should inquire about her. Mencken assigned a writer to prepare an article about her for his American Mercury. The staid New York Times directed one of its best feature writers to knock out plenty of wordage on this female phenomenon.

Without so much as a reasonable explanation, Miss Draper turned down both publications. Small wonder, then, that Ruth Draper's press agents walk around with plenty of aspirin in their pockets.

. . . . .

IN Ruth Draper's repertoire there are thirty-two monologues. Each one calls for the delineation of a distinct character, and each one is different from the next. In one sketch, for instance, she is a New York society woman who is taking an Italian lesson and never gets beyond the first sentence. Some fifteen minutes later, she is portraying an Irish peasant woman who lost her boy in the Great War. You get but a fleeting glimpse of a character. Still, as you leave the theater, you will swear that you have known that character.

When Miss Draper steps upon a stage, you see a woman who is slightly taller than the average. She is, if I must hazard a guess, about forty years of age. Her hair is jet black and her eyes are beautiful. Even the most optimistic of her followers would hardly enter her in a competition with Mr. Ziegfeld's beauties. But those magnificent eyes give her a loveliness that no Ziegfeld girl could ever hope to surpass.

As she swings into her first sketch, you realize that she is extremely clever. After the first intermission, you feel that she is uncanny. When she has performed eight or nine of these character portrayals and you are on your way out of the theater, you will swear that this woman is the most amazing person you have ever seen.

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For Ruth Draper, working absolutely alone, peoples the stage with humans. When she sits at a table and eats an imaginary luncheon with three imaginary women on a diet, it is hard to convince yourself that there are not four people at this meal. When she is at a children's party in Philadelphia and an invisible child interrupts her conversation, you must restrain yourself from climbing upon the stage and slapping the child on the spot where it might do the most good.

More than this, Ruth Draper creates a scenic atmosphere through sheer verbal brilliance. As she enacts several people in a church in Italy, you seem to sense that you are in that church. When she plays the part of a telephone girl in a large New York hotel and complains bitterly of the terrific heat, you tug unconsciously at your collar.

Ruth Draper portraying an Italian beggar.

It may seem to the reader of these notes that the author is falling over himself in an attempt to praise this woman. Such, I assure you, is not the case. I'm just as hard-boiled as the average Broadwayite. I don't believe in Santa Claus, I buy phony copper stocks every now and then, I don't think that Peaches Browning has any talent, and I drop dimes into the cups of professional blind men who can see twice as well as I can.

But I am happy to bend the knee to genius, which is something that Ruth Draper unquestionably has. Alexander Woollcott, the retired critic who was the first reviewer to go into ecstasies over Ruth Draper in his dramatic columns, often referred to her as "the magic lady." I can think of no other name that fits her quite so well.

The magic lady writes all her own material. Her sketches, in the main, are drawn directly from life. She writes and speaks English, French, Spanish, Italian, and German. She employs numerous other dialects and often uses lines from the Jewish or the Irish. Of all the people I know, Miss Draper is the only person I would trust on a trip throughout all the neighborhoods of New York.

HER method of studying a people and their language is so simple that it is small wonder no actress ever thought of it before. She merely takes a bicycle into a foreign country and rides into the smallest villages. She stops at little inns where there are no interpreters and forces herself to converse with the humans around her.

When she wanted to study the habits and expressions of the French peasants, she did not do it by stopping at Claridge's Hotel in Paris and spending her time at Harry's New York Bar. When she felt that there might be something for her in the hamlets of County Kerry, she did not get her atmosphere by watching the antics of an Irish comic in a Shubert operetta.

Ruth Draper has studied her characters with a certain amount of doggedness. Which is one reason why her audiences sense the authenticity of her sketches without ever having seen or met any such people as she endeavors to represent.

Curiously enough, this brilliant woman is at home on the stage only when she is alone and only when she is playing material that she herself has written. When she appeared in London, the late Henry James, the literary expatriate, was so struck with her work that he prepared a monologue for her. She played it for one performance, but it never found a place in her repertoire.

Recently, in a benefit that was played in New York, she enacted a love scene with Hugh Miller, a very fine actor. Since the charity was a worthy one, she had agreed to do it. She studied and rehearsed the scene, and when it finally took place, it was a pretty dismal failure. Ruth Draper was simply not at home in the part.

It is doubtful whether Miss Draper ever offers any of her character studies twice with exactly the same lines and intonations. None of her monologues has ever been copyrighted and I doubt if there is a typewritten record of them all. She merely improvises and improves upon a delineation, and lets it go at that.

Sometimes this method is somewhat unfortunate. The loudest laugh she ever received came in Boston one night during a sketch called The Actress. It was a remark that came to her while she was speaking. The resultant laugh astounded her and she determined to keep it in.

That line, however, was never used again. She can't remember it.

ALTHOUGH the so-called intelligentsia were the first to worship at her shrine, her material is hardly what one would term highbrow. The little shopgirl can laugh and cry with Draper in just the same fashion as the cynical intellectual.

Sargent's drawing of her as The Scotch Immigrant.

The last time I dropped into the Comedy Theater the house was sold out and I was compelled to stand in the rear of the orchestra. Next to me stood a little usherette who was also watching the woman on the stage.

Miss Draper was doing her scene at the telephone switchboard. The telephone girl's baby is ill, yet she must continue her work. She chatters on and on with the girl who is supposedly at her side. The baby. The hot weather. Plugging numbers. The baby.

"Didja hear what happened t' Mazie?" she cries suddenly. "No? Say, you're gonna die laughin' when I tell ya. Sure.

"Remember that guy she was goin' aroun' with? Henry—yeah, that's him. Well, they was engaged, y' know. Sure. He give her a ring, an' everything. Then she got tired of him. Sure. She says he looked awful dirty in the suit he wore. So she give him back his ring.

"An' whaddaya think happened? Henry hocked the ring and bought himself a new suit. Now he looks so good that Mazie is sorry she give him the ring back!"

The usherette next to me rocked with laughter. A tough little damsel if ever there was one, she was impressed because Draper was speaking her lingo.

Suddenly the comedy turns to tragedy. The telephone girl's baby is dying. A phone call to her tells her that the baby, very warm the moment before, is now very cold. Frantically, and stopping only to put one more call through to Chicago for a customer, she rushes off the stage to her home and her baby.

A choking sound next to me made me turn swiftly. The usherette had bitten her laugh and turned it into a sob. All of which made me marvel.

For when an usherette bites a laugh, that's news.

. . . . . .

Just how Miss Draper inherited her precious gift is a matter of conjecture. Her grandfather was Charles A. Dana, publisher of the old New York Sun, and her

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

The Ford Convertible Cabriolet

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ORANGE · LEMON · LIME *flavors*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

father was William H. Draper, a physician. A brother was Paul Draper, a soloist who appeared with the Boston and Philharmonic symphony orchestras and was noted as a German lieder singer. Paul died several years ago after a somewhat stormy career.

According to one of the very few assertions she has ever made, Miss Draper was born in New York on West Forty-seventh Street. It must be pointed out, however, that the artiste made this statement only after a newspaper story had said she was born in Philadelphia. Her reasons for the correction must be left to the reader's imagination.

At any rate, she was reared in an atmosphere that typified the very height of social correctness. Her parents evidently planned nothing for her beyond her becoming a very proper lady. Most of their hopes, one imagines, were centered on Paul, who was a member of the class of 1910 at Harvard and displayed unusual talent.

Her first attempt at self-expression arrived during the course of one of those very dull social parties which were in vogue before the war. Nowadays, with the help of prohibition, these parties are no longer dull. Even the youngest guest of the party expects to get properly plastered before the evening is very old.

In those days, however, things were very different. The boys and girls amused each other through various games and tricks. One boy might sing. Then would come charades. One very talented girl might even play the harp, God forbid.

After sitting in on a number of these so-called parties, the girl decided to try something of her own. She recited a piece entitled The Jewish Tailor, which still occupies a niche in her repertoire. With that sketch was born the Draper monologue.

Encouraged by the success of The Jewish Tailor, she wrote several others. These, too, met with great approbation at social gatherings. Before she knew what was happening, she found herself in great demand. On one occasion Paderewski took her aside and told her that she would some day be a very famous person. In all probability she laughed at him.

REGARDLESS of her laughter, the notion that she wanted to go upon the stage must have reached her about this time. Under the fire of parental objections, she secured a small part in support of Marie Tempest in a comedy known as A Lady's Name. The play was a fizzle and Miss Draper made the rounds of the theatrical agencies in search of a job. She never found any.

Although the records are extremely meager, we know that Ruth Draper went to France and cheered the soldiers of the A. E. F. with her impersonations. After the Armistice, she played a special engagement in London and met with such an outburst of acclaim that she decided to return to America and offer special programs.

The rest you already know. She has performed throughout this country on such occasions as were booked for her by James B. Pond, her former manager, and Miss Helen Arthur, under whose direction she is working at present. In New York, she has appeared at the Greenwich Village Theater, the Selwyn, the Times Square, the Apollo, the Broadhurst, and the Comedy.

Some four years ago she entered a vaudeville theater for the first time when she played B. F. Keith's Palace in Cleveland. Her first few appearances were hardly greeted with cheers by the Cleveland audiences, but, toward the end of the week, she had changed her routine and was stopping the show at every performance.

The following week she was the feature of the bill at the Palace in New York. Her sketches were a riot with the Palace patrons. When the week was over, the Keith offices wished to route her over the entire circuit at a large salary.

She turned them down very politely. Pressed for an explanation, she informed them that she had merely undertaken the two weeks in order to get the reaction of a vaudeville audience. Having acquired the desired information, she was through with vaudeville. Accordingly, she again turned to her Sunday-night performances. By the same token, she again became nothing but a name to the Palace patrons.

Of recent years, Ruth Draper has appeared in various countries. She has worked before the King and Queen of Spain, is the only actress ever to be presented at the Court of St. James's and holds an honorary degree from Hamilton College.

THOSE who know Miss Draper intimately say that she is particularly lusterless in ordinary conversation. She is rarely if ever seen in the company of male friends, and her only hobby is her work.

When she opened her amazing engagement at the Comedy last season, she—as well as her manager—was just a trifle dubious about the success of the thing. They insisted on renting the theater on a percentage basis instead of taking it on a flat basis. This decision cost Miss Draper as high as $1,000 a week.

She has her idiosyncrasies, although she is rarely highly temperamental except in the presence of reporters. One of the strangest episodes in her career came to pass recently when she refused to go on the stage because she found a cross-eyed stage hand in the rear of the theater.

When the stage hand was effectively hidden, Ruth Draper went on with her character sketches. It rained furiously that night and when she finally emerged from the theater, she found a little group of people standing in front of the darkened house. They were waiting for a taxi. And that, on a rainy night in New York, is like waiting for Charles Evans Hughes to shave his whiskers.

So Ruth Draper, the $5,000-a-week star, bundled them all into her limousine and insisted upon driving them until they could all reach either a taxicab or a subway station.

And among these people was the cross-eyed stage hand!

. . . . . .

Strange woman, this Ruth Draper. With no desire for publicity, with no orchestra, with no surrounding talent, she works contrary to each and every one of the theatrical laws. Perhaps that is why she is a genius.

THE END

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The Sawdust Psychic

The Romance of a Girl Who Knew Her Vegetables

"IT'S what I call a poison!" shrilled the voice of Fannie Zorn.

By

GUY GILPATRIC

who doesn't tell you all he's been doing these past thirty-odd years, but does confess to rovings in many lands, to five years as professional aviator—his pilot's license is No. 171, issued in 1912—and to two more years as army officer before he tackled the advertising business in his native New York.

Pictures by ROBERT RIGGS

FROM the distance beyond the tent came strains of Oriental music—blare of brass and throb of drum. The beautiful Fatima was dancing. . . . His Royal and Occult Highness the Maharajah of Cawnpore closed his eyes and heaved a long-drawn sigh. Throughout the warm sunshiny morning a corps of servitors had bathed him, manicured him, and anointed him with oils; and now they were lacquering his toenails and sandpapering his back. . . . Ah, luxury!

Groping languidly with his trunk, he picked up a chair and with it titillated the top of his head. A horsefly, disturbed, buzzed petulantly, described three circles, and landed on a royal cheek. A royal ear twitched once and casually, and dispatched the fly with a blow which would have flattened a Newfoundland dog.

"Ho, hum," murmured His Highness. "This is the life! Or, anyhow, it's a damn sight better than vodvill!"

The Maharajah, for all his psychic powers, was a simple soul and without guile. While many Hindu adepts thrive on four meals a year and a couch of nails, Cawnpore relished the creature comforts of 150 pounds of timothy hay each day, and a tent entirely to himself. With the circus in summer he got them. In vodvill in the winter he boarded in livery stables, and the hay was rotten.

Well, once more it was the good old summertime, and he was back with the show! In a few minutes, now, his first performance of the season would begin! The boys were lugging away the oil tub, the mops, and the rest of his cosmetics and toilet articles. Sam, the nigger, was peeling off his overalls and donning the white satin suit and crimson turban which transformed him into Achmet, the Hindu. The Maharajah (it was seven months since he'd done it) strolled unbidden to the exact center of the thirty-foot square fenced in by red velvet ropes, around which the crowd would shortly gather. The Oriental music, with its blare and throb, subsided. Fatima's act was over. The hicks were moving his way. . . .

SUDDENLY the tent echoed to a violent slatting sound as the spieler beat upon the canvas with his bamboo cane. "Hey look! hey look! heylook! Heylookheylook!" came his voice, and you could tell that it came from the side of his mouth. "Heylook, it's about to begin; it's about to begin, to begin, tobeginaginagin!" . . . There was a pause, filled with the rustling murmur of an approaching multitude. "Hey look, heylook! Heylookheylookheylook! Jarst step up, frenz; step up, step *up*, step *pup!* Stepupupupup jarst a littul closter, frenz. . . . That's it! Make room for the littul ones, the littul boys, the littul girls, an' for this dear white-haired ole white-haired lady. She remines me of my muthaw. . . . An' now, folks, I'm goin' to tell you about the king of the animal kingdom—a bulky beast that weighs faw tons, eight thousand pounds—a monstah mountain of muscle and mentality with a greater brain than Edison, a mightier mind than Mewserlina; a ponderous pachyderm from far-off Indiawh which can look into the fewtchaw, read the human mind, piffawm feats of second sight, of mesmerism, mysticism, hypnotism, and occultism. . . ."

The spiel wound on and on, ever ascending to grander, gaudier heights. It ended in a burst of persuasive passion, punctuated by a renewed slatting of bamboo on canvas.

There was the gratifying sound of dimes dropping into a wooden drawer. Into the tent filed five shillabers

—bellwethers hired to lead the sheep—and after them trooped the hicks.

" Frenz," resumed the spieler, his tone now awed and confidential, " this here ponderous beast before you here is His Royal Highness, the Maharajah of Cawnpore—the Occult Elephunt whose mystic powahs has thrilled princes and peasunts, baffled scientists and savants, and been proclaimed by the peepul, press, and pulpit of every country and continent throughout the civerlized world. This elephunt, my frenz, persesses the key to that mystery of mysteries—the human mind! With his powahs of second sight, he can pe-e-er into your very brain and read your innermost thoughts! . . . What's that, sir? You smile; you snickah; you doubt my statement? . . . Very well, my friend, I want you—yes, *you*, sir, to be the first to be convinced! Achmet, bring the gentleman the slate! . . .

"NOW, my doubting friend, I want you to think of a numbah between one and ten. I don't want you to tell me what it is—I don't want you to uttah it aloud—I want you to write it on the slate, and to notice that Achmet holds it so's neither him nor I or the Maharajah can see it.

" Now, then, have you written it? Good! Hold up the slate, Achmet, so's all can see it except us three. Now, then, has everybody seen it? Has everybody read the numbah? Now, then, I'll ask you all to be silent, and note that I myself do not make a sign, give a signal, or uttah a word. Now, silence, please, while the Maharajah concentrates! Watch him closely, frenz, watch him, watch him, watch him! . . ."

There was a long, hushed pause, filled with the smell of sun-warmed canvas, foot-crushed grass, starched summer dresses, and His Highness. The elephant seemed to be gazing with his little piggy eyes out over the crowd and through the sides of the tent into nothingness. Then, suddenly, he unfurled his ears and raised his head.

" Watch him, frenz! " hissed the spieler. " He's coming out of the mystic trance! "

Slowly the Maharajah lifted his trunk—lifted it once, twice, thrice. *Three!*

An applauding titter arose from the crowd, and out of its midst came a distinctly audible " What the hell do you know about that, Sal? "

" Three! " shouted the spieler. " The numbah is three, three, three! Is that correck, sir? Is that correck, frenz? Of *course*, it's correck; of course it's correck. For this great mentul prodergy nevah hesitates, nevah deviates, nevah prevaricates! "

Then, with equal accuracy and as little apparent effort, His Highness indicated with a wave of his trunk that corned beef and cabbage constituted the favorite dish of the next skeptic, and that the time, according to a lady's wrist watch, was exactly 2:03. " And now as the time is getting late, my frenz, and the Big Show commences promptly at 2:15 sharp, let us jarst move along to the next wundah in the next tent. Jarst step this way, my frenz, and see Flambo, Flambo, Flambo, the fiah eater! Fiah! Fiah! Fiah! He eats fiah; he eats flames; he eats living coals for lunch! He munches them; he crunches them . . . ."

When the crowd had followed the voice out of the tent and into the distance, Achmet put away his slate, removed his turban, and scratched his head. "Boy!" he exclaimed, turning toward His Royal Highness. " It shore am good to be back under canvas ag'in! "

The Maharajah elevated his trunk in an enthusiastic " Aye! " but his gaze was fixed upon the door of the tent. To his great gratification a small and seedy individual entered—a man who wore a derby hat, and who, during the performance, had stood in the very fringe of the crowd.

With some difficulty the seedy one removed his headgear. It fitted so snugly that it came off with a pop,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Frenz," resumed the spieler, " this here ponderous beast is the Occult Elephunt whose mystic powahs has baffled scientists and savants."

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

like the cork of a magnum of '09 Pommery Sec, and it left upon his brow a livid ring.

"Well," he said, one hand caressing Cawnpore's extended trunk and the other holding an ice-cream cone, "you sure put it over, ole kid! You dear little ole woopsy-oopsy darling, you! Come on and give popper a nice sweet hug!"

The Maharajah coiled his mighty trunk around the celluloid collar, and tenderly drew the seedy one toward him. For Tom Regan was the light of his life, the heart of his heart, the apple of his eye, and the truest, dearest friend an elephant ever had—Tom Regan!

Tom Regan had owned His Royal Highness for nearly ten years. At first their act had been the usual elephant turn—rolling on barrels, walking on hind legs, playing dead, and the rest of it. But as time went on and the two became more and more attached to each other, Regan sought an act more nearly worthy of their talents.

Now it happened that Mr. Regan in his school days had been blessed with a gift of twitching his scalp. So nicely had he developed this talent that he could move his crop of brick-red hair a full inch in any direction without so much as flickering an eyelash. His control was perfect.

By chance, Regan recalled this youthful prowess, and with the memory came sudden inspiration. Hastening to a mirror he summoned all his scalp-moving faculties. Yes—it twitched even as of yore! He tried it forward, backward, left, right! The old power had not deserted him!

For days, then, he had stood before his elephant and twitched and twitched and twitched until his ears perspired and his head ached. And in due time, because the two were spiritually as Damon and Pythias, the beast caught the idea of the thing—knew when, in response to twitches fore and aft, to lift his trunk and when to put it down again; knew that a twitch to starboard meant yes, and a twitch to port meant no. Regan found that a tight-fitting derby hat accentuated the subtle signals so that they could be read from a distance. He laid away his gorgeous uniform, and became at each performance a seedy individual who stood at the very fringe of the crowd around the elephant—originally Cornelius Vanderbilt, but now booked and ballyhooed as His Royal and Occult Highness the Maharajah of Cawnpore.

From tub rolling they switched to mind reading—and, boy, wasn't it profitable! In fact, this season, Tom Regan intended to propose to Fannie Zorn, whose *nom du wriggle* was Fatima, and whose smiles were even more seductive than her sinuosities. He had met her the year before—met her and fallen. At first he put her down as a shameless jade—a regular circus cooch dancer, and, as such, beneath contempt. But one day when he had shilled into her tent and watched her perform, he discovered that she was the greatest athlete and the most beautiful woman in all the world.

SHE could do with her muscles what muscles had never done before. When the spieler promised that Fatima could shake and quivah each and every tendon, muscle, nerve, and fibah, he was guilty of understatement for the first time in circus history. For Fatima was as a bowl of gelatin garnished with aspen leaves; as harp strings agitated by the palsied hands of St. Vitus. She was a human being so perfect that she could command her entire body as deftly as a three-card-monte man commands his fingers.

"Gosh!" murmured Tom Regan. "There's some girl!"

Next morning early, he had seen her in sweater and trunks practicing in the Midway before her tent. She did twists, bends, and deep breathing; front flips, back flips, and hand stands. Then she skipped the rope 150 times. Tom Regan had been a boxer and he knew what such training meant. Admiringly, he strolled over.

"Good morning," he said, as she stood rosy and panting. "That's sure some work-out you give yourself!"

"Gotta keep in shape!" she smiled. "I give it a half hour every morning."

"Is that so?" he said. "Gee, you must have an appetite like Cawnpore after that! Oh, pardon me—I'm Tom Regan, the elephant man," he hastened to introduce himself. "I travel a flivver in Cawnpore's car, and I got it over at the edge of the lot. How about having breakfast with me downtown?"

"I'd like to," she said in such a nice and simple way that he could tell she meant it. "Daisy (Daisy's my coon)—Daisy'll just sosh a coupla bucketsa water over me, and I'll be dressed an' ready in five minutes."

In her street clothes you'd never have thought it of her. She was just a fine, buxom girl, with flat-heeled shoes and horn-rimmed glasses. She seemed rather shocked when he offered her a cigarette, and she even declined coffee.

"GOTTA keep in shape," she repeated. "You see, stuff like that is poison. I'm a strick vegetarian. Waiter, bring me a glass of orange juice, a pint of milk, a plate of bran, and six slices of dry whole-wheat toast. No butter, mind!"

"But won't you have some ham-and, or waffles, or maybe some nice crisp bacon?" urged Tom incredulously.

"Unh, *unh!*" she shook her head. "I keep telling you, I gotta keep in shape!"

"Sure, I know, but you can't keep in shape on a lot of cattle fodder like you ordered!"

"Oh, yeh? Who says I can't?" she inquired truculently. "You don't notice nothin' wrong with *my* shape, do you?"

"No," he admitted, trying to keep his gaze from roving.

"And you don't notice nothin' wrong with your elephant's shape, do you? *He's* a vegetarian, ain't he?"

"Well, sure, Cawnpore's a vegetarian, all right, and he's a pretty smart pig."

"Smart? Say, I'll say he's smart! And he ain't smart like those trick pigs in the arena acts, either! Cawnpore's psychic, that's what he is, he's psychic!"

"Oh, well, now, say!" chuckled Tom. "I mean, you're in show business same's the rest of us, and you shouldn't be fooled by Cawnpore's little mind-reading racket—"

"Oh, I ain't fooled by it! Not me! I watched you work any number of times. You do it with your hat—there, you *do*, don't you? . . . Well, of course you do! But aside from that, I know that your elephant is psychic, because I'm psychic myself. *I* feel it, and *he* feels it. There's a bond between us, if you know what I mean. A bond of vegetables."

"Gee!" said the bewildered Mr. Regan.

"Wait!" commanded Miss Zorn. "You've heard the proverb about blood being thicker than water? . . . All right, so is milk. So is vegetable soup! So is sauerkraut juice! And him and I are both vegetarians. That's why we unnerstand each other. *Wait!* Take this meal I just ate. Forget the calories! Forget the carbohydrates! Forget vitamin A! Forget even vitamins B, C, and D—*and what have you got?*"

She was pounding on the table. Her eye kindled with a fanatical fire. It transfixed him. He was flushed, fussed. Involuntarily, his scalp twitched three times.

"No!" she said. "You're wrong! You *haven't* got corn beef and cabbage—you've got cosmic poise!"

Triumphantly she sat back and drank six glasses of water.

"Yes, and if I could only get fresh spinach in these dog towns I wouldn't have to wear these damn spectacles either!" she said as a defiant afterthought.

A good bit of this harangue had been too swift for Tom Regan. He couldn't quite get the connections. But he knew that she was a mighty brilliant girl. And well educated, too—all that talk about vitamins and cosmic, now, poise, and everything!

As the season wore on, they became close friends. Toward its close, they fell in love. When the show went into winter quarters, Tom and Cawnpore opened in vodvill, and Fannie went out to San Diego to some kind of a Yogi colony where they ate raw vegetables, walked bare-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

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When the spieler promised that Fatima could shake and quivah every tendon muscle, nerve, and fibah, he was guilty of understatement.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

foot in the morning dew, and concentrated on the Oneness of All.

They agreed that they would think it over during the winter, talk it over when they met in the spring, and have it over before a justice of the peace if they both felt then the way they both felt now.

She pledged him to vegetables and woolen socks, permitted him to kiss her for the first time, and swung herself aboard the already moving Limited with an agile grace which made the brakemen green with envy.

They wrote to each other every day. From time to time she sent him huge boxes of biscuits which seemed to be made of sawdust and raisins, and which were guaranteed to keep his ego vibrations at the proper amplitude, and his psychic aura healthily pink. He gave the biscuits to Cawnpore, who trumpeted loud his glee.

SAVE for clandestine derelictions at Thanksgiving and Christmas, when the aroma of turkey stuffed with chestnuts was too much for his powers of control, he shunned meat as religiously as a freshman shuns garters. And though once, when they were on a bill with a lion act, he was on the point of snatching a slab of raw beef from King Leo the Second and hungrily sinking his teeth into it, he was forced to admit to himself that he'd never felt better in his life. There was, he concluded, something to vegetarianism. There must be—just look at Cawnpore! —just look at Fannie's picture!

At length came the spring, and with it fresh spinach, circus time, and—Fannie! Standing knee-deep in new-mown hay and leaning against the gnarled gray tree-trunklike hind leg of the Maharajah of Cawnpore, they held each other close and realized that they vibrated as one.

The sweet nothingnesses disposed of, Tom remarked that she wasn't wearing her spectacles. She said, no, she wasn't, and all on account of the California cauliflower; but had he eaten meat?

He said no, never—well, hardly ever. . . .

She pinched his cheek, said he was a naughty boy, but, anyway, she'd brought him a present. The present was a shoe box filled with the sawdust-and-raisin biscuits.

AS she raised the lid, the Maharajah of Cawnpore cocked his eye, spread his ears, reached back with his trunk, and avidly stuffed box and all into his mouth.

"Well, what do you know!" exclaimed Fannie delightedly. "How did *he* sense that the Swami himself baked those biscuits on the Altar of Truth? I told you before, Tom, that pig is psychic!"

"Yeah? Oh, is he?" asked Mr. Regan.

"Why, sure he is! I dreampt about him any number of times! I bet if you could only find out, you'd learn he came from some place in India where his father and mother was an Adept or a Bodhisattva!"

The Maharajah, crunching shoe box and biscuits, smilingly shook his head. "Lawdy bless yo' soul, lady!" he said. "Ah's just a plain American cullud boy! Mah mammy an' pappy wukked fo' Buffalo Bill, an' Ah was bawn in Mobile, Alabammah." But Fannie and Tom were so pleasantly occupied that they didn't notice. And the way they were occupied was a very good way in which to start the season. . . .

After the rush, hustle, and thrill of the first few weeks on the road, they fell into the usual smooth routine. Tom Regan, feeling his pulse, counting his bank roll, and consulting the schedule, decided to propose on July 4 when the circus would be playing in Seven Forks. He knew a jeweler in Seven Forks who would knock 20 per cent off the price of the ring—and July 4 was a lucky day, anyhow. And so it befell that on the anniversary of our national independence, he mounted his flivver and headed townward, definitely bent upon relinquishing his own.

Ed Mulhall, the jeweler, was tickled to death to see him. Ed had been one of the greatest short-change artists the circus had ever known, and on the fruits of his legerdemain he had settled down to a life of dignity among his diamonds, watches, and silverware.

When Tom had made known his mission, Ed Mulhall was vociferous in his congratulations. But suddenly his voice dropped to a whisper. "Listen, Tom," he said. "We've got to wet this down! Just wait'll I open the safe, and—"

"Nope!" said Tom Regan firmly. "I never touch a drop any more. You see, I'm a strick vegetarian, and our dietary rules don't allow it."

"Don't allow it? Why, shucks, Tom, it's real *rye* what I'm talking about! Rye's a vegetable, ain't it?"

"Rye? Oh, rye! Well, yes, I s'pose . . ."

"Well, then, come on—just step back here and we'll

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

ATWATER KENT RADIO

Just 3 words

Seven years ago the name Atwater Kent was known only to makers and owners of motor cars and boats.

Seven years ago radio was just an amusing and rather fantastic experiment. (There had been no public broadcasting until 1920.)

In seven years one radio has outsold and outperfected all competitors.

It has not halted. It has not paused. It has been incessantly impatient for one thing only—improvement, in an already excellent product.

Most people know this. Most people appreciate this. They acknowledge this leadership in a simple, direct way:

They trust, and so seek, three words to identify the finest radio set they know.

The three words, of course, are . . . . . ATWATER KENT RADIO

ON THE AIR
Atwater Kent Radio Hour
Sunday Evenings, 9:15 (Eastern Daylight Time)
WEAF network of N. B. C.

Atwater Kent Mid-Week Program
Thursday Evenings, 10:00 (Eastern Daylight Time)
WJZ network of N. B. C.

SCREEN-GRID RADIO

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING CO.
A. Atwater Kent, President
4749 Wissahickon Avenue Philadelphia, Pa.

HAY FEVER

Quick Relief!

Why suffer so much discomfort unnecessarily? Every now and then take a Luden's Menthol Cough Drop. Let it dissolve in your mouth; breathe the soothing menthol vapors into throat and nose. Instantly the tickling torture is soothed; the inflammation cooled; you are comfortable—Luden's Menthol Action gives quick relief.

In the yellow package—
5c everywhere

LUDEN'S

Cunningham
RADIO TUBES

Be Guided by a name

that has meant absolute tube integrity for the past

14 years

The name is Cunningham
—choice of the American home.

E. T. CUNNINGHAM, Inc.
New York Chicago San Francisco
Dallas Atlanta

[THE SAWDUST PSYCHIC
Continued from page twenty-six]

have a snifter. Here y'are, Tom. No, no, after you! . . ."

"H'mah! Say, that's lovely smooth stuff!" opined Mr. Regan, coming up for air.

"Smooth? Hell, it's smoother'n an eel's eyeball!" declared Ed Mulhall. "Well, Tom, here's health'n' wealth'n' happiness to you!"

"It's very smooth indeed," murmured Tom Regan, eying the bottle as Mulhall put it down. "It's a hunnerd per cent vegetable. I can tell that by how smooth it is."

"Sure! It's just the pure juice of the rye, squeezed out and made into whisky, or however they do it. Go to it, Tom—another little shot wouldn't do you any harm!"

Tom went to it.

"One good shot deserves another!" he said, passing back the bottle. "It certainly is smooth stuff, Ed!"

"Goosegrease is sandpaper by comparison! Do you know—I got a whole case of that stuff? A friend of mine runs it in from Canada. He's got nine bullet holes in his car."

"Well, it sure is smooth stuff," said Tom Regan. "And now, about this ring. . . ."

THE ring was a beauty, and the price was distinctly right. The stone, it appeared, had come to Mr. Mulhall through devious channels, but had been recut so as wholly to change its identity.

"Boy, won't she love it!" chuckled Tom Regan, slipping it on his little finger and flashing it in the sunlight. "Say, Ed, can't you leave your clerk in charge and come and have a bite of lunch on me? Then we'll drive out to the lot and you c'n meet Fannie."

"Why, sure! You bet I can! I wanta see Cornelius Vanderbilt, anyway. Say, how is the old pig? God bless him!"

"Smarter'n ever, Ed, only his name is changed to Cawnpore. We got a different act. He's a mind reader now, but he's still just the dearest, sweetest elephant in the whole wide world!"

"Yop! Well, he always was. Only how does he get along with his future—er—stepmother?"

"Say, they hit it off swell! It's lovely to see 'em together, Ed. You see, they're both clairvoyants and vegetarians, and all that."

"Oh, yes, sure! But speaking of vegetables, there's no better vegetable than rye!"

"I always said rye's the smoothest vegetable of all," chuckled Regan. "Oh! Why, say—you ain't opening another bottle, are you?"

"Sure! We'll take it with us over to Gus's for lunch. Gus will make us up some swell whisky sours. Gus is the best man in the world making whisky sours in the world today."

"WHISKY sours!" repeated Tom Regan, wistfully rolling his eyes toward the ceiling. "Whisky sours use to be my favorite color! Do you know, Ed, sometimes I dream about whisky sours, same's I dream about sirloin steak?"

"With mushrooms?" inquired Mr. Mulhall, sliding the bottle toward him.

"Yop, with mushrooms!" said Mr. Regan, tilting the bottle skyward.

"Then come with me!" commanded Mr. Mulhall, dropping the bottle into a brief case and leading the way toward the door. Then:

"Gee, that's a nifty little bus you got there!" he exclaimed when they had waded through the crowd which surrounded the flivver.

It was, in truth, a rather notable car. It was painted orange and gold, embellished with cabalistic signs, and bore upon its sides block-lettered admonition to See His Royal Highness the Maharajah of Cawnpore, the Occult Elephant—He Reads Your Mind. He Is a Marvelous Phenomena, Says O. Lodge and Sir A. C. Doyle.

They got away from the curb in style, merely scraping seven feet of paint off the sides of the interurban motorbus which was parked alongside.

"Ha, ha!" remarked Mr. Regan.

"Har, har, har!" countered Mr. Mulhall, slapping him on the back. "Howbouta couple whisky sours, kid, hey?"

"Sure! And howbouta sirloin steak, hey?"

"Fine. Slow down, Tom. There's Gus's, over there—the little place that says Florist. Best damn eating place in America!"

They stopped, descended, and went in. Mulhall gave the bottle to Gus, and told him to use his own judgment. They sat at a table toward the rear and ordered sirloins with mushrooms, French frieds on the side. "But," added Mr. Mulhall, "we ain't in any rush. My friend here don't haf to leave until one twenty, and Gus is doin'

Next Week

Is the Panama Canal Safe?

What the Recent War Maneuvers Have Shown

By

Brigadier General
Henry J. Reilly, O. R. C.

ALSO

Stories and Articles
by

Elmer Davis Frederick Palmer
John E. Wise Hugh Fullerton
Theodore Roosevelt

something for us in the meanwhile."

Gus, as a matter of fact, did nobly. Mr. Regan, who in his time had tasted whisky sours, had never tasted whisky sours quite like these. In them were Kentucky's sunshine, Ohio's summer rain, the campaign speeches of McKinley, and the first three bars of Over There. And the beauty of them was that they were strictly vegetarian. You could drink one after another to the greater comfort of your soul and with never a twinge to your principles. And, besides, they took the wire edge off your teeth, and put your mouth in shape to welcome the sirloin steak. Steaming, it was, and savory—full fourteen inches in its linear extent, and three and a half in its altitude. Mushrooms were strewn across its top as thickly as the stars in winter's heaven, and from it trickled juices which called loudly to all that is most virile within man.

"Boy!" exclaimed Mr. Regan rapturously seizing knife and fork and plunging them into the luscious meat. "This here is what I call a *steak!* . . ."

". . . And it's what I call a *poison!*" shrilled the voice of Fannie Zorn, as the platter was whisked from the table and shattered on the white-tiled floor. "Oh, you vile meat eater, you! You carnivorous drunkard, you! You lying, hypocritical traducer, you! I hate you; hate you; *hate* you!"

TOM REGAN rose unsteadily to his feet. "Dearest," he began; but if he said anything else, it was lost in the slamming of the street door as Fannie flung out of the place.

"Gee," said Gus, coming over and surveying the havoc, "I sure am sorry, gents! That dame must be Carrie Nation or somebody. She comes in, orders a portion of raw rice an' a head of cabbage, takes a look at you boys, and suddenly goes cuckoo. I'll have the cook duplicate the order. Hey, Joe, burn up a bull for two an' put warts on it!"

"Haven't got time to wait," groaned Tom Regan, his head in his hands. "Oh, Ed, Ed, my heart'sh broken!"

"It's too bad, kid, and she sure did look like a lovely girl," sympathized Mr. Mulhall. "But, say! Just take a swig of this—it's the best damn heart balm in the world!"

"Thanks," wept Tom Regan. "An' she never even give me a chance to 'xplain it's *rye*, and rye's a vege-'able."

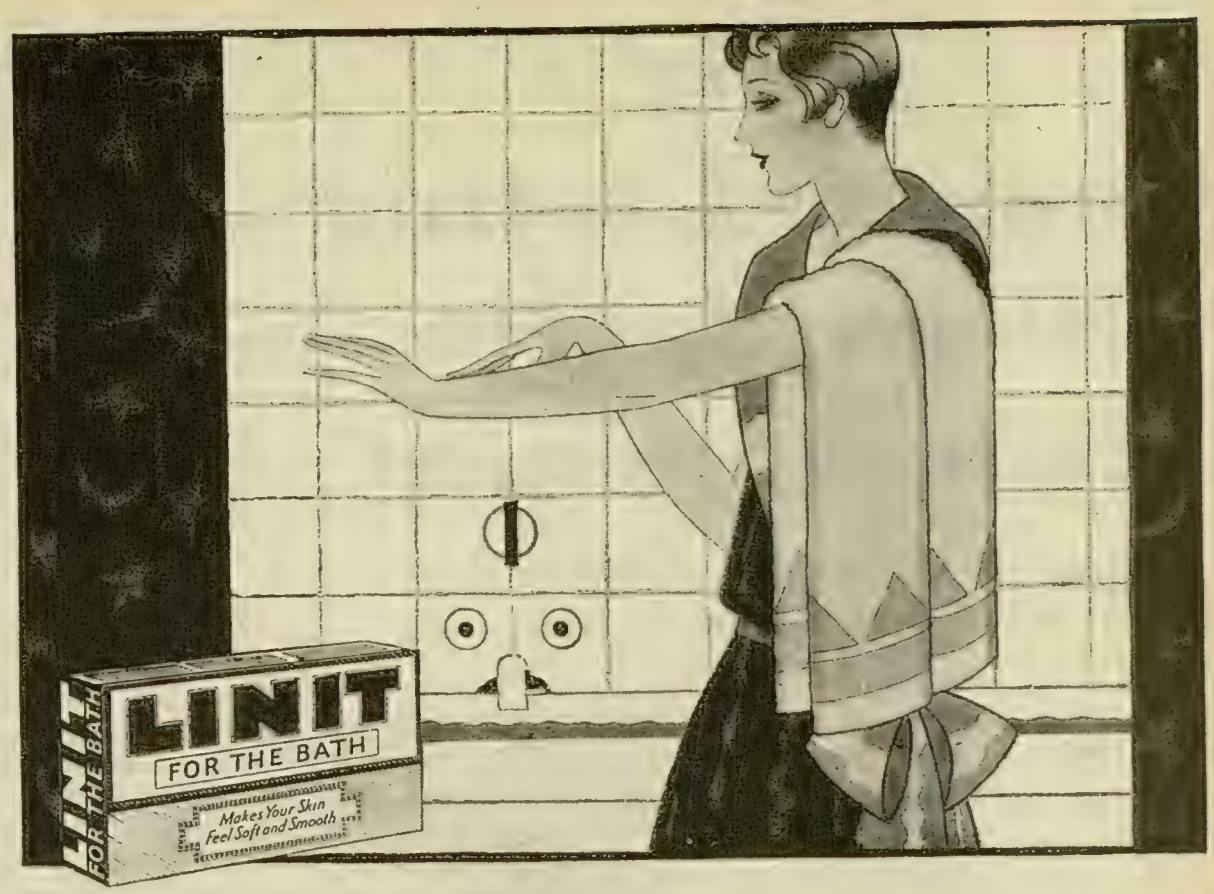
"Well, that's the way with women—Say, Tom, what time's your piffaw-mance?"

"One forty-five, but t'ell with it! As long'sh thish rye'sh a vege'able, I don't shee why—"

"Gosh, Tom, come on!" exclaimed Mr. Mulhall, consulting his watch and springing to his feet.

The code of the circus recognizes no excuse for lateness; and Ed Mulhall was an old circus man. With considerable difficulty, he persuaded

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



How the LINIT Beauty Bath . . . takes the place of expensive dusting powders

MODERN women are fascinated by this remarkably inexpensive beauty aid that produces such amazing results.

After a LINIT Beauty Bath, there is left on the skin an even, invisible "coating" of LINIT which takes the place of dusting with talcum by making the skin smooth and soft immediately after drying off. This light LINIT powder is absolutely harmless—does not clog the pores but absorbs perspiration and has a most soothing effect on irritated parts of the skin.

MERELY dissolve half a package of LINIT in the tub, bathe in the usual way, using your favorite soap—and then note the remarkable effect on your skin.

Starch from Corn is the main ingredient of LINIT. Being a pure vegetable product, it contains none of the mineral properties found in many cosmetics today. Doctors and dermatologists who realize the purity and soothing qualities of Starch from Corn generally recommend it for the tender and super-sensitive skin of young babies.

LINIT is sold by your GROCER

THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

This Longer-Lasting Shave Spares Embarrassment

Here's a new way to shave closer—to get a shave that lasts longer.

It's a satisfaction . . . to realize in the evening that your morning shave has lasted. How to get a close shave has been solved for you by Colgate chemists with small-bubble lather, the kind that can get down to the roots of the beard . . . and moisten it properly for a close shave. So why run any risk of an unshaven appearance?

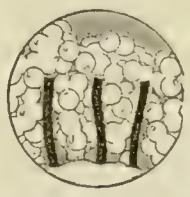
Compare with ordinary lather

The minute you lather up with Colgate's, two things happen: 1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. 2. Billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

Instantly your beard gets moist . . . easier to cut and pliable . . . scientifically softened right down at the base . . . then your razor can do its best work.

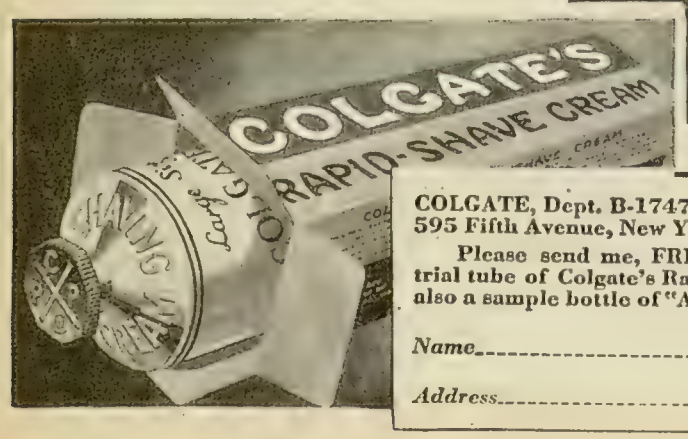
COLGATE LATHER

Colgate's lather (greatly magnified) showing moisture contact with beard and minimum air. A common-sense principle scientifically authenticated and proved out practically by millions of men.



ORDINARY LATHER

Ordinary, big-bubble lather (greatly magnified). Note air-filled bubbles which can't soften the beard efficiently. Only water can do the job. Only small bubbles permit sufficient water.



COLGATE, Dept. B-1747,
595 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Please send me, FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After-Shave."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

[THE SAWDUST PSYCHIC Continued from page twenty-nine]

the sob-shaken Mr. Regan out to the flivver, and with even more difficulty boosted him aboard. And then, because he was a trifle foggy himself, and because he had never driven a flivver before, he headed slowly toward the suburbs and the circus lot. Mr. Regan, tears streaming down his face, went to sleep with his head on his shoulder. Once or twice, when they went over bumps, Regan murmured something about wanting a derby hat. "Gee," thought Mr. Mulhall. "Now ain't that pathetic! The poor kid's worrying about his wedding suit."

Arrived at the lot, Mr. Mulhall saw that the crowd had flocked up the Midway toward the big top. Evidently most of the side shows were over. And yet, there on the left at the very last tent, the ticket seller was still in the box. Across the front of the tent stretched the colorful likeness of H. R. H. the Maharajah of Cawnpore in the act of baffling Sir O. Lodge, Sir A. C. Doyle, Dr. John Watson, and Queen Marie of Roumania.

Somehow or other, Mr. Mulhall hoisted his charge out of the car and supported him into the tent. A dense crowd was grouped around the Maharajah, who was indicating by gestures of his trunk that little Johnny in the sailor suit was five years old.

Mr. Regan was startled into something resembling sobriety. Although his legs gave under him and he wilted down on the grassy tent floor, his mind was clearer than it had been since the unpleasantness *chez* Gus.

Why, by gosh, this elephant was wonderful! Now, for instance, he was telling the lady that it was a five-dollar bill, and the gentleman that his shoes (which he could not see) were tan. And he was doing it psychically without a twitching derby hat to guide him—doing it just like the Adept, the Bodhisattva, the Vegetarian, which Fannie always said he was! It was marvelous!

"Say!" whispered Tom, plucking at Mulhall's trouser leg. "Write on the shlate 'Will Fannie marry Tom?'"

Reaching for the slate over the heads of the crowd, Mr. Mulhall scrawled his message. Achmet, as usual, held it so none but the crowd could see. H. R. H. the Maharajah of Cawnpore raised his trunk twice—raised it emphatically in a "yes" that left no room for doubt!

"Hoo-ray!" yelled Mr. Regan, staggering to his feet and elbowing his way toward the elephant. "Who'sh a dear old woopshy-oopshy elephant, ish it?"

THE spieler, rising to the emergency, spieled the crowd out of the tent, leaving only Achmet, the Maharajah, Tom Regan, and Ed Mulhall.

"Well," said the latter, addressing Cawnpore with awed respect, "this here's the first side show I ever seen that was reely on the level. It's wonnerful! I mean to say—why, say, Cornelius, old kid, I guess, by gosh, you reely *are* psychic!"

But Cawnpore wasn't paying any attention to him. His eye was glued upon the door of the tent through which entered a buxom girl wearing flat-heeled shoes, and a sweater upon the bosom of which, like a breastpin, was a peculiar sawdust biscuit studded with raisins. As she walked slowly toward him, the biscuit twitched—once, twice to the right—twice, thrice, up and down. In fact, it twitched in directions various and sundry.

"Take it, dearie," she cooed, and the Maharajah extended his mighty trunk, grasped the tasty morsel, and conveyed it blissfully to his mouth. Then, turning suddenly upon her flat heel, she pointed an accusing finger at Mr. Mulhall.

"Go, foul meat eater!" she hissed.

Mr. Mulhall went.

"Come to me, poor misled child!" she said to Tom Regan, who had subsided once more to the grass.

Mr. Regan tried to get up, but couldn't. The Maharajah, with a fine appreciation of the moment's potentialities, thrust out his trunk, wrapped it around his neck, and transported him to the proper place in the twinkling of a piglike eye. The proper place was within Miss Zorn's arms. Then he wound his trunk around both of them—a bond beyond the powers of man, meat, mules, or gasoline tractors ever to rend asunder.

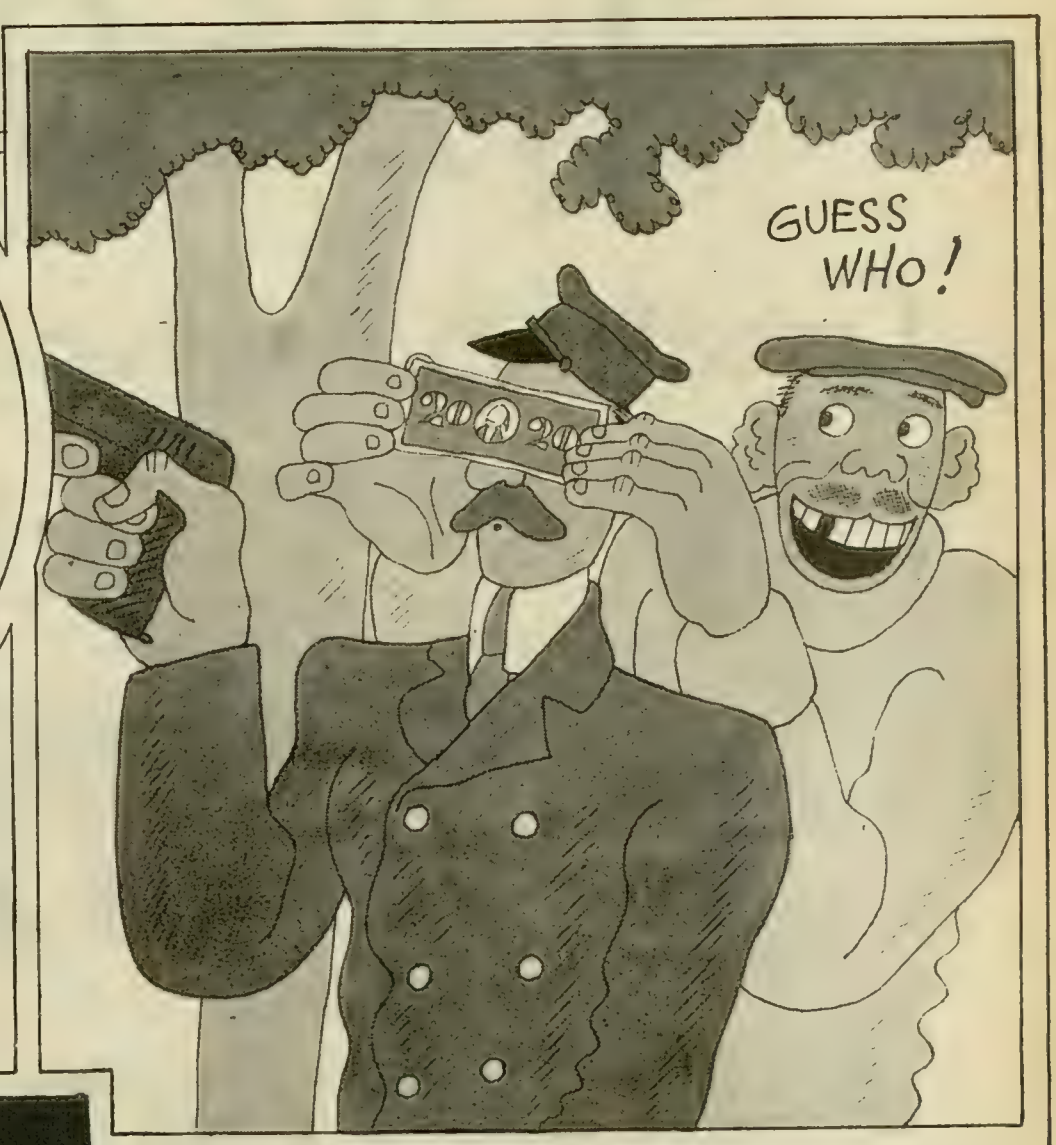
THE END

GRAPHIC SECTION

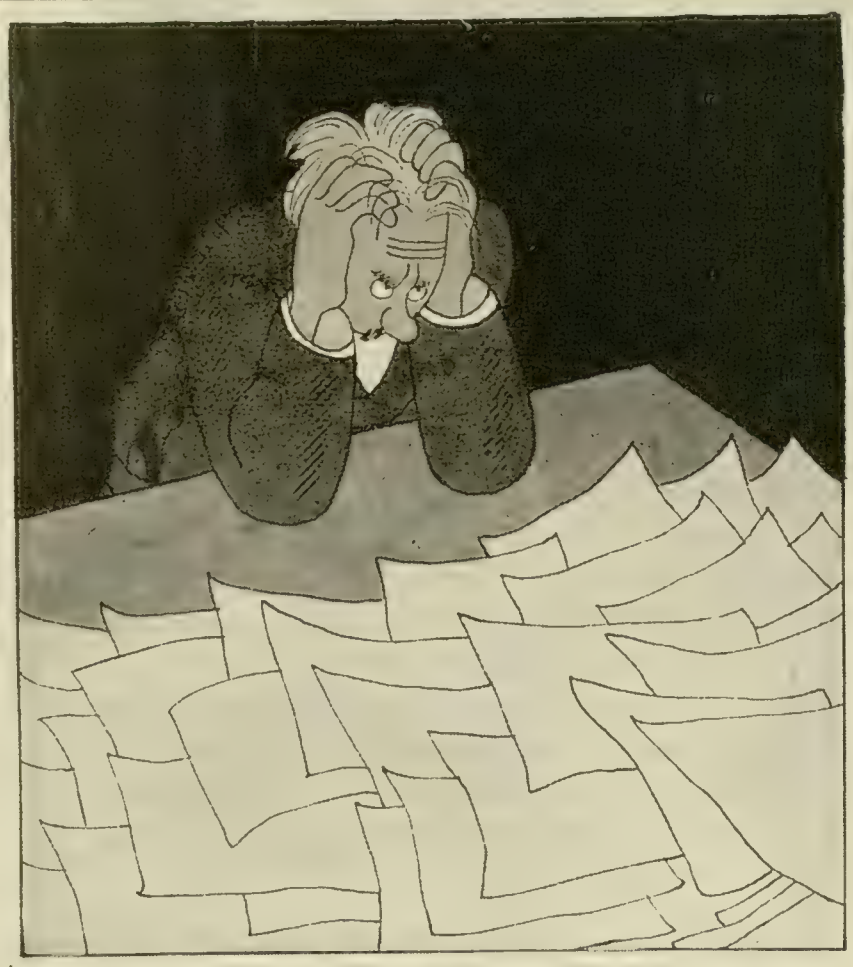
News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

A REFINEMENT OF THE CULTURE-WITHOUT-EFFORT MOVEMENT. Subscriptions to our What-to-Think-Feel-and-Say-About-the-Book-of-the-Month-Without-Even-Reading-It Club are now open.



WHY IT IS SOMETIMES VERY DIFFICULT for Dry Agents along the border to shoot straight, and why the wrong people are so often killed or maimed.



PROF. DR. ALBERT EINSTEIN reports that he is gradually beginning to understand the case of Mme. Rosika Schwimmer, the woman with "no sense of nationalism" who made a two-year fight in the courts to become an American national, but was refused citizenship in the country which has renounced war because she "would not take up arms in the event of war."

A GROUP OF POOR PEOPLE in America applauding a speech delivered in the campaign to abolish poverty.

2,250,000

Greater Advertising Effectiveness

...Less Advertising Cost

FOR 1930

LIBERTY is adding a quarter of a million circulation, but is not increasing rates.

LIBERTY is guaranteeing 2,250,000 average net paid circulation. This figure may be written into contracts for 1930 advertising.

LIBERTY'S page rates are now the lowest in the field. In 1930 they will be still lower. The maximum black and white page cost for 1930 will be $1.89 per *thousand* pages. LIBERTY'S 1930 rates applied originally on a circulation of 1,500,000. LIBERTY will deliver 750,000 more families at no additional cost.

Can any national advertiser who is thinking of more sales at reduced sales cost fail to employ this medium?

LIBERTY is logically the first magazine choice for advertisers whose profit from sales is greatest in the markets where most of the money is spent. More than three-fourths of LIBERTY'S circulation is concentrated in the 249 counties containing all cities of 25,000 or more population.

Two and a quarter millions of metropolitan-minded families buying LIBERTY every week! LIBERTY advertisers get greater advertising effectiveness at less advertising cost.

. . . . for 1930
LIBERTY guarantees
2,250,000
average net paid
circulation . . . .
. . . . and still no
increase in rates.

LIBERTY

A Weekly for Everybody

Black and GREAT

An All-Colored Epic, a New Clara Bow, and Eddie Leonard's Début

A Page of
Movie Reviews by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

In the following reviews the photoplays are rated by stars. One star preceding a review means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ★

KING VIDOR, the young Texan who made The Big Parade, has created a remarkable talkie in his all-Negro get-religion-and-backslide film, Hallelujah. It comes close to being one of the great pictures made either before or since the movies acquired a vocabulary.

Long before the other companies thought of Negro films, Vidor was in New York combing Harlem for a darky cast. There is not a single white player in Hallelujah.

Vidor took his company to cotton fields near Memphis for many of the scenes. Hollywood went talkie—and Vidor added dialogue and Negro spirituals. Now Hallelujah appears on the Metro-Goldwyn program — somewhat badly edited, but still an astonishing study of a race.

Hallelujah is the story of a Negro boy, the lazy, shiftless son of a darky parson. The progress of this dusky pilgrim leads from moral downfall, brought about by a high-yaller Jezebel, to penitent conversion. Zeke becomes a fervent revivalist, backslides, serves a year with a chain gang, and finally comes back to the little plantation of his father, a banjo-strumming prodigal.

The high point of Hallelujah, it seems to me, comes early in the film when Zeke brings his younger brother back dead, the innocent victim of a gambling-house brawl.

Later on, Vidor depicts the religious fervor and hysteria of a revival and a mid-river baptism. Vidor frequently reveals rare glimpses of the passionate, carefree race that is at once childlike and brave, happy and sad.

Some facts about the Negro cast will be of interest. Daniel Haynes, the Zeke, was Jules Bledsoe's understudy in the original Ziegfeld production of Show Boat. Nina Mae McKinney, the naughty yaller girl, was a chorine in Black Birds. Fannie Belle De Knight, who plays Zeke's mother so ably, is the only member of the cast with much stage experience. She played character rôles in Belasco's Lulu Belle and in other footlight plays. Victoria Spivey, the trusting Missy Rose who waits for Zeke, is a blue singer of considerable phonograph reputation. Harry Gray, the old Negro who does Zeke's parson father, walked into Vidor's office to interview him for a Harlem Negro newspaper. At the moment he wore a top hat and frock coat—and Vidor signed him on the spot, although he never had acted in his life.

Nina Mae McKinney and William Fontaine in the excellent Negro talkie, Hallelujah.

Hallelujah is a great film on several counts. It is the panorama of a race—a kindly, understanding panorama of a neglected people. I defy you to see it and not forget the pigments of the players' skins. Hallelujah proves one thing: It demonstrates that Vidor is far and away the best of our American directors.

The flamboyant flapper, Clara Bow, emerges in Dangerous Curves as a sweet, brave, pathetic little bareback rider.

★ ★

The IT girl in circus tights. Hence the box-office title, Dangerous Curves, of Clara Bow's new Paramount talkie. This time the Brooklyn bonfire plays no flamboyant flapper. Clara is a brave little bareback rider, who risks her life to double for her hero, a headline, tight-wire performer, at the moment the victim of likker. Clara gets personable aid from Richard Arlen, who has just been promoted to stardom by his bosses.

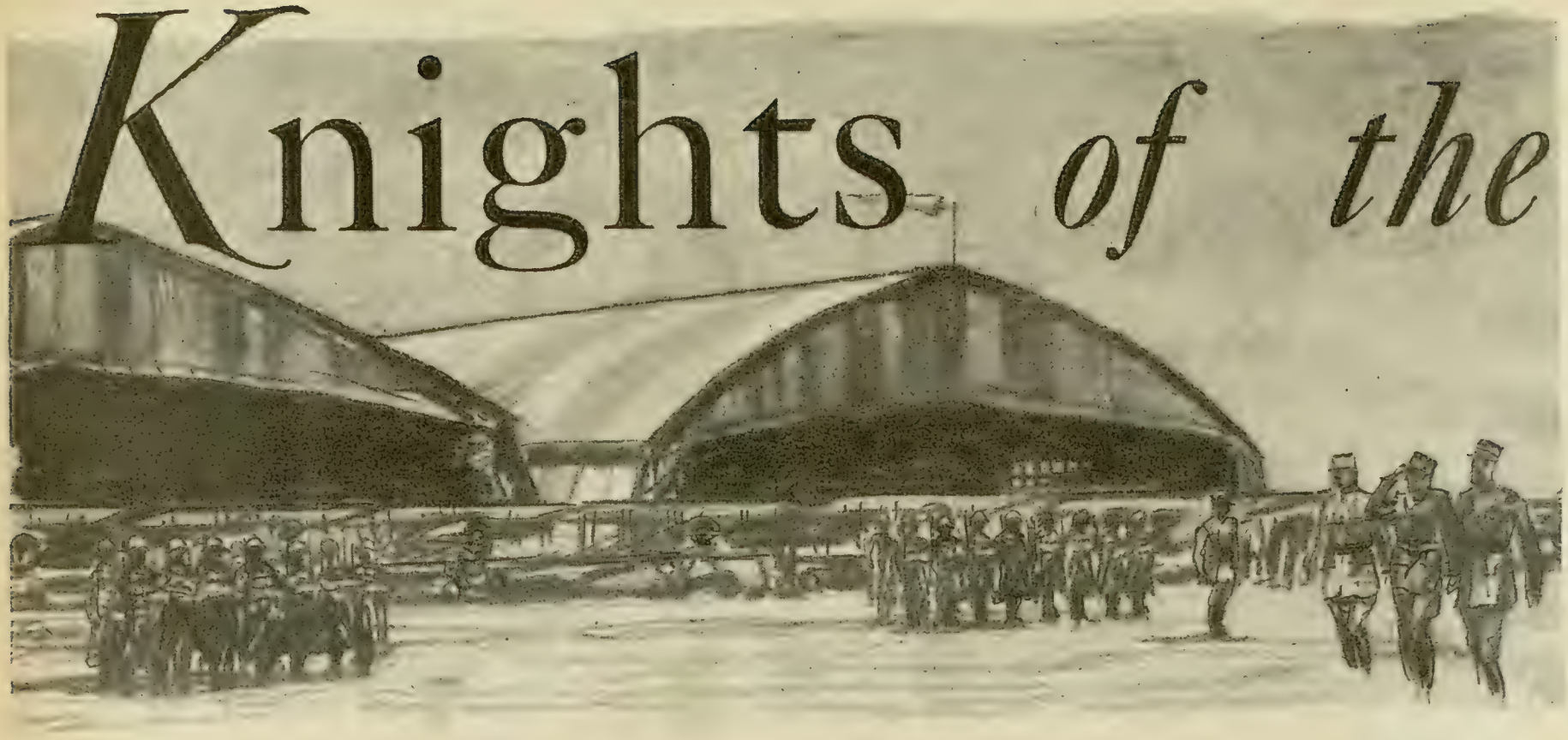
★

Eddie Leonard, last of the minstrels, makes a doleful talkie début in Universal's Melody Lane, which is another synthetic Singing Fool. Eddie is a hoofer who calls his wife Beautiful and his child Wonderful. Beautiful takes Wonderful and leaves the dancer flat. Finally everything ends sentimentally and Eddie sings his familiar Idahh, Sweet as Apple Cidahh! This film comes close to being the worst of the talkers to date.

Do you know that—

Alice White's stellar salary at First National has been advanced from $600 to $1,500? . . . Buddy Rogers will play an aviator again in his next, Young Eagles?

Knights of the



CHARLES SELDEN, who tells this story, is a composite; his experiences are real ones, being those of the authors and of others of the Lafayette Flying Corps. He has already recounted his entrance into the corps in 1917, and the air patrols and combats in which, through the summer and fall of that year, he and his comrades of Spad 597 took part. He has told of his meetings with the famous aces Lufbery and Nungesser, and of an aërial pursuit across France before breakfast that ended in his lunching, in pyjamas, with the Escadrille Lafayette.

PART THREE—DEATH'S CHOIR BOY

WE moved north again, to the Champagne front this time, and were stationed at La Ferme de la Noblette, nine kilometers north of Châlons, on the main road—long separated by the battle lines—between Châlons and Charleville. The aërodrome, an enormous one, was at this time the headquarters for our own *groupe de combat* and four squadrons flying Breguet two-seaters, comprising the Thirty-fifth Day Bombing Group. We patrolled the lines along forty miles of front, from Reims to the west side of the Argonne Forest.

Winter now set in in earnest, and those who were then in France will remember what a severe one it was. Winds swept unchecked down the North Sea, bringing icy rains, then sleet, then fine dry snow that whirled and eddied about the melancholy fields, drifting deeper and deeper against barracks and hangars.

We airmen didn't mind. This was what we called superb weather, when we could lie comfortably in bed till all hours of the morning, loaf during the afternoons around the mess-room stove, reading or chatting, visiting back and forth with the pilots of other squadrons, and swapping yarns at the group bar.

But after nearly every storm there followed clear weather when patrols were resumed, and then, no matter how warmly we were dressed, we were nearly frozen stiff.

Cold though they were, I enjoyed those winter patrols—all but the getting out of bed in the gray dawn. We flew in small formations and wandered up and down the sector, gazing down on a world wrapped in snow that seemed as lifeless as the moon.

One of our jobs during this uneventful winter weather—a job every airman loathed—was that of bombarding the helpless German infantry with paper ammunition, Allied propaganda. Hopeful officials—they must have been civilians—in some far-off bureau kept this literature moving up to the front in never-ceasing streams.

The afternoon of December 23 was spent by Group 31 in clearing the squadron barracks of several tons of this paper. A light wind was blowing into Germany, and we worked like bees from 1 o'clock till 5, each pilot carrying out as many bundles of leaflets as his Spad would hold and making several journeys out to the lines. We would take a shallow turn into Germany, then slip off the rubber bands and toss the bundles over our heads, the wind from the propeller scattering them far and wide.

That evening Harvey McKail, Volokoff, and I went over to the group bar. Gordon and Tommy Slater were there. We four Americans talked of home, Volokoff sitting near by with a bottle of brandy before him, listening. He had brought his guitar, but we knew it was useless asking him to play till the brandy had begun to take effect.

Tommy Slater sat hunched up in an easy-chair, his delicate hands clasped around his knees. He was in a talkative mood for the first time since I had known him. The nearness of Christmas may have been responsible for that. There was a happy, holiday feeling in the air; everyone seemed conscious of it except Volokoff.

"I hope we can have a really quiet Christmas," McKail was saying. "War seems all wrong at this time of year."

Gordon nodded. "You're right, Harvey. Well, you can have your wish—we all can. I heard Commandant Beaumont telling our C. O. there would be no scheduled patrols on Christmas day."

"That won't prevent our going out on our own?" Slater asked.

"No, I suppose not, but who'd want to?"

"Good as any other day for knocking down a Boche."

Volokoff brought his fist down on the table.

"That's the talk! Here's to you, Slater!" He filled his glass again. "You're worth more to France than a million tons of propaganda! I wish I had your eye! Can't you teach me to shoot? Can't you? Or you, Forbes? I'll be the friend for life of the man who can teach me to knock down Germans!"

SLATER shrugged his shoulders deprecatingly. "I doubt if there'll be any of 'em out Christmas day. No harm, though, in looking for one."

"I'm sure there won't be," said McKail. "They love Christmas too much for that. Can't you hear them singing Heilige Nacht? Lord! I wish I could hear that song right now! It has more of the fine old spirit of Christmas in it than all of ours."

Tommy smiled his ghostly smile. "I'll sing it for you if you like, Harvey. Volokoff, play the accompaniment, will you?"

At first we thought he was joking. I remembered his telling me at Avord that he had been a choir boy in an Episcopalian church in Philadelphia, but none of us had ever heard him sing, or even so much as hum an air. But Volokoff took him at his word, reached for his guitar, and leaned back in his chair, striking a few chords that sent little shivers racing up and down my spine.

Tommy began softly, in a voice of almost soprano quality, as clear and pure as any I have ever heard. The hard lines of Volokoff's face relaxed. He gave Slater a

Blue

A Story of the Lafayette Flying Corps, the Foreign Legion of the Air

By
CHARLES NORDHOFF
and
JAMES NORMAN HALL

Picture by Clayton Knight

Photo from James Norman Hall

General Henri Joseph Eugène Gouraud decorating American airmen, as he did Charles Selden and Tommy Slater; and, above, a Prise d'Armes at Chaudun, France, in 1917.

quick glance of amazement and delight, then leaned back with his eyes closed, playing as only a Russian can play the guitar. Conversation stopped at once—even the bridge players put down their cards to listen. At the end there was a silence so profound that one seemed to hear the melody echoing and reëchoing, farther and farther away. Then someone at the other end of the room said, "Sing it again, will you, Slater?" He sang it twice over and even then we were not satisfied.

That was the beginning of a concert I shall never forget. Those Frenchmen couldn't have enough of Tommy Slater; neither could we Americans for that matter. He sang without the least effort; melody bubbled up in him as limpid as spring water. Afterward he and Volokoff, who had a magnificent barytone voice, sang together, French, German, and English folk songs—they seemed to know them all. Later we all joined in singing French army songs, but the one I remember best was the Sambre et Meuse, which Volokoff sang alone. It was an appeal that brushed reason aside and went straight to the heart. He made one think of war as the most glorious of all adventures.

Other men dropped in, and soon nearly the whole group was present, including Commandant Beaumont. We all liked as well as respected the commandant. He had the faculty, a not uncommon one among French officers, of knowing how to unbend without the slightest loss of dignity, and he took a personal interest in every one of his pilots.

THAT evening he gave us a little talk that I can recall almost word for word. He concluded:

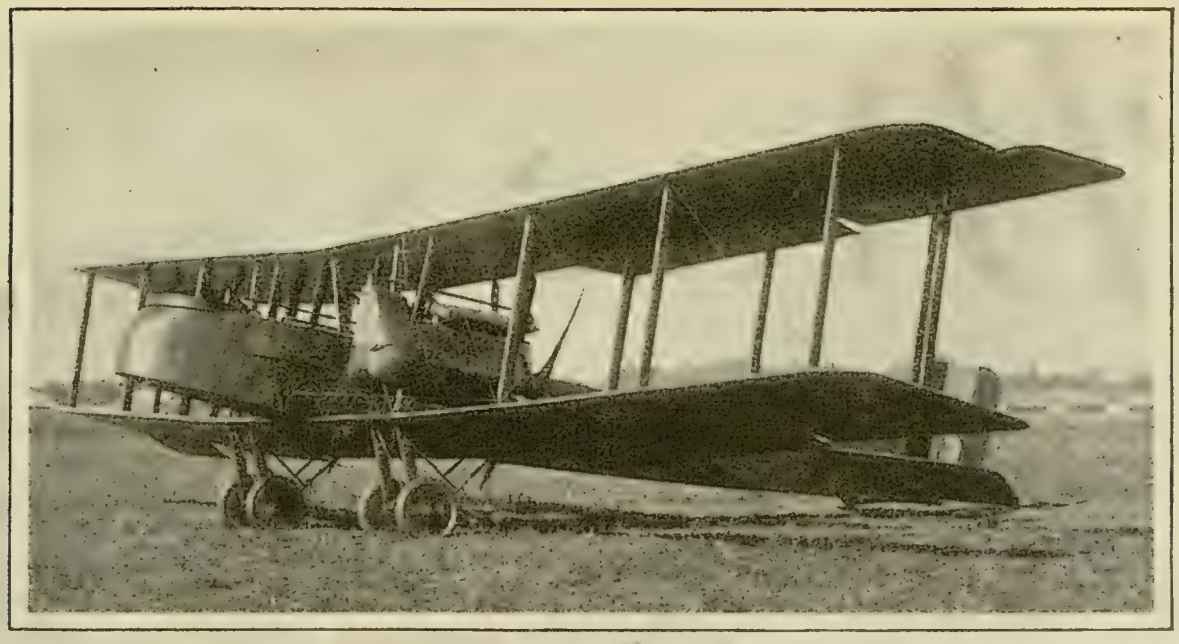
"You comprise the knighthood of this war, not because you differ from the men in other branches of service, but merely because the peculiar conditions of aviation have made it possible for you still to be individuals, dependent upon your own resources of skill and daring. For you war still has an element of romance. It is often a man-to-man adventure with fortune favoring the better pilot. I congratulate you. I take pride in your exploits. I am proud to be your chief. It is to you and to others like you that France owes her supremacy in the air . . ."

At that moment Commandant Beaumont was interrupted by an orderly who presented him with a slip of paper. The commandant read it and looked up with an ironic grin.

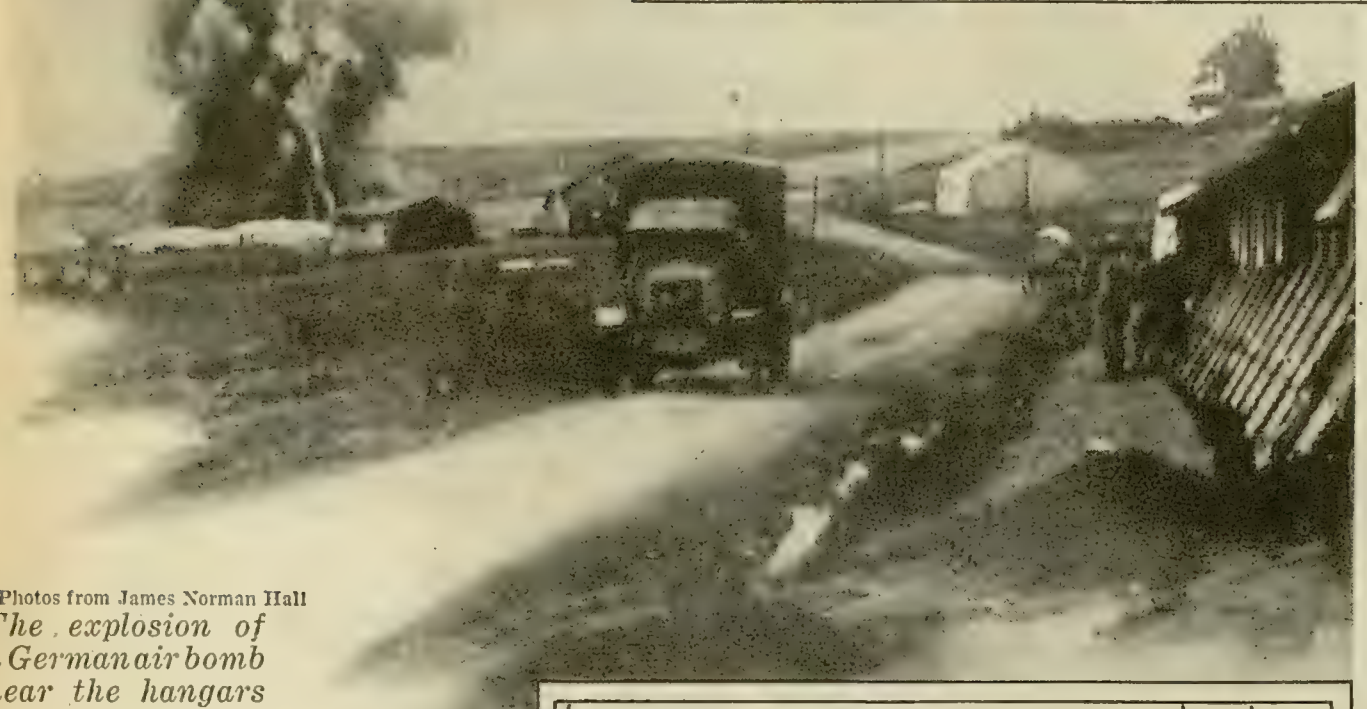
"Messieurs, truth compels me to add to what I was just saying the words, 'by day.' This message, received by telephone from our front lines, informs me that a large formation of Gothas is headed this way. They probably mean to bomb Châlons, but it is likely that they will present their compliments to us on the way. Perhaps they are annoyed because we littered their front with paper this afternoon. However that may be, let us now scatter like rabbits to our holes!"

We dispersed to our various barracks to wait there in comfort until it should be necessary to seek the cold but more adequate protection of a trench. There were four

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



A captured Gotha.



Photos from James Norman Hall

The explosion of a German air bomb near the hangars of an aërodrome, during a day raid of Gothas.

Showing the area where Selden's group patrolled the front lines at Christmastime, 1917.

[KNIGHTS OF THE BLUE
Continued from page thirty-five]

machine-gun pits scattered about the aërodrome, and these were always manned at times of an expected raid, in case enemy planes came low enough to be fired at from the ground. The one near our barrack was in charge of Sergeant Durand, our squadron armorer, and Cartier, my chief mechanic. Both men were already at their posts when Golasse and I walked down that way. Du Marmier, Fontana, Langlois, and several other pilots were standing about waiting for what might happen.

"I WONDER why it is," said du Marmier, "that there hasn't been more development in night pursuit. Here we are, all of us single-seater pilots, on the ground and waiting to be bombed! Personally, I'd a heap rather they sent us up to give the Boches a run for their money."

"A lot of good that would do," Langlois replied. "Ever flown at night?"

"No."

"Well, if you had you'd know it's a hopeless job looking for another plane in the dark. Hostile planes have a mighty slim chance of doing each other any damage by night."

"Listen! Hear anything?"

"No."

"What's wrong with your ears, man? They're coming, all right!"

The resonant chime of motors was becoming more and more distinct. The sound resembled the humming of telegraph wires on a cold winter night except that it was of much deeper quality. Durand and Cartier jumped down into their gun pit again. The rest of us edged toward our nearby trench and waited.

The sound of motors was almost directly overhead now. It seemed as though we must be able to see them against the starry sky, but they were very high up and we strained our eyes in vain. Soon they had passed, and a moment or two later the Châlons anti-aircraft defenses began their bombardment, the bursting shells winking like swarms of fireflies.

THEY made such a racket and we were so interested in watching the pyrotechnics that we failed to hear the engines of a second flock of Gothas closely following the first. We were informed of their nearness by the truly diabolical crescendo scream of a falling bomb. We dropped into our trench, and at the same instant came a rending explosion, followed by a concussion that seemed to burst my eardrums. Others followed it in quick succession.

Then the stars seemed to withdraw and vanish; they were blotted out by a red glare that lighted up the whole field. One of the hangars of Spad 614 had been hit and was soon a mass of mounting flame.

The Gothas had their target beautifully lighted for them now, but luckily they had dropped most of their bombs. They loosed a few more without making a hit. Then they swept back and forth across the field, machine-gunning barracks and hangars. Their fire was hotly replied to from the machine-gun pits.

I don't know how long the battle lasted—five minutes, perhaps, or it may have been ten. I was too excited to think of time. Once we thought it was over and were rushing from all sides of the field toward the burning hangar when we heard the sound of motors once more and dove for our trenches again. The planes that now appeared were probably those returning from the raid on Châlons. Seeing our brightly lighted field they turned aside to spray us with bullets.

One of them circled so low over the field that we could see his black crosses and the great spread of his wings. He made three complete turns of the aërodrome, spraying everything in sight and receiving the concentrated fire from all four gun pits. He was making a fourth circuit and was directly over us when we saw a spurt of flame from his machine.

"By God, he's hit!" Golasse shouted. "Cartier's got him!"

The plane turned off, a jagged ribbon of flame flapping behind it, and disappeared behind a hangar. We scrambled out of our trench and ran in that direction. The Gotha was not more than 500 feet up. Of a sudden we saw it nose down and crash to earth.

Golasse, McKail, and I were the first to reach the spot, in an open field. By the time we arrived the Gotha was only a confused mass of metal parts lapped round with the fierce flames of burning gasoline and castor oil. There was nothing we could do. Within ten minutes most of the pilots of both groups were there, standing silently in a wide circle around the burning plane.

Golasse took my arm.

"Who wouldn't be an aviator?" he remarked dryly.

THE weather on Christmas day was just what it should have been. The sky was overcast at a great height, the ground covered with snow, and the silence was that of the sea on a gray windless day. I awoke early, dressed, and went for a walk down the Châlons road.

Felix was putting breakfast on the table when I returned to barracks. We all tucked in with a will, even more heartily than usual, for there was to be nothing more till evening when we were to have our Christmas dinner. While we were eating, Carnot, the orderly who posted patrols, stuck his head in.

"Merry Christmas!" he said with a grin.

"What do *you* want, Kill-Joy?" asked du Marmier. "What's the bad news now?"

"Big review this afternoon at two-thirty. All the heroes are going to be decorated by General Gouraud."

"That lets me out," said Masson, "unless I knock down a Boche within three hours."

"Who's Papa Gouraud going to kiss?"

"Oh, quite a lot of you. Here's the list; you can read it for yourselves."

Fontana glanced hastily over the paper. "Fifteen pilots from Group Thirty-one. That's not so bad! Here you are. . . ." He read on down the list. Gordon's name was there, and Golasse's, and Tommy Slater's, of course. We were all particularly pleased to find that Sergeant Durand and Cartier were to be cited for the Gotha, shot down the night of the bombardment. When Fontana read out my name du Marmier jumped up and slapped me on the back.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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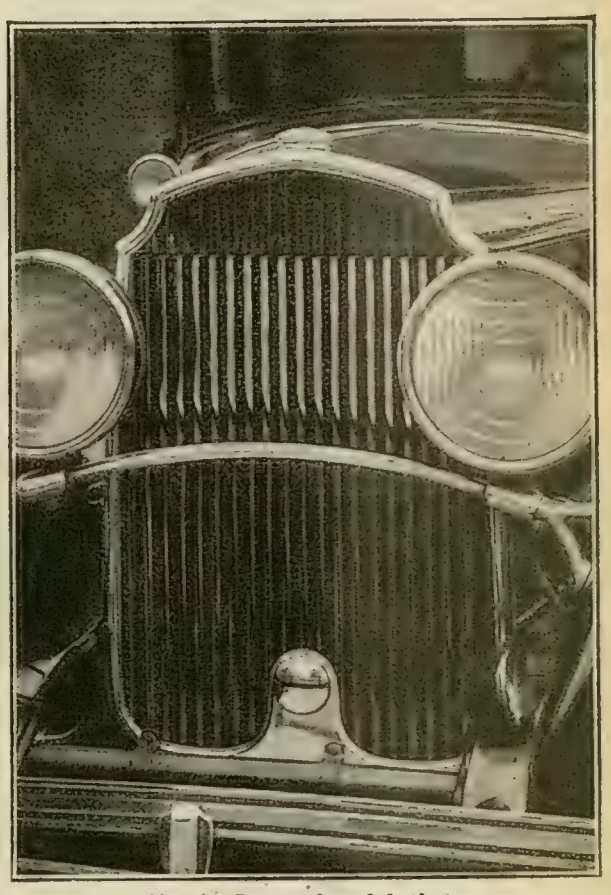

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Each has proved—within his own laboratories — and upon his own testing grounds—that Pines Automatic Winterfront is an engineering necessity.

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If you are — remember that the vital function of Pines Automatic Winterfront is one of absolute protection to the motor and all its parts. It has won its enviable place in the automotive industry because it definitely prevents the damage that results from operating an underheated motor.

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If you do—watch the thermometer—and equip your car with a Pines Automatic Winterfront at temperatures ranging 60° Fahrenheit and below.

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PINES WINTERFRONT —*It's Automatic*

[KNIGHTS OF THE BLUE
Continued from page thirty-seven]

"*Épatant,* Selden! Good for you, old boy!"

"That's for your Rumpler."

"*Vive les cent milles chemises! Vive les pyjamas!*" shouted Golasse. "I'll have to add some more verses to that song of mine!"

They jollied me again about my pyjama victory, but it warmed my heart to see how pleased they were. Then we heard the roar of a motor and rushed to the door to see who could be going up on Christmas morning. A lone Spad was taking off. It zoomed over our roof and as it turned we saw Tommy Slater's tombstone insignia.

"Well, I'll be damned!" said Masson. "Do you suppose he's going out to the lines?"

"I heard him say he might," I replied.

Golasse shook his head. "Catch me going out on Christmas day, when I don't have to!" he said. "That boy's asking for it."

"Anybody got any money they want to lose?" asked Fontana. "I'll give odds, three to two, that he doesn't even see a Boche."

"Take you for a hundred francs," said Volokoff. "And I've got a thousand more that says he'll not only see one but knock him down. Even money."

"I'll take a hundred of that!"

"I'll take fifty!"

"So will I!"

Every pilot in the mess who had any money was eager to bet against Volokoff, who met all comers to his last franc. I was appointed stakeholder and registered the bets, and I had no more than finished the job and settled down to read when Flingot burst into the room.

"Somebody's got a Boche!" he announced. "The infantry's just phoned. Right over the lines! It's bound to be Slater; he's the only man up this morning."

Volokoff, Golasse, and I plowed our way through the snow to the hangars of 602. We had no more than crossed the field when we heard Slater coming in. He appeared over the barracks at the far end of the aërodrome, leveled off, and landed in a dust of powdery snow.

"You've had a scrap, Slater?" his captain asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Over Navarin?"

"Yes, sir. I happened to meet one of those new Pfalzes just as I was crossing the lines. I went over to have a look at him, and—"

The captain smiled, rather grimly I thought, and held up his hand. "I know that look of yours! Well, you got him. The infantry saw him crash. He's *homologué.*"

"I supposed he would be. It was right over the lines."

AS usual, Slater was neither excited nor elated. He jumped down from his Spad, removed his flying clothes, and carried them to his locker in the hangar. Captain St. Cyr looked after him with an expression half ironical, half puzzled. He turned to Captain Clermont.

"*Quel type!*" he said. "Did you hear him sing that old German song at the bar the other evening? An angelic-looking child! Peace on earth, good will toward men, eh?"

Captain Clermont nodded. "French aviation could do with a few more angels like young Slater," he replied. "We'll be needing them in the spring."

At 1:30 everything was in readiness for the Prise d'Armes. The pilots had furbished up their best uniforms and polished boots and buttons. The mechanics had been at work all morning grooming Spads and Breguets. The planes of the Thirty-fifth Day Bombing Group were drawn up in a long line on one side of the field and those of our group on the other. General Gouraud and his staff arrived in two limousines and were met by the commanding officers of the two groups. Immediately afterward they reviewed the flying personnel. Each pilot stood at attention in front of his plane, and the mechanics of the various squadrons were arranged in platoons to the right and left. Events had been timed to the minute. As soon as the aviation review was over the troops of the Forty-second Infantry Division began to arrive.

They came up the Châlons road. In advance were eight trumpeters who rode abreast. They carried long slender trumpets which they held with their right hands, resting them upright against their thighs. When they had reached the middle of the field opposite General Gouraud, they tossed their trumpets in the air with one movement, caught them, brandished them, and put them to their lips. I wish I knew the name of the call they played. It haunts me to this day, and I can feel my blood tingle at the thought of it.

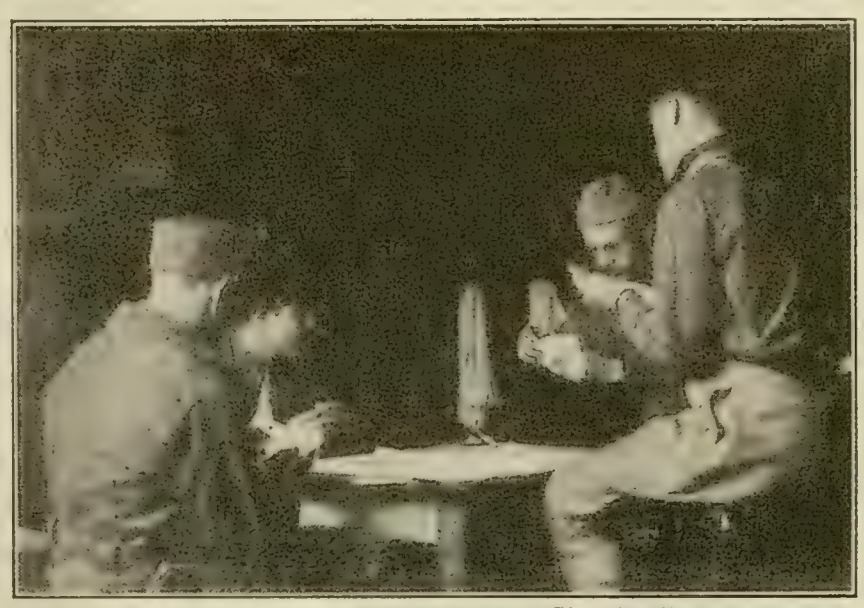

Photo from James Norman Hall

A stormy day in barracks—no patrols to make. "Superb weather!" the airmen called it.

THE infantry followed with their tattered battle flags, the men marching in beautiful alignment. It was a splendid sight, and still more stirring was to hear the music of their bands crashing out on the crisp winter air. Sidi Ibrahim, the Marseillaise, Sambre et Meuse, Chant de Depart — they were all played that afternoon while we stood in the snow forgetting how cold we were, forgetting everything but the splendor and romance of war.

At the conclusion of the review the men to be decorated took places in a line six paces in advance of the others. Tommy Slater stood next to me, looking very cold and pinched and miserable. He had piled up victories so fast that he received three citations at once, one of which conferred the Medaille Militaire. While they were being read General Gouraud regarded him with interest. He turned to Commandant Beaumont.

"So this is the young man who fights Germans on Christmas day? That's the kind we need! No holidays in this war—we can't afford them."

I can still feel the friendly pressure of his hand as he laid it on my shoulder.

"What! Another American? And you chased your German all that way? That's the spirit, my boy!"

He went quickly down the line, and a moment later we were dismissed. I went over to shake hands with Cartier and Sergeant Durand. They had each received a Croix de Guerre with palm for the Gotha they had shot down on the night of the bombardment.

"Good for you, Cartier!"

He smiled his dry little smile and glanced down his nose at the decoration on his tunic.

"It will please the old woman," he said. That is as much of Cartier's family history as I ever learned.

. . . . .

Early in January Combat Group 31 received orders to move to Lunéville, in Lorraine. Down from a morning patrol with Fontana and Volokoff, I found an excited crowd of pilots in the bar, discussing the news and rejoicing at the prospect of a change. Lieutenant de Chalais beckoned to me.

"Good news!" he announced. "We're off for Lorraine this afternoon! Yes, Lunéville. Our field will be the parade ground right in town; we'll have cozy billets, and restaurants, and cafés to loaf in between patrols. I know that sector—you never see a Boche down there, and if you do run into one, he's not at all *méchant.*"

Those days in Lorraine were the pleasantest I ever spent at the front. The sector, with the Vosges Mountains to the south, was one of great beauty from the air;

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-THREE]

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a pure drink of natural flavors

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2	HEADACHES: *Sick headaches, nervous headaches or the painful throbbing type claim most of us at one time or another.*
3	AUTO-INTOXICATION: *Nearly every victim of constipation is affected by this enervating condition of self-poisoning.*
4	BAD COMPLEXION: *Glance about and see how few people have a blemish-free complexion. And nothing is so aging as a poor skin.*
5	RHEUMATISM: *6 out of every 100 people will have this painful ailment this winter.*
6	INDIGESTION: *27 people out of 100 suffer frequent attacks of indigestion—many more have so-called bilious attacks.*
7	COLDS: *This ailment causes Americans to lose on the average 23.3 days a year. It is the first step toward more serious ills.*

IT may seem strange that one preparation can be so efficacious for so many ailments, but, if you stop to consider the reason, it is as simple as a-b-c.

Like the great saline springs of the Continent, Sal Hepatica is beneficial for a host of ills. For in taking the "cure"—or in drinking Sal Hepatica—you relieve these minor ills in much the same way. You correct "stoppage"—you relieve acidity and you flush away the poisons of waste—poisons which cause constipation, bad complexions, colds, headaches, rheumatism, indigestion and auto-intoxication.

These poisons are set up when the food we eat is not properly digested and promptly eliminated. They affect different people in different ways—and they are the real cause of most common ills.

Sal Hepatica flushes away systemic poisons by stimulating the release of the natural secretions of water in the intestines.

In Europe the people of fashion and wealth make regular rendezvous to the famous saline cure stations, where they restore themselves to good health and rejuvenate their constitutions by daily drinking the saline waters. Physicians everywhere — both here and abroad—have for years recommended this healthful practice.

In its contents and in the benefits it brings, Sal Hepatica is very similar to these natural spring waters. It is a delicate blend of the same health-giving salines

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Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains more fully how Sal Hepatica relieves many common ills.

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SPARKLING MOMENTS *in the* HISTORY OF BOTTLED CARBONATED BEVERAGES

"My dear," *said* Napoleon, "I just dropped in for a bottle between battles"

"Nap, darling, do sit right down and take a load off your feet," cooed the Mrs. "Goodness, you must be all tired out after that horrid battle."

"Napoleon is never weary!" thundered the general. "You know that's my motto. With worlds to conquer there's no time to dilly-dally and delay."

"But you will take a bottle of carbonated beverage, dear?"

"Ah, now you're tempting me beyond my strength," smiled Napoleon, as he reached for the convenient tray. "You know I get the inspiration for my best wars from these beverages. They're fairly bubbling with energy, and there's no headache or hangover.

"Well, my dear, if the maid has my other uniform pressed, I must be running along. You know I have a dandy war planned for tomorrow. The moving picture boys will be crazy about it . . . Over the river!"

"Skip the gutter, Nap. Write when you can, even if it's just a picture postcard. And remember there are always bottled carbonated beverages, nice and cold, in the ice box."

Free! *Write today for a copy of this new recipe book. Frozen salads, delicious punches, dainty desserts. American Bottlers of Carbonated Beverages, 726 Bond Bldg., Washington, D.C.*

Bottled beverages *Carbonated*

AMERICAN BOTTLERS -OF- CARBONATED BEVERAGES

THERE'S A BOTTLER IN YOUR TOWN

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

the Germans, as de Chalais had said, were few and not *méchants*, and our occasional meetings with the enemy were just enough to give zest to life.

Two hours in the air out of each twenty-four was the most any pilot had to put in, and the weather was so bad that we were sometimes on the ground for three days at a stretch. Golasse reveled in the change and hoped the war would end before we left Lunéville. Volokoff and McKail, who had struck up an oddly matched friendship, had an orgy of reading and talk about books. On this quiet front the old hands never flew unless ordered to; they were saving themselves for the hard fighting of the spring. But Slater, Forbes, McKail, and I were new to war and to the air, and the four of us made many a voluntary patrol.

Slater, whose nine official victories had brought him decorations and the rank of *adjudant*, was already something of a celebrity, and his Spad with its sinister insignia led our patrols.

A patrol with Slater was an education for me. If Germans were to be found in the sector he was sure to find them. He seemed to smell them out like a bloodhound; but once the enemy was in sight he was cool and wary, taking advantage of the sun, of altitude, and of the clouds. Then, with all the odds in his favor, he went in to kill, and his fire was so uncannily accurate that more often than not one short burst was enough. He was a killer, cool and skillful at his trade.

But even Slater often failed to flush a German on that quiet Lorraine front, and when we did sight an enemy plane one afternoon, I fancy that his bottled-up impatience was responsible for getting me into one of the most thrilling scrapes of my life.

IT was a cloudless day for once, though bitter cold, and just after lunch, Slater and McKail and Gordon and I took off for a turn over the lines. As we climbed toward the front, over the forest of Parroy we saw, very high and remote against the blue, the white dots of French anti-aircraft fire springing out. A German plane had crossed the lines at nearly 20,000 feet. As we turned I caught a glimpse of it, weaving serenely in and out of the tracery of smoke.

Tommy turned north, then west, his Spad climbing with full throttle, so fast that I had difficulty in keeping my place above him and to the left. But the German's mission was done, or perhaps the pilot had sighted us; at any rate, still at an immense height, he turned back for his own lines. The French guns ceased firing. The German was so far above us and flying east so swiftly that

Slater's Spad flashed past me in a dive, spurting fire and smoke, as the yellow air-beast fled toward its keepers below.

Slater gave the signal to drop the pursuit.

WE were just under 4,000 meters and not far behind our lines. I could see the trenches emerging on either side of the Forest of Parroy and, five or six miles farther *chez Boche*, the fat, succulent shapes of the German observation balloons. Three of them were in sight, one directly in front of us. It floated motionless on the still air at about 4,000 feet, a corpulent yellow creature with a distended abdomen, and it had an irritating look of self-satisfaction and placid insolence.

I was thinking that if I had put some incendiaries in my machine-gun belt this would be a fine chance to puncture its fat belly and set it on fire, when I noticed that Slater's Spad had disappeared. Then I saw him, far below, diving away toward the Marne-Rhine Canal. We followed him down—a thousand, two thousand, three thousand meters. He pulled up not more than 2,000 feet over the canal and crossed the lines with full throttle, heading straight for the Gisselfingen balloon. But we didn't take the Germans by surprise.

The soldiers had so little to do on that quiet front that I suppose they welcomed a diversion of any sort. As the four Spads roared over their trenches, in range of anything bigger than a pistol, it seemed to me that the whole German army began to take pot shots at us. The noise of machine guns was like that of riveting machines on Broadway, faintly heard. I pulled in my

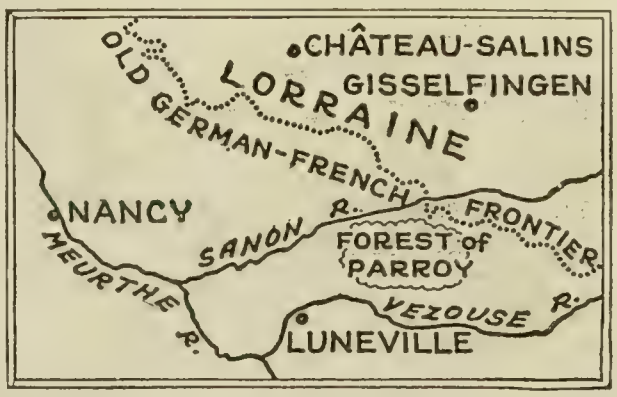
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[KNIGHTS OF THE BLUE
Continued from page forty-three]

neck like a turtle and tried to sit in the smallest possible space; but the vitals of a Spad—the pilot's body, the engine, and the gasoline tank—make a tiny target moving at 130 miles an hour.

Glancing ahead, I saw that they were pulling down the balloon at an astonishing speed. It was at our level now, but we were very close. Little gray figures were running about on the ground aimlessly, like disturbed ants.

Slater, thirty yards ahead of me, let go a long burst and zoomed up in a climbing turn. I had no incendiaries, but I thought in my innocence that a tracer might set the fat thing on fire, so I let fly and banked, while Gordon and McKail swept past me to fire in turn. But the yellow air-beast still fled toward its keepers below, seemingly unharmed. From the basket beneath the bulging abdomen, one man and then another leaped off into space, to float down like a pair of beetles attached to toy parachutes. I was turning for another burst when Slater's Spad flashed past me in a steep dive, spurting fire and smoke. This time the incendiaries did their work.



Showing the Lorraine sector, where Tommy Slater burned the balloon.

It was over in an instant—a blinding flash of fire and a puff of thick smoke that hung in the air like the father of all shrapnel bursts. The explosion was so close that my Spad staggered at the blast. Slater had turned abruptly, diving off to one side after a parachute. I heard a faint stutter of his gun and knew that he had probably killed the observer, floating down, helpless to shoot back.

But I had other things to think of at that moment, for the machine guns were going like mad on the ground, and it seemed incredible that my Spad could escape their storm of fire. And besides the guns the Germans were treating us to a display of weird fireworks; dazzling balls, like beads on a string—"flaming onions," I think the British called them—came whizzing up, and things that looked like what we used to call "flowerpots" on the Fourth of July. Under other circumstances I might have found them interesting, but I knew they were being sent up for something more than our entertainment, and they had a very evil look. Then I spied a group of Germans about a machine gun in a shallow pit, and nosed down for a long burst at them.

I DON'T know whether my bullets hit any of them, for my finger was still on the trigger when I heard a gun going behind me in the air, and the *flac-flac-flac* of bullets going through the lower left wing of my Spad. I banked sharply, twisting my neck. There, sitting on my tail, was a small silvery German ship. It was just pulling out of a dive to keep above me. I had time to make out a pair of superb black crosses on the upper plane and to see Gordon's Spad flash past me, with another Pfalz on his tail. We had been attacked by a patrol of four Pfalz scouts, with every advantage of altitude and surprise.

My adversary was my master from the start, a pilot who seemed to know every trick of the trade and never gave me a chance to turn on him. I banked, twisted, and tried to climb, but he was always above me and just behind, and I had all I could do to keep out of his line of fire. Twice he lined his sights on me for bursts that came very close, and I was beginning to wonder if I would ever be able to shake him off. The Germans on the ground had ceased firing, of course, and we must have given them a rare show: eight single-seaters within a few hundred yards of the ground, milling in the closest kind of a dog fight.

Then, glancing back warily as I made a vertical bank to the left, I saw a Pfalz whiz past me earthward, followed at a more leisurely pace by one of its own wings. Above and upside down in an Immelmann, I had a glimpse of a Spad with tombstones on the wing, and next moment my pursuer was nowhere to be seen. I pulled up instinctively to take altitude and, gazing this way and that while the gunners opened up on me once more, I caught sight of two Spads flying east at full speed in hot pursuit of a single German plane. As I followed, nose down and motor wide open, three little groups of Germans were sprinting toward the wrecks of as many planes, all within a few hundred yards.

I soon caught up with the Spads, thanks to my advantage of altitude. I saw tombstones and a pair of big red Fs. McKail was missing. Slater and Forbes had driven the Pfalz down till it was skimming the treetops, but as I ranged alongside and turned my head for a hasty glance at Slater, I saw him lean forward with a wooden mallet in his hand, hammering methodically at the crank handle of his jammed gun. At that moment Gordon gave the German a short burst, but the Pfalz was banking and the tracers went behind its tail.

THE Boche zoomed over a clump of trees, still turning to the north, and I got him in my sights for an instant. But I did not allow enough for the angle, and instead of centering on the cockpit I saw my tracers pouring into his wing. Working at his gun, Slater had given his Spad her head; he was now well above us and behind.

Fields, clumps of trees, and scattered houses streamed past beneath us at such a pace that the details of landscape were blurred. I was conscious of a stir of men running on the ground and of a faint fitful hammering of machine guns. One gunner, close to the lake of Rohrbach, sprayed me with bullets that came murderously close. Now the long narrow lake was just ahead, and to one side of it I saw a German aërodrome bordered with tiny hangars, camouflaged in green and brown, and barely large enough to house a pair of Pfalz scouts.

Gray-clad figures sprinted for their gun pits, others dove into the hangars, and still others, working at top speed, began to push little silvery ships through the doorways and crank them up.

My eyes took this scene in at a glance as I fired a burst at our quarry and missed, for the fifth or sixth time. I knew that the German plane must be riddled with bullets, but Gordon had no better luck than I, and now the Pfalz was roaring in over the trees to land on his own field. The pilot, extraordinarily cool and clever, though taken at a fatal disadvantage and pursued by ships faster than his own, had saved himself so far by a series of brusque maneuvers that offered us nothing but angling shots. But his doublings back and forth had given Slater time to clear his gun and to catch up.

As the Pfalz nosed down for the last time, to land, Tommy's Spad came plunging in like a man-o'-war hawk, full motor and gun going in a long crackling burst. The range was a good 200 yards, but the Pfalz seemed to wilt in the air—nosed up, slipped off on a wing, and crashed with a tremendous impact on the field. I let go at a group of men about a pilot who was climbing into the cockpit of his plane, and saw them scatter like young quail.

Slater dove on one of the machine-gun pits and silenced its gun in two short bursts.

Gordon was shooting up everything in sight—hangars, planes, and every man that showed himself.

Then all three of us, as if at a prearranged signal, dove simultaneously on the remaining gun emplacement—a wide shallow pit with a pair of guns mounted on a central mound.

Their hammering ceased, two of the men sank down, and the third began crawling toward a zigzag trench near by.

Three little Pfalz planes stood before the hangars with propellers idling, and we gave them a parting spray of bullets as we turned for the lines.

We headed straight and fast for Lunéville. The wings of my Spad were riddled, but she was going strong. Gordon was on my right, and as we passed south of

Gisselfingen his Spad lost speed and nosed down over a wide field. I saw him motion us to go on. I banked to watch him; we were too low for the anti-aircraft batteries, and for the moment only one machine gun was firing at us. Gordon sailed down, leveled over the grass, and landed perfectly, and I saw with mingled hope and despair that his propeller still turned.

A dozen Germans rushed toward him from the edge of a little wood. Slater and I went into action together and the Germans lost their enthusiasm for capturing an Allied plane. But other guns were getting the range now, and infantrymen were potting at us with Mausers. The situation was getting too hot for comfort; I fancy that in another minute or two one or both of us would have been brought down.

But Gordon's Spad was under way now, moving with increasing swiftness over the grass. I found myself shouting like a madman as he took the air and zoomed over a line of trees at the far end of the field. Slater and I fell in behind him, crossed the lines so low that we got nothing but a few wild bursts of machine-gun fire, and sailed over the Forest of Parroy to land in Lunéville.

Fontana still sat where I had left him, in the sunny lee of a hangar, reading an old copy of Le Rire.

"What!" he said. "Back already?"

We had been an hour and twenty minutes absent from the aërodrome.

WHEN we had taxied our Spads to the hangars that afternoon, there followed what I can only describe as an orgy of excited talk.

As I climbed stiffly down among the men crowded about my plane, Captain Clermont was the first one to speak.

"Where's McKail?" he asked.

Slater, who was the first to land, was standing close by.

"Shot down," Slater answered for me, laconically.

"I saw him land," said Gordon, "close to the Gisselfingen balloon. I don't believe he was badly hurt, for he landed well and set fire to his plane."

"So you were the balloon burners!" exclaimed the captain. "They telephoned half an hour ago that it had been shot down."

"Slater got it," I said.

"And three Albatrosses," added Gordon.

Tommy gave him a wan little smile. "What about *your* Albatross?" he said. "He splashed right by one of the gun pits."

Gordon's captain had arrived by now.

"Four Albatrosses!" he exclaimed; "and a balloon! Splendid work—but I'm afraid we can never get you official credit for the planes. They could see the balloon, of course, miles away."

"And we shot up an aërodrome,"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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a burglar, and you find you have . . .

be nonchalant . . . LIGHT A MURAD

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[KNIGHTS OF THE BLUE
Continued from page forty-five]

Gordon told him. "I had to land in Germany on the way back. They nicked the top of my tank; I couldn't keep the pressure up, and the valve of the auxiliary tank was stuck. I landed, managed to keep my motor turning, and got the valve open at last. Thought I was a goner for a minute or two; if Selden and Slater hadn't driven off the German infantry, I'd be a prisoner."

I turned to Slater. "And if you hadn't knocked that Boche off my tail," I said. "Wow! He was bad medicine!"

OBLIVIOUS of the conversation, Cartier had been making a hasty examination of my riddled Spad. He touched my arm. "You're in luck," he told me. "In theory our *coucou* is incapable of flight! It will have to be scrapped. How you got back is more than I know."

"What's that?" asked Captain Clermont. "Scrapped, you say?"

"*Oui, mon capitaine.*"

"In that case, Selden," said the C. O. briskly, "I'll send you off to Le Bourget for a new one. You can leave tomorrow, and how about forty-eight hours in Paris?"

Next week Selden will tell of fighting against odds for control of the air in the spring of 1918.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the Indian name for the peace pipe?
2—Of what is the olive branch an emblem?
3—What was the traditional resting place of Noah's Ark?
4—What is the capital of Paraguay?
5—Who won the United States Open golf championship this year?
6—For what is the French city Sèvres chiefly noted?
7—What is a thanatopsis?
8—What great English statesman was called "Dizzy"?
9—Who wore the scarlet letter?
10—What is the abbreviation for pennyweight?
11—What outstanding error appears in the famous painting Washington Crossing the Delaware?
12—What is *embonpoint?*
13—From what nation did the United States purchase the Virgin Islands?
14—What is an anachronism?
15—Where is Abraham Lincoln buried?
16—What is Madagascar?
17—What is the title of an earl's wife?
18—Where did the Light Brigade make its famous charge?
19—What nation owns the Azores?
20—What was the name of an early American warship called "Old Ironsides"?

(Answers will be found on page 51)

LOCKSMITHS LAUGH at LOVE

by Elmer Davis

the story of a girl who thought she had gone thoroughly modern about love—until danger threatened her man! Read it in

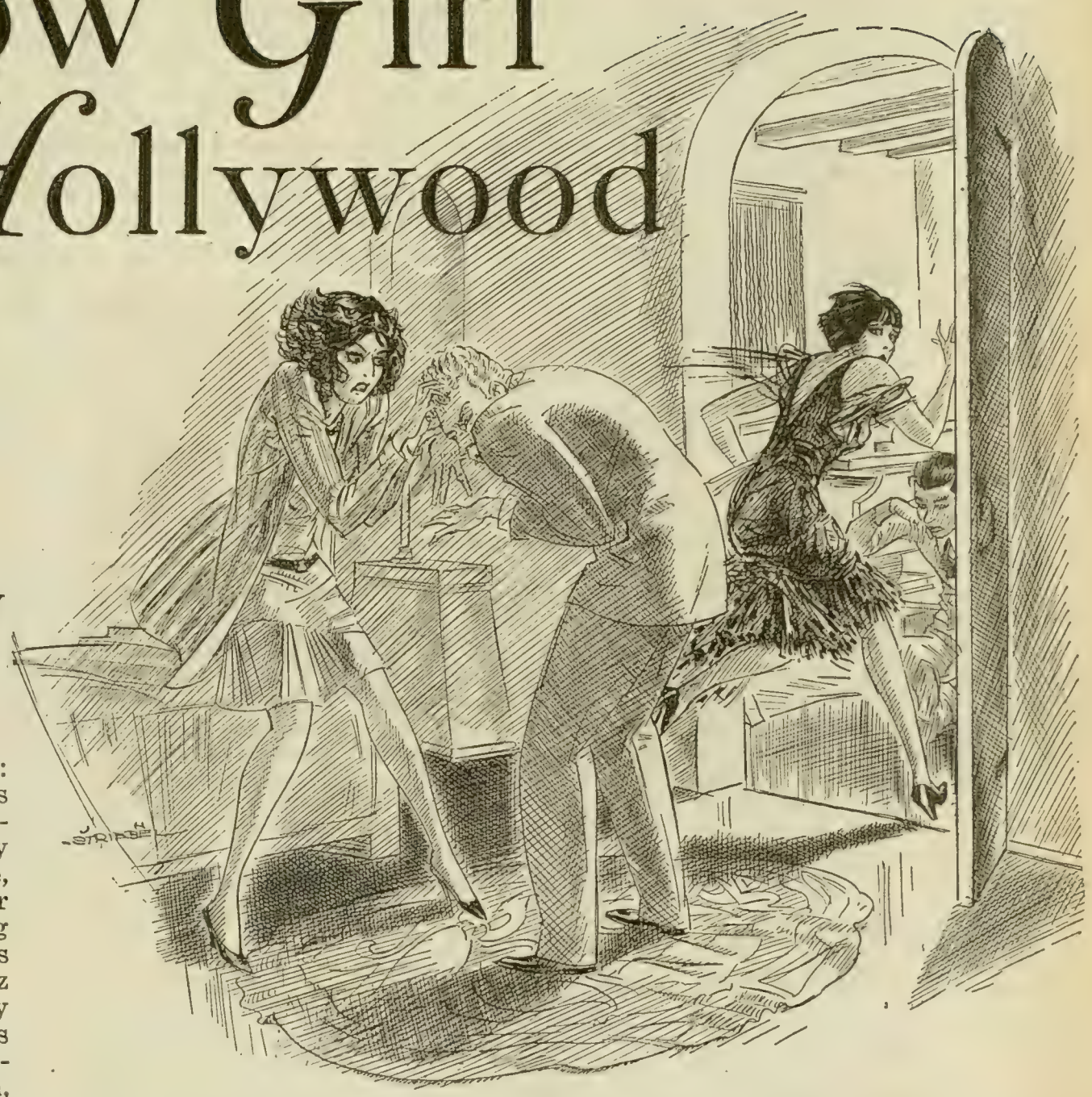
LIBERTY NEXT WEEK!

Show Girl in Hollywood

A New Dixie Dugan Adventure

By
J. P. McEvoy

Pictures by
J. H. Striebel



Then the light went on and Chiquita was there, tearing at Buelow's face. I slipped out while they were going to it.

WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT: Dixie Dugan, who has failed to make good in Hollywood, has been persuaded by her sweetheart, Jimmy Doyle, a writer, to give a party in her apartment in hope of getting some publicity. Dixie leaves in the middle of it with Fritz Buelow, Chiquita, and Mickey O'Keefe to visit Buelow's beach house. Meanwhile, unknown to her, Jack Milton, New York broker and former admirer, is attending another party in the same house. Hedda Natchova, once popular screen star, who attended Dixie's party, has either fallen or jumped from Dixie's tenth-floor window.

PART TEN—ENGAGED

(From the N. Y. Evening Tab, Noon Edition, Nov. 15)

HEDDA NATCHOVA DIES IN HOLLYWOOD ORGY
(Story on Page 2)

(From the N. Y. Evening Tab, 3 o'Clock Edition, Nov. 15)

AGED SHEIK STEALS RABBIT GLANDS
(Story on Page 2)

NATCHOVA DEAD IN HOLLYWOOD
(Story on Page 5)

(From the N. Y. Evening Tab, 5 o'Clock Edition, Nov. 15)

SIAMESE TWINS ELOPE
(Story on Page 2)

SHEIK STEALS GLANDS
(Story on Page 5)

EX-MOVIE STAR DEAD
(Story on Page 28)

NA462 15 HOLLYWOOD CALIF 1102A NOV 15
NITA DUGAN
439 FLATBUSH AVE BROOKLYN NY
IN TERRIBLE SCRAPE STOP GOING TO BE MARRIED STOP CAN YOU COME STOP LETTER FOLLOWING DIXIE

SD533 3 BROOKLYN NY 106P NOV 15
DIXIE DUGAN
1842 NO. LA BREA AVE HOLLYWOOD CALIF
ARE YOU CRAZY NITA

NA396 5 HOLLYWOOD CALIF 446P NOV 15
NITA DUGAN
439 FLATBUSH AVE BROOKLYN NY
CRAZY AS A BED BUG DIXIE

November 15.

DARLING NITA!

You've heard about Natchova? Sending you local clippings. I was having a party and she came and I went away and while I was gone she either fell or jumped out the window. Ten stories. I didn't know anything about it till I got back around dawn. I was having troubles of my own. Plenty of them. I don't know if I can tell it to you straight or not. But here goes!

I wrote you about Jimmy suggesting a party for the local gossip writers. He loaned me the money and pulled strings to get them to accept. Well, it was a big success. Those who didn't come direct to the party came from the parties they were out on and brought the parties along. I have one room and a kitchenette, but everybody there knew everybody in the building, and pretty soon all the other apartments were opened up and the party was all over the house. They came from all over Hollywood. Cars were parked all around the block. Everybody was there, it seemed to me, except the one I wanted. Jimmy never showed up—not till long after. But that part of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD
Continued from page forty-seven]

the story comes later. Around one o'clock or so, Fritz Buelow, the director, who came with Chiquita and Mickey O'Keefe, the song writer, invited me to drop in on another party down at his beach house in Santa Monica. I was feeling full of the devil and couldn't see any harm in it. Besides, my party was going so well, they'd never miss me. Most of them didn't even know it was my party and didn't care. So I went with Mickey and Buelow and Chiquita. Just as I was leaving, I saw Hedda Natchova.

She was standing over by the window, the same one she fell out of or jumped out of. She was having the blues and I remember throwing my arms around her and kissing her, telling her to cheer up I'd see her soon. Gee, she was a peach, Nita. Sweet—and so sad. She'd been such a big star in her day and somehow it had all gone by her.

Anyway, I got into Buelow's car and we drove miles and miles to his place down on Santa Monica beach. When I got there, he let us in, and I noticed it was all dark, and I says to him, where's the party, and he says, oh, they're around here somewhere. We'll look for them as soon as we've had something to drink. And I says, well, I don't know how you feel about it, but I've had enough—and that goes for Mickey too.

Mickey was wall-eyed by this time, but he came to long enough to object. He held on to the table and declared, I got too much. I always get too much, but never enough, and with that he smiled a beautiful smile and fell over in a heap. Then Buelow says to me, come on, we'll get him something to revive him. So I goes along with Buelow, not thinking anything. The house was all dark except the living room and he was snapping on the lights as he went along. Then we came to a room and we went in and I expected him to put on the light, but instead of that he closed the door behind us and then grabbed me. I tried to hold him off, but it was like fighting a gorilla, he was so strong.

I bit and kicked and scratched and called him every name I could think of. Finally he clamped one paw around my throat, held me against the wall, and with the other started ripping my clothes off. All the time he kept saying, you thought you were going to out-fox me, didn't you? Well, I always get anything I go after and I've been after you ever since I saw you in New York.

WHAT happened after that is all mixed up. I know his voice began to sound away off, and then the light went on all of a sudden and Chiquita was there, tearing at Buelow's face with her finger nails. She must have heard me scream—and she's a jealous wildcat anyway. I slipped out while they were going to it and ran out of the house without my coat or hat, and my clothes in rags.

You've never been out here, Nita, so you can't imagine Santa Monica beach at 2:30 in the morning without a car, or a taxi, or a street car for miles. I climbed up to the top of the palisades and started to hoof it in the general direction of Hollywood.

Finally I got to a car line and discovered the next car to Hollywood didn't leave till around 4:30, so there was nothing to do but wait for it and I got home around 5:30, came up to my apartment, and who should be sitting there waiting for me big as life in the middle of the most God-awful mess of empty bottles and overturned chairs and cigarette butts—none other but Jimmy!

Well, Nita, all the fights we ever had before were nothing compared to this one. He said he knew where I'd been all night and who I'd been with; said he always suspected Buelow and me from the very beginning in New York, and now he was sure I was this and that and worse. Said he waited there all night just to tell me what he thought of me and that he never wanted to see me again. Then out he went, slamming the door behind him. I was so sick and stunned I couldn't even say yes, no, how do you do, go to hell, or anything. I just pulled down the bed, threw myself on it, and passed right out.

When I came to, the room was full of police and reporters and photographers and it wasn't until then that I learned my party had wound up with Natchova's death. They kept asking me how it happened, and I told them I didn't know, I wasn't there. And they said, this is your apartment, isn't it? And I said, yes. And it was your party, too, wasn't it? And I said, well, it started out that way, but I went away and didn't get back until morning, and I don't know what happened while I was gone. And they said, well, sometime around three o'clock that morning Hedda Natchova was found dead on the sidewalk under that window, and she either fell or jumped out. Some say one thing, some say another.

DID you see her at the party? And I said, sure. Did she seem happy or depressed? And then I thought right away, well, if I tell the truth and say she had the blues they'll say she committed suicide, so I said she was gay—everybody was gay—it was a helluva party. And one of the cops says I can see that. So then they talked some more and went around snapping photographs and then who should come in—Nita, you'll die!

It was Jack Milton. I looked at him for a moment and said, well, if it isn't Jack Milton I'm going to stop drinking. What are you doing here? And he says, wait a minute, Dixie, and he gets the photographers and cops and reporters out and shuts the door and looks all around and says, well, are you surprised to see me? And I don't know what it was, but all of a sudden it seemed so good to see somebody from home that wasn't mad at me. I just threw my arms around his neck and started to cry, and he kissed me and patted me on the back and says, come on, you'll be all right, I read all about it in the paper this morning and as soon as I saw your name mixed up in it I came running. But the funniest thing is that I was here last night and didn't know it. I says, where? And he says, right here, or rather, in that bathroom. And in my B. V. Ds., believe it or not. I didn't know it was your apartment.

All the fights we ever had before were nothing compared to this one.

So then he told me he was at a party upstairs and some friends played a trick on him—told him everybody was going to be in their underwear and got him to strip down to his B. V. Ds., pushed him into the dark living room, snapped on the light, and left him there in the middle of a crowd of guests all in evening dress. As soon as he got his breath he dashed out of the room, across the roof, and down the stairs and ducked into my apartment because that was the only open door he saw. The guests all tumbled down after him and finally coaxed him out of my bathroom.

All this happened while I was fighting my way out of Buelow's house, and just a little while after that Natchova jumped or fell and the party broke up with the women screaming down the streets and the men trying to catch them and herd them into their cars to get them home.

So then I told him about Buelow, and he asked me about my work, and I told him I couldn't get anywhere. And he asked me if I had any money, and I told him no. And then he took me by the shoulders, shook me a little, and said, look here, you know I've always liked you and I know you don't care very much for me, but I like you enough for both of us. Why don't you quit all this nonsense, come back to New York and marry me, and we can be as happy as a couple of bugs in a rug? Then I thought to myself, why not? I haven't any job, I haven't any Jimmy, I haven't any money, I haven't any prospects, and I'm just plain licked; just going down for the third time in the middle of the ocean and along comes the Leviathan and the captain says you can have either a lift or if you prefer you can have the boat. What am I supposed to say? To hell with you and your boat, this is my party and I want to sink?

WELL, Nita, all this went through my head just like scat. Here's Jack Milton, filthy with money, overflowing with love, begging me to take him; and here am I—nobody with nothing in the middle of nowhere. So I says, all right, Jack, you can have it your way. I'm not going to tell you I'm crazy about you, but I do like you a lot and I'll be good to you and on the level and don't expect miracles.

Well, he nearly broke my ribs and when I got my breath I said, there's only one thing I'm going to hold out for—I'm not going to leave this town licked. I want just one chance at this movie racket. I've worked and ached for it and I deserve it and if you can help me get it you can have all the rest of me all the rest of the time. So Jack says, if I can help you! Don't you know what I'm doing out here? And I says, running around to parties in your underwear? And he says, oh, that was just a lark, but my business I mean. And I says, how would I know? Something to do with money?

And he says, well, it's confidential, but we aren't going to have any secrets from each other from now on, so this is it. I'm out here representing a syndicate of Wall Street bankers and as soon as I report back to them we're going to merge all the big companies out here and me and my gang will run the works. I can get you anything you want out here, that's all I can do for you. Give you a studio if you want it. Close it up if you say so. Hire anybody you like, fire anybody you don't like. Aside from that, I can't do a thing for you—except love you to death.

And I says, all right, Jack, that'll come later. You do your part and I'll do mine—and then we'll do ours.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Love Doesn't Fly Out of the Window, When People Are Well!"

Many a story of happiness and successful married life springs out of health and regularity. If you have found this true, tell us your story!

There would be fewer divorces—fewer breaks in married happiness—if all husbands and wives kept themselves in good health. When love flies out the window it isn't because poverty has come in the front door, as the old saying has it. More likely it's because one or the other continually has the blues, or the grumps, is down in the mouth, "doesn't feel like going out"—and then the trouble begins.

If you have enjoyed the joyous happy health that goes with regular bodily elimination, you know how Nujol has changed your outlook on life. Tell us about it. Your letter can still reach us before this contest closes.

Remember, Nujol is not a medicine. It has no taste, no odor, and is colorless as water. It contains absolutely no drugs of any kind. It is simply internal lubrication, which is as valuable to the human body as to any machine. Your doctor will tell you that internal lubrication is a modern and common sense aid to good health. Nujol is not absorbed. It is non-fattening. It simply passes helpfully through the body, absorbing and cleaning out the poisons that make us tired, nervous, irritable, poor in our work, "down in the mouth" generally. The most world-famous athletes tell us that they have taken Nujol for years. If they need it, you surely do! Nujol works gradually, slowly — but surely. Continued use can do you no harm. It forms no habit. Take a swallow from the Nujol bottle every night for two weeks. See how bright life will look to you as the poisons are absorbed and carried away. Millions have found that Nujol is the way to health and happiness. Get a bottle at your druggist's. Start being well, this very day!

TRUE STORIES

wanted of how Nujol has helped you to happiness, to success, to good looks, to seeing the bright side of life. To the millions of people who enjoy health from Nujol regularity we offer 110 prizes as follows:

FIRST PRIZE
$1,000

Second prize $500 Third prize $250
Fourth prize $100 Six prizes of $50 each
One hundred prizes of $10 each

Write a letter describing what Nujol has done for you. You can include physician's endorsement, if you wish. Contest open to physicians giving either their own or a patient's experience. Give full name and address—and state that you give Nujol Laboratories the right to publish complete or in part. Contest closes November 1, 1929. Address:

Contest Editor, Nujol Laboratories
Dept. 3-A, 2 Park Ave., New York City

ARTHRITIS

What Insulin is doing for Diabetes, RENTON'S TABLETS are doing for Arthritis, Neuritis, and Rheumatism. Sold and endorsed by the leading wholesale and retail Druggists on the Pacific Coast. Not one failure of record. Former bed-ridden Arthretics, in California, are going about in the enjoyment of life, and entirely free from pain.

A strictly pharmaceutical preparation, free from Nausea, habit forming, or injurious Drugs. A month's treatment $5.00 Post paid in U. S. or Canada. The Renton Company, Station "C," Pasadena, Calif.

Character and financial reference, the Pasadena Chamber of Commerce.

RENTON'S RHEUMATIC TABLETS

THE RENTON COMPANY
STATION C.
PASADENA, CALIF.

NO MORE DANDRUFF NOW

Apply cooling, healing, cleansing ZEMO on the head and rub vigorously. The way it rids you of Dandruff and stops itching scalp will delight you. ZEMO is also the safe, dependable means of relieving Eczema, Blotches, Blemishes and Itching Irritations of the skin and scalp. Clean and convenient to use any time. 35c, 60c, and $1.00—all dealers.

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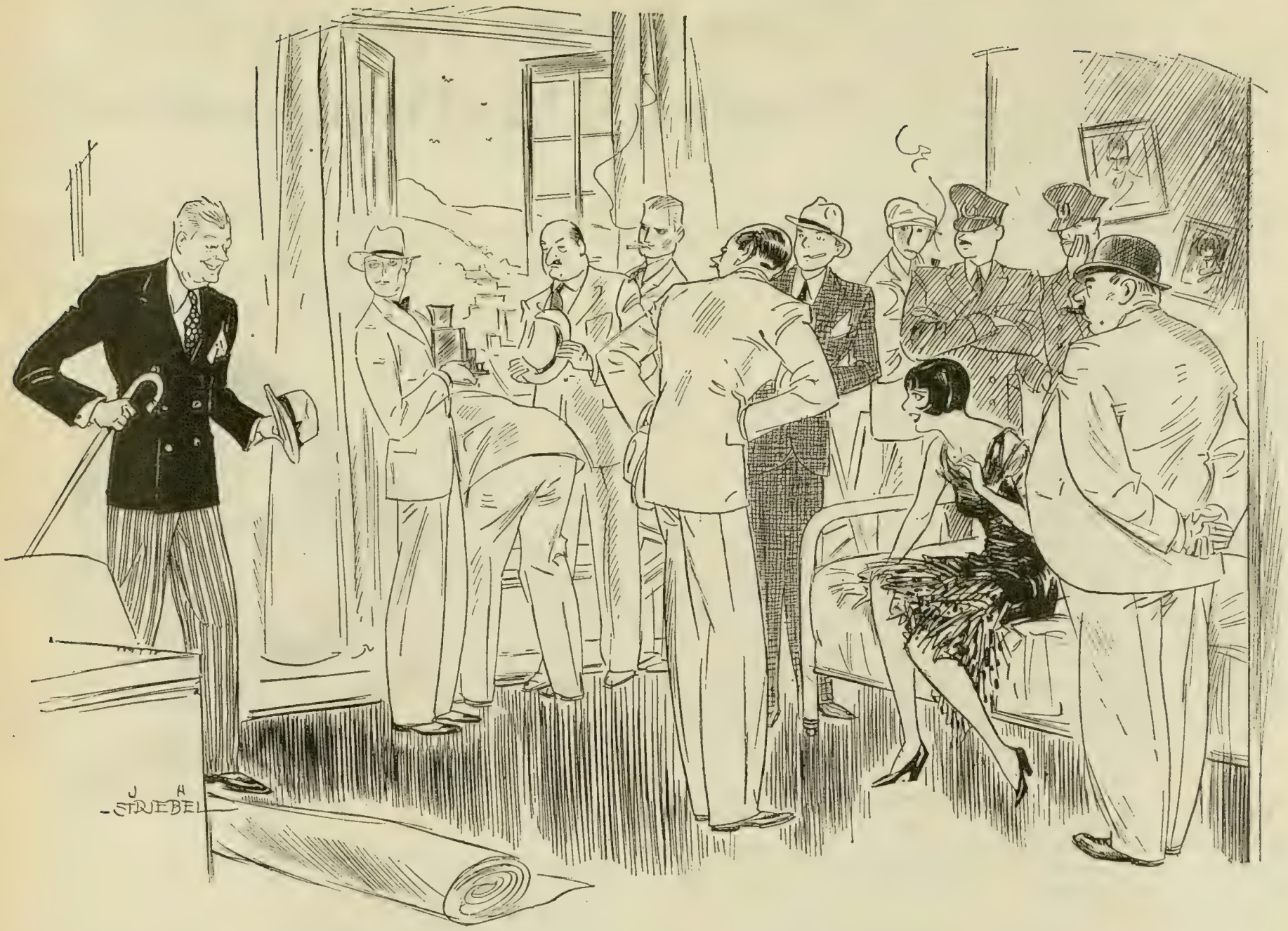
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS



They went around snapping photographs and then who should come in—It was Jack Milton.

[SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD
Continued from page forty-nine]

And—and—well, that's all, Nita. Wishing you the same,

Your delirious sister,

DIXIE.

(From the N. Y. World, Nov. 22)

MONSTER MOVIE MERGER

Wall Street Banks Create Cosmic Films, Inc. To Absorb Fox, Loew, Warner Bros., United Artists, Famous, and Colossal

JOHN MILTON HEADS EXECUTIVE BOARD

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STOP ALL WORK SINNING LOVERS JUNK SILENT VERSION START PREPARING IMMEDIATELY SINGING TALKING DANCING VERSION TYPE BROADWAY MELODY STOP LOCATE DIXIE DUGAN SENT OUT THERE ON EASTERN CONTRACT CAST HER IN LEADING ROLE AND SUPPLY HER WITH SUPERLATIVE SUPPORTING CAST STOP MUST START SHOOTING WITHIN THIRTY DAYS STOP WIRE CONFIRMATION
EXECUTIVE BOARD COSMIC FILMS INC
JOHN MILTON CHAIRMAN

NC 392 39 HOLLYWOOD CALIF 315P NOV 23
JOHN MILTON
COSMIC FILMS INC 1 WALL STREET
NEW YORK CITY
WE HAVE THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS SUNK NOW IN SINNING LOVERS BELIEVE WE SHOULD SALVAGE RATHER THAN SACRIFICE STOP DO NOT AGREE WITH YOU THAT DIXIE DUGAN HAS SUFFICIENT EXPERIENCE TO CARRY LEADING ROLE IN REVISED PRODUCTION PLEASE ADVISE MAX SHAMUS

SA 432 19 NEW YORK 1105A NOV 24
MAX SHAMUS
COLOSSAL FILMS SUBSIDIARY
COSMIC FILMS INC HOLLYWOOD CALIF
YOU ARE RELIEVED OF FURTHER DUTIES AND RESPONSIBILITIES AS OF DATE STOP REPORT IN PERSON EASTERN OFFICE AT ONCE
MILTON

NC356 51 HOLLYWOOD CALIF 1205P NOV 25
JOHN MILTON
COSMIC FILMS INC
1 WALL STREET NEW YORK CITY
HAVE JUST SEEN TEST OF DIXIE DUGAN CONGRATULATE YOU ON YOUR CHOICE BELIEVE SHE IS REAL FIND AND AM ENTHUSIASTIC OVER YOUR PROPOSAL TO MAKE SINNING LOVERS THE GREATEST SINGING DANCING TALKING PICTURE EVER MADE WOULD LIKE TO START IMMEDIATELY REHEARSING MISS DUGAN AND ASSEMBLING SUPPORTING CAST HAVE I YOUR OKAY SOL NEBBICK

SB672 8 NEW YORK 426P NOV 25
SOL NEBBICK
COLOSSAL FILMS SUBSIDIARY
COSMIC FILMS INC HOLLYWOOD CALIF
ASSUME CHARGE IMMEDIATELY DIXIE DUGAN PRODUCTION SINNING LOVERS MILTON

(From the Hollywood Daily Screen World, Nov. 25)

DIXIE DUGAN WINS COLOSSAL PRIZE

By Lola Krunch

Isn't it the irony of fate that just when Colossal had decided to cast poor Hedda Natchova in the leading rôle of Sinning Lovers that the Grim Reaper should touch her

with his grisly hand? But it's an ill wind that blows nobody good. Yesterday out of the Colossal offices came the startling announcement that Sinning Lovers would be made into the greatest Singing, Dancing, and Talking picture of the century and although every girl in Hollywood has been considered for the coveted rôle, Sol Nebbick, the young producing genius of Colossal, after exhaustive tests, has selected little Dixie Dugan to star in this new epic. Dixie Dugan came out here three months ago and bided her time. Wise little girl. Well she knew that by refusing inferior rôles she would make herself all the more desirable.

Congratulations, Dixie! Congratulations, Colossal! And congratulations to you, Sol Nebbick, whose infallible sense of showmanship has again led you to choose the right girl for the right rôle. And congratulations to the Industry which again has proven to the carping critics and the sneering cynics that true ability will always find its just reward out here in Hollywood.

Who will write and direct the new version of Sinning Lovers? I don't know, but Fritz Buelow, who began the picture, is no longer with Colossal. In fact, one little bird told me that in some mysterious way he incurred the displeasure of the Big Boogeymans in Wall Street and would not be allowed to direct another picture on the Colossal lot, but I have heard, too, that Buelow is not in sympathy with these mergers. He feels they are crushing the individual genius of such men as himself, and is planning to produce independently.

Max Shamus, who was in charge of the production of the picture, has been called East on an important conference relative to 1929 production under the new merger.

A number of writers have been spoken of as working on the preparation of the new version since James Doyle, the New York playwright, who wrote and produced Dixie Dugan's Broadway success, Get Your Girl, is no longer connected with Colossal. Differences between Dixie Dugan, the new star, and Doyle, who was working on the picture, are said to have resulted in a complete break, with Doyle refusing to have anything further to do with the story. Doyle has a number of offers from Eastern producers to return to New York and write musical comedies there.

Well, well, they come and go, but Hollywood, fair, beautiful Hollywood, remains as bright and gay and hospitable as ever, with arms ever open to those with the courage and the talent and the pluck to fight the good fight for glory and riches and everlasting fame.

November 26, 1928.

Miss Dixie Dugan,
1842 No. La Brea Ave.,
Hollywood, Calif.

DEAR DIXIE:

I am going back to New York tomorrow night, but before I go I want to see you if only for a minute to apologize and beg your forgiveness for all the rotten things I said to you the other day. I might have known that none of them were true but I was so crazy jealous. Met O'Keefe and he told me all about what happened at Buelow's that night. I can't blame you if you refuse to see me and never speak to me again, but I won't be happy until you know how low and contemptible I feel.

I am glad you are going to get your opportunity with Colossal. They are wildly enthusiastic about you out there and are going to do everything to make your picture a tremendous success.

I suppose they told you I was writing it? Then when they told me you were going to be in it I told them I would not have anything to do with anything you were in. You see, Dixie, I was still sore. Heartbroken, too. I could not even work on the same lot and see you every day, so I just quit. I guess they would have fired me anyway. But you are going to be gorgeous in the picture. I know it—and you deserve all your good luck and more. You're the sweetest thing that ever lived and I am the lowest—but I'll be watching your success from New York and will be pulling for you every minute. I've been a big flop out here and am going back a failure, but I am honestly glad that if one of us was to make good, it turned out to be you. There I go saying "us"—well, it used to be, didn't it?

Won't you see me just once; won't you please let me tell you how sorry I am; won't you please let me hear you say you forgive me? Please, Dixie!

Just a bum,
JIMMY.

Next week Dixie goes through one of the most trying moments of her life.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 46

1—Calumet.
2—Peace.
3—Mount Ararat.
4—Asuncion.
5—Robert T. Jones, Jr.
6—The manufacture of china and porcelain.
7—A meditation on death.
8—Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield (1804-81).
9—Hester Prynne, in The Scarlet Letter, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
10—Dwt.
11—Washington crossed the Delaware in 1776. The American flag depicted was not adopted until 1777.
12—Plumpness of person; stoutness.
13—Denmark.
14—A falsification of chronological relation.
15—In Springfield, Illinois.
16—An island off the coast of Africa.
17—Countess.
18—At Balaclava, Russia, in 1854.
19—Portugal.
20—The Constitution.

CORNS
new way of science
AVOIDS ALL RISK

Stops pain quick!
The instant you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads your corns stop hurting. Removing pressure of shoes and the soothing medication is the secret of their healing power. You avoid all danger of acid burn on the toes as with harsh liquids and plasters. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are thin, dainty, cushioning, guaranteed safe, sure. At all drug, shoe and dept. stores—35c box.
Dr Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

Cosmetics Can Never Hide the Truth
If your cheeks are sallow, eyes dull; if you're always dead tired, don't try to hide the truth. Take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. Better than dangerous calomel. Safe. Non-habit-forming. A pure vegetable compound mixed with olive oil that drives out constipation, cleanses the system, removes the cause of pallid cheeks. A matchless corrective in use for 20 years. Take nightly and watch pleasing results. Know them by their olive color. At druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.
Dr Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

THIS NEW HAND MAGIC

LET your hands enjoy the smooth, tender richness of this delicate new powder. Flash de Luxe cleans and beautifies hands. At your dealers or send 10c for sample can. FLASH CHEMICAL CO., 280 Second St., Cambridge, Mass.
FLASH de Luxe
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MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME
YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
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CUTS and SCRATCHES
Stop the smarting and hasten the healing by prompt application of
Resinol

Vox

What Readers Say About Viña Delmar's Novel

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—I bought my first copy of LIBERTY this morning and to say I was amazed is putting it lightly. Any magazine that would print such a rotten story as "Kept" should be put out of business.—*L. C.*

DETROIT, MICH.—"Kept"! What a story! So human and so natural. People you meet every day.

That is why Viña Delmar always makes a hit. I am noticing that you are beginning to cut down on the length of installments each week. Why do that? Do you always start attractions off big and then, when you have everyone interested, cut down each week?

At that your mag. is worth a jit any day. Our grocer uses it instead of wrapping paper. "More economical," he says.—*West Basilworth Jean.*

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.—Viña Delmar is the biographer of the flapper stage of nastiness. I thought "Bad Girl" was bad enough, but if there was a Pulitzer Prize for the nastiest story of the year, "Kept" would surely come in for that questionable honor.

No doubt men and women, boys and girls, were much the same in the olden days; but the colors were not put on with such a slapstick brush. "The candle sputtered out," or something like that—with asterisks that left something to the imagination!—*A. C.*

SOMERVILLE, MASS.—I have just finished reading another installment of the story, "Kept." Nothing was ever more true to life—as life is lived in America.

There are at least twenty million Huberts and an equal number of Lillians. And what a lot of degenerate nobodies they are!—*Arthur Hargraves.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—For heaven's sake! If Viña Delmar must deal in this stuff, why not say it like Dixie Dugan? If it must be naughty, let's feel a nice, delicious, twanging sense of guilt instead of a feeling of plodding along, on and on, through endless "shouldn't-be-done-but-can't-help-its."

Gosh, annihilate it—don't let it ail!—*Margaret Daley.*

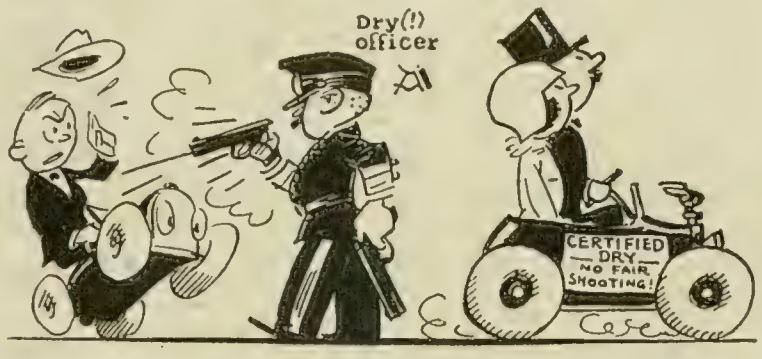
MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Although I usually go in for stories where everybody is dressed up, so to speak, and where the cast is genuinely smart, I can't resist commenting on Viña Delmar's story "Kept." It is so real, and natural, and typical of the types of individuals she depicts.

In other words, that is exactly what they would wear, and where they would go, and what they would say in conversation.

You should have no trouble picking 'em out, in real life, when you finish reading.—*Nora Mae Propp.*

Referred to the Safety First Experts

FULLERTON, CALIF.—Could you not promote, through your editorial columns, a National Safety Week for motorists?



You know—to protect them from dry agents with hair triggers?

Better yet, get the idea started of a check-in-and-out service from different cities so that each car that has been officially examined could carry a windshield sticker reading, "Certified Dry—Don't Shoot," with some petty official's name on the license.

Or, perhaps the government will arrange to issue to all members of the Anti-Saloon League and all financial supporters of the Methodist Morals League a card of this character. It might be well for all such cars to also be allowed to carry a special colored taillight so that innocent or certified dry cars won't be unsuspectingly shot in the back when peacefully motoring down the highway with the wife and children. —*Charles Lee.*

But We're Not Running a Beauty Contest

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I would like to suggest that in the future those sending in wisecracks would have same accompanied by a photograph, so that we may laugh at them as well as with them.—*Clifford L. Gorce.*

P. S. I don't photograph well.

Masterpiece in Two Lines

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Hey, you guy that runs Vox Pop, don't let your editor get the jump on you in that short short story contest! Let's start one of our own.

Here's my contribution and it won't cost you a "C" note, either.

The story is a strictly modern one, full of all the emotions of the average human being. It starts with happiness, bliss, joys of life, bitterness of the awakening, and winds up with true happiness in the end—all in less than 1,000 words.

The title is "We Moderns" and here's the story:

Their eyes met—their lips met—their hearts met—their lawyers met.—*Grass Widower.*

The Great Garbo With—

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Just finished reading "Garbo," by Adela Rogers St. Johns, in LIBERTY, and wish to say that this article raised our estimation (if that were possible) of Greta. We all love her out here, and we appreciate an article like this.

We hope, now, that you have more for us of our favorites written in the same interesting style.—*A. J. Melson.*

—One Dimension Missing

DENVER, COLO.—What in h— does Adela Rogers St. Johns mean by saying: "The Garbo of the silver sheet is a creature of one dimension"?

Too slim for me!—*F. F.*

Well, Let's See—

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—I was amused by a request for mid-Victorian stories which I saw in Vox Pop. Said request came from someone signing himself (or herself) "Worse than Middle Aged."

This person must be in his second childhood. Who, in this day and age, wishes to return to the crinoline days? Nowadays a girl has plenty of suitors to choose from, whereas, back in the not-so-distant past, you had one fellow and were courted a suitable length of time and it was inevitable that you married him.

In those days when a man married he couldn't tell whether his wife-to-be was a healthy individual or not, or whether she could stand the hardships of marriage. But today, with skirts above the

knees and arms exposed to the fresh air and with girls wearing swimming suits just like Eve's creations by Figleaf, Inc., the man who is disappointed in his wife has no one to blame but himself.

Why? Because she's all there to be seen, and if he doesn't look—well, it's just too bad.—*Verging on Middle Age, but Modern.*

Pop

Yes, Sir!

TRANSCONA, CAN.—Here goes for a suggestion for that very excellent magazine of yours.

The stories are great, and Frederick James Smith's articles on the movies are good, but please, editor, can we not be presented with a heading to tell us what picture we are reading about? You put two or three stars, whatever the case may be, but we have to read the article almost through before we can detect which picture we are reading about.

I'm not alone in this complaint.—*A Canadian Reader.*

Foul Ball

ADDISON, N. Y.—In answer to A. L. Pulver's Vox Pop letter concerning professional ball players' status in time of war, I would not like to depend on their defense of this country from any fictitious or real invasion.

With the exception of Matty, Hank Gowdy, and a few others (very few at that) they were all equipped with a ball bat during the World War.

I hope that this enlightens Mr. Pulver as to their high degree of patriotism.—*Baldy—Just an Ex-Service Man.*

Where Would You Prefer to be Upside Down?

CHICAGO, ILL.—"Stunting for Safety," by Richard Carroll, was the best article on air bravery and air deviltry I ever read.

But the idea that I should ever be upside down in the air gives me the creeps.

Nobody will ever be able to tempt me up in the blue till helicopters have been so perfected that they can rise straight

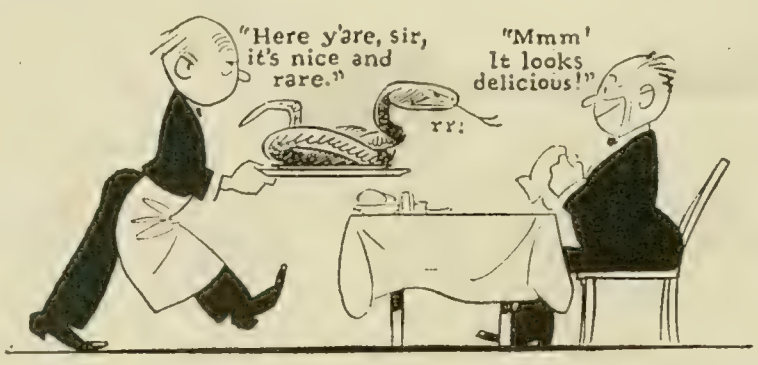
up, and sink straight down, and hang suspended in the air, motionless.

When this happens, and I can go to market in my little helicopter, and fly down and hang four feet above the earth while I bargain with the vegetable man, and can buzz away if I don't like his prices—why, then I'll fly.—*Minnie F.—a Housewife.*

Some People Will Drink Anything

DENVER, COLO.—I guess some people will swallow just about anything in a story, and others won't. I'm one of the ones who won't.

Now, take that story, "A Glass With You," by Beatrice Grimshaw. She has the villain toss off a whole glass of latex (liquid rubber, by gosh!) because it looks just like milk, and is brought to him as if it's his daily glass of milk. Of course it suits everybody concerned in the story that he should croak. It



makes an unusual plot. But you can't tell me milk tastes one bit like latex or smells one bit like latex, or that he'd take more than a single swallow, if that.

Anybody dumb enough to go on drinking latex after the first swallow would be dumb enough to eat a snake if a waiter brought it to him and told him it was a steak.—*Doubting Thomas.*

How Could We Have Overlooked Rabbits?

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—I have been reading your magazine for more than a year, but there is one thing that the Saturday Evening Post has on you, and that is, in their issue of April 27, 1929, they carried a good rabbit story entitled "Hare-Raising Hazards."

I am a raiser of rabbits and enjoy any articles on them, so please see if you can have a rabbit story as soon as possible.—*Rabbit Lover.*

But Most of Us Know Better

PASADENA, CALIF.—J. P. McEvoy, who is writing your Hollywood humorous sketches, is very funny, very cynical. But do you think it fair for a weekly of national circulation that he should be allowed to always make his characters whose manners are bad, who don't speak correct English, and whose conduct generally is humiliating, members of my race—the Hebrew?

Has Mr. McEvoy a grouch against Jews that he always gives them the worst of it, in his stories? People who don't know better might think, if they only read Mr. McEvoy, that Jewish film officials, high and low, were members of what he calls the Button Hole Pressers' Aristocracy.

Mr. McEvoy ought to know by this time that were it not for members of our race the films would still be in a primitive condition—the condition in which the Jews found them in the hands of the Christians.

It was the Jews who transformed the films into Art, and Mr. McEvoy knows it, even if he scorns to admit it when writing pieces that humiliate all Jewish readers of LIBERTY.—*Hyman Cohen.*

This "Truth" is Stranger than Fiction

NEW YORK, N. Y.—What has prohibition—civil war—Lincoln—to do with your insidious, mean magazine LIBERTY?

If you don't like our prohibition law, go back to France where you come from and there print your old, mean, disgusting war stories. There you get a kiss and medal for them.

Anybody can see your magazine is nothing else than a French propaganda paper, and even the lowest kind of people don't like to read it any more.—*Truth.*

There Is Fame Enough for All

MONTREAL, CAN.—I would congratulate LIBERTY if I were sure that the Question and Answer man had not already been fired for an indiscretion.

It is no cynical aspersion on the sportsmanship of American journalism to point out that, all along, Lindbergh has been credited with being the first to make a nonstop flight across the Atlantic Ocean.

In your "Twenty Questions" the question was asked:

"In what year and by whom was the first nonstop transatlantic flight made?"

The answer, to my surprise, was not: "By Lindbergh." It was: "In 1919, by Captain John Alcock and Lieutenant Arthur Witten Brown."

To crown all, in "The Super Instructor of the Air," in that same issue, Richard Carroll, writing about Bill Winston, the greatest of aviation instructors, spoke out loud and bold and said that not Lindbergh but T. P. Nelson was Winston's prize pupil.

Does the idol begin to totter?—*A Canadian.*

Alas!

FORT BENTON, MONT.—If Sandy, that sissy with catfish eyes, baby skin, misplaced eyebrows, and the intellect of an artichoke, is a sort of résumé of 150 years of boasted liberty, then there is no use worrying over future Napoleons, red invasions, the liquor traffic, or farm relief.

The tragedy is *over*, and we haven't brains enough to even see it.—*M. F. Hanville.*

—"Im so tired by noon"

Many women have this trouble. Yet few know that weakened or fallen arches are the cause—for aching feet quickly drain away vital energy.

*fallen arch

Lynco

ARCH CUSHIONS GIVE RELIEF

LYNCO Muscle Building Arch Cushions gently restore weakened or fallen arches to place—relieving pain. Their soft, springy, leather covered *cellular rubber* cushions contract and expand with every step—exercising and strengthening foot and leg muscles. With Lynco Muscle Building Arch Cushions there is no burdensome weight, no jar to brain or spine. So different from heavy, rigid, metal arch supports!

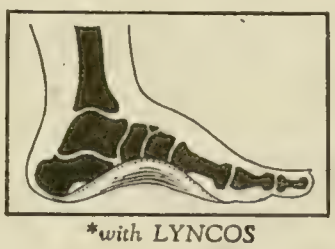
FEATHER-LIGHT! LONG-WEARING!

The springy rubber cushions are sponge-like! Feather - Light! Leather - covered. Can be worn in any shoe.

If your legs and feet ache, if they tire quickly, Lynco Arch Cushions will bring you quick relief — and will aid Nature in effecting a permanent cure. No need to buy costly special made shoes. Lyncos fit any shoe without breaking it down.

See your chiropodist, shoe dealer, or write us for full information.
Insist on being fitted to a pair of Lyncos.

Showing the complete flexibility of Lynco cushions.



*with LYNCOS

Note how LYNCO cushions arch naturally.

Lynco TRADE MARK

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"It Hurts Me More Than It Hurts You"

A New For the Love o' Lil

TO spank or not to spank—that was the question. Whether it were better to decorate the baby's pink hide with mottled black and blue, or leave it as nature painted it—that was the problem.

Little Ulysses Grant Jenkins had committed a sin at the breakfast table just as the eggs had been served! He had slopped milk upon his father's eighty-dollar business suit and ruined his mother's bargain negligée.

This week's cover picture.

"He should be whipped," Sandy declared, his mouth bulging with hot toast. "Whipped until he screams."

"Don't talk like that," Lil said. "You frighten me. Punish our baby? No, no, no, no, no, no!"

She wanted to add several more *nos* but she was crying. Hadn't she enough worries about proper feedings, thorough cleanings, five-minute sunnings, between-meal crackers, pinched fingers, too-short play shoes, and flop ears? Must she now add spankings to her daily maternal routine? She wondered how many mothers were in expensive, exclusive sanitariums for nurseryitis.

"If I stop breakfast to spank him," she cried, "the eggs will spoil. They cost sixty-four cents a dozen now. I always get the best. There are three on the table, dear. We'd be wasting twenty-one cents."

Mercy, how did she figure that so quickly?

"Would you rather have spoiled eggs or a spoiled child?" Sandy asked. "You put down your napkin and get up and whip him before he forgets what he did. My coat, our new Oriental rug, your dress—"

"It's not a dress, Sandy. It's a negligée. A cheap one, too. And I'll roll the rug right up to send away to Salophia's cleaning place!"

"You roll your sleeves right up!" he boomed. "Perhaps every bank robber once spilled milk. Great crimes from little sins doth grow."

Lil thought an acorn should be planted in there somewhere but she didn't quite know where.

"Bank robber?" she gasped. "Don't talk so immorally before our baby. They get early impressions."

"You get an early impression on his little spanking place," he said, "or I'll use my new luggage strap. Do it right now. I'll go into the next room so I can't hear."

"He's wearing sweet pink rubber pants. I might crack them. They cost two—"

"Take 'em off. Be quick, or the eggs will get cold. You spank his hide until your palm hurts. Believe me, I remember when my mother tanned me. She used a WHIP!"

He yelled this so loud that Lil actually got an earache. She hopped right up, lifted the milk-soused baby from his highchair—and stripped him to his shirt.

"Hurry and leave the room," she begged meekly. "We must get through this ordeal. Before he was born I dreaded mumps and measles. Now I dread a spanking."

"Add an *s*. This is just the beginning," Sandy told her. And he retreated like a coward to the living room.

"I won't hit hard, precious," Lil whispered to the baby. "But be sure you yell like—"

"Waaa! Waaa! Waaa! WAAAH!"

"It hurts me more than it hurts you," said Lil with a catch in her voice.

(Next week's cover adventure: Riding the Waves)

GREEN WHISKERS

A Detective's Adventures in Disguise Among the Killers of Naples

As told to Prosper Buranelli

By

MICHAEL FIASCHETTI

Former Head of the Italian Squad, New York Police Department

Pictures by H. WINFIELD SCOTT

Daughter Rosa, stepping prettily and smiling, took me to the apartment of my host, Don Antonio.

AS Mr. Fiaschetti has explained, in 1920 he was sent to Italy on a secret mission, primarily to hunt down a murderer named Papaccio, but also to try to round up other fugitives from American justice, and—this last was his own idea—to learn what he could about the murder of Lieutenant Joseph Petrosino, killed while on a similar mission in Palermo, Sicily, in 1909.

Official investigation getting him nowhere, Mr. Fiaschetti "put on the green whiskers"; that is, he disguised himself, growing a beard, and he passed himself off on Don Gennaro, a Camorrist in Rome, as a hunted thief. Don Gennaro agreed to send him to Naples, where the Camorrists would help him escape to America, and directed him to "the Oyster Woman," giving him half a torn bank note as credentials to her.

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

A TAP on my shoulder, and two men were standing beside me. I had just got off the train at Naples.

"Come, we have a word to say to you."

"But I do not know you."

"Come along; your curiosity will soon be satisfied." The command had a familiar, homelike sound, and, indeed, as I followed the two men they led me to a room with the sign: Office of Public Safety. I had fallen into the hands of the cops. You couldn't wonder. I must have been a most suspicious-looking character.

I was brought before a commissioner who didn't waste any time or ceremony. What was I doing in Naples?

"Commissioner Cernelli"—I knew him well, I had worked with him on those raids—"accept my compliments."

"I can do without them. Who are you, and what are you doing in Naples?" Oh, it had a very homelike sound!

I let them carry on the joke a little further—nothing like a laugh now and then. They searched me for weapons and hauled out two automatic pistols, a few packages of cartridges, and a big stiletto. I had provided myself with plenty of armament for my venture into the Camorra.

They were telling me how they had me right, and the well-known procedure was making me think I was back at headquarters in New York. Those Neapolitan dicks were snapping handcuffs on me when I said, "It's me—Fiaschetti."

After the ha-ha and the slapping on the back, we talked for a few minutes, and then I went on my merry way. I was not at all peeved by the happening. If my friend Commissioner Cernelli hadn't been able to recognize me, my huge beard must have been a pretty good disguise.

Crossing the Piazza Garibaldi I observed a man following me. His face I recognized as that of a detective I had seen in Commissioner Cernelli's office.

"Mike," I said to myself, "a plain-clothes copper certainly is a pestilence in this world."

I could appreciate Commissioner Cernelli's wanting to look out for me, could sympathize with his desire not to have a second Petrosino incident in his jurisdiction. Just the same, a dick trailing me was ruinous.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[GREEN WHISKERS
Continued from page fifty-five]

I boarded a street car. My pursuer jumped on after me. I had often cursed the old New York subway—ideal for throwing a shadower off the trail. It had caused me plenty of trouble on many a tailing job. Now I longed for it, but there was nothing like that in Naples.

I went over and sat down next to the detective.

"My friend," I said to him, "tell Commissioner Cernelli that I am grateful for the protection you are giving me."

He tried to play innocent, but I told him where I had seen him before. He shrugged his shoulders. Then I proceeded to get on the good side of him. I told him I wasn't up to anything in particular that day, and we might as well have luncheon together. In the Via Roma we had an excellent luncheon, and I got that cop's confidence so well that I was able to say, "Excuse me for a minute"—and beat it out of that place without his knowing it. I was sorry to have to leave the check, a large one, for him to pay.

THE house of the Oyster Woman was in Rione del Carmine, one of the poorest sections of Naples. Number 37 Borgo di Loreto was an old dilapidated stone house. Up winding stairs I went to the third floor. There I knocked as Don Gennaro had instructed me. The door immediately opened and a little old woman put her head out. It was a pretty, antique head. The Oyster Woman must have been beautiful in her day.

"I am Don Pasquale," I announced in a low voice.

"Here to serve you, Don Pasquale," she responded in bright, youthful tones—but waited.

I took out my half of the torn five-lire note. She matched it with her half and at once invited me to enter.

I found myself in a large dining room, a better one than you would have expected in that miserable building. The dining table was set. A big platter of spaghetti was half empty. I surmised that the family had interrupted luncheon and left the room on my arrival. It was a pretty good guess that I was being given a thorough once-over through some hidden peephole.

"Please sit down, Don Pasquale." The Oyster Woman offered me a chair.

I ignored the chair, and flung myself on a lounge as though utterly weary. I had my back against the wall. Hand in pocket, I fingered my automatic. Nothing like being cautious among people who were so cautious.

The Oyster Woman babbled about the weather and such, marking time while the secret inspection of me took place. Then a door opened abruptly and a man stepped into the room. He was tall and heavily built, and had a long mustache streaked with gray. On his right hand he wore a flashing diamond. I was not wrong in guessing that this imposing person was the Oyster Woman's husband, a powerful leader in the Camorra.

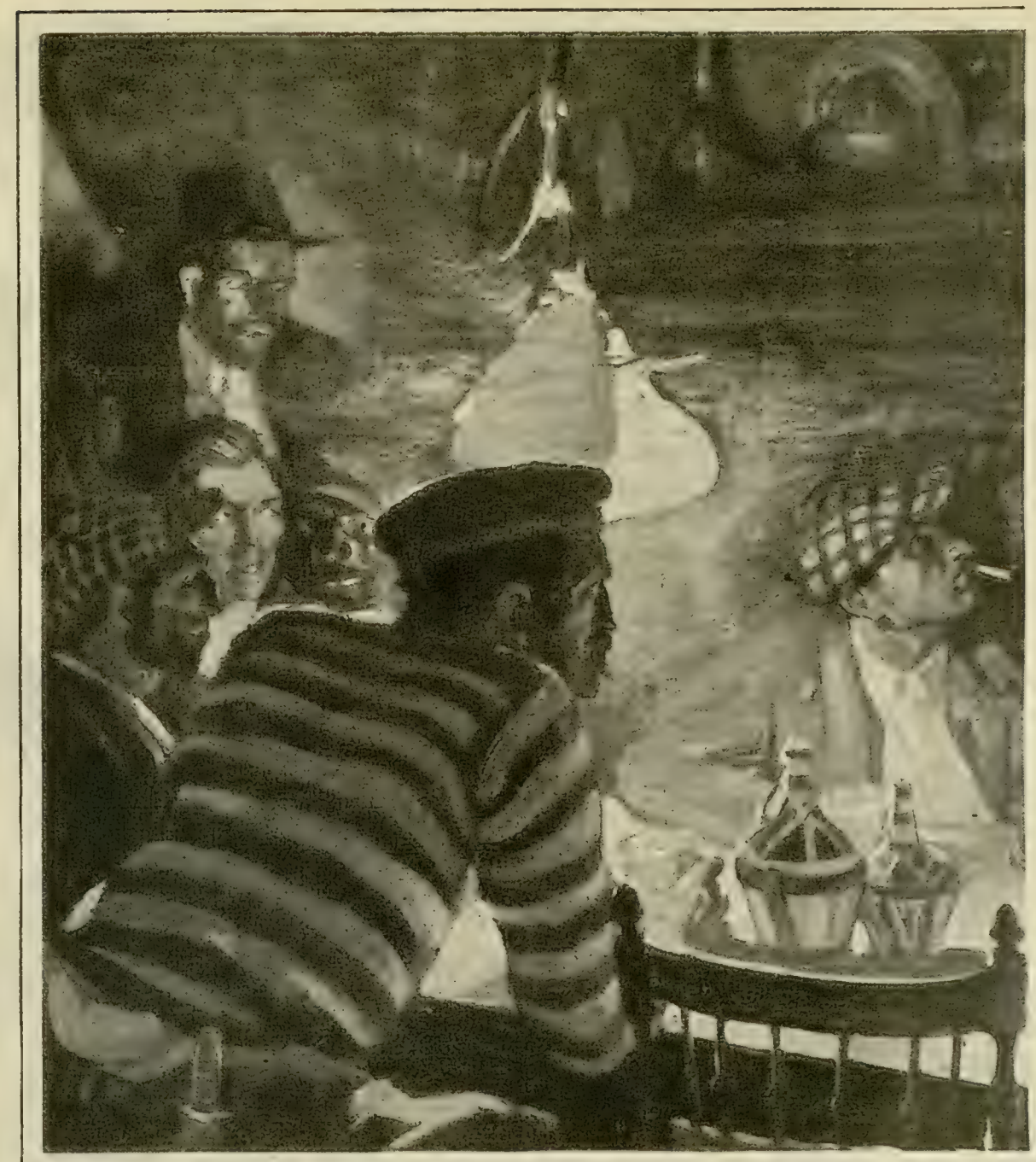
"Franco," spoke up the Oyster Woman, "this is Don Pasquale, friend of Don Gennaro."

"We have been expecting you, Don Pasquale," said the man. "Do us the honor of making yourself at home. Lucia, open a bottle of that old wine."

The others of the family came in: Peppino, a youth of about twenty, who would have been singularly handsome save for the livid scar of a knife slash on his right cheek, and Rosa, a year or two older. She had eyes, big and black, that sang songs and declaimed orations.

"Don Gennaro is like a god to us." Don Franco was paying gesticulatory homage. "A man of brains, a man you can trust, a man to fool the police, an honest man. He has done us many a service, and we are grateful to him. You have done him a service, Don Pasquale, and we are grateful to you. We beg of you to command us. You desire to sail for America. You shall be served. But it will take a little time. A few weeks ago we could have arranged the matter easily, quickly. Now we have to be careful. The police have been troubling us of late. It may be a week or two before we shall have the displeasure of parting with you."

"Meanwhile, Don Pasquale," cried the Oyster Woman in her brilliant voice, "you are our guest, and you may be sure that we understand the duties of hospitality toward a friend and benefactor of Don Gennaro!"



Don Antonio gave the mob of thieves and thugs a loud hello.

I WAS willing to pass any amount of time in this interesting society. Heaven knows, I didn't want to be bundled away in a day or so on a ship bound for the U. S. A.

"I should like, Don Franco, to meet the people with whom we are to deal. You will understand that I have reasons to be cautious." I eased that suggestion in gently. It was in character that I should be cagy and distrustful, and I wanted to meet as many of the Camorrists as I could and get in on their jamborees and national conventions.

"I understand and value your intelligent forethought." Don Franco knew how to appreciate caginess. "You will have every opportunity to form a judgment of those with whom we deal. You will meet them and know them."

"And I can tell you, Don Pasquale," chimed in the Oyster Woman, "that you will find our collaborators not only trustworthy but also congenial signori from whose companionship you will derive much pleasure."

It was arranged that I should stay at the house of Don Antonio, a brother-in-law of Don Franco and himself a

They looked me over the way crooks look over a stranger.

big gun in the Camorra. Rosa, the daughter with the nifty eyes, was to conduct me there.

"But first, before going," I begged of Don Franco and the Oyster Woman, "I should like to change my appearance—my clothes, my hair, my beard. At the railroad station I observed a man who looked harder at me than I liked."

I did want to alter the green whiskers as much as possible, for I knew the police would be on the lookout for me. I cursed them as sincerely as any crook.

"Have you what you need?" inquired the Oyster Woman.

"I am never unprepared," I growled, and opened my valise and displayed a variety of clothes, good and bad, with scissors and clippers.

I went into another room, put on a good suit in place of the tattered one, clipped my long hair and trimmed my beard to a smart Van Dyke. I didn't dare shave it off altogether and appear with the unadorned face of Fiaschetti of the Italian Squad. I emerged, not like the tramp I had been, but in something of the style of a minister of the government. Don Franco and the Oyster Woman thought I was a real slick guy.

DAUGHTER Rosa, stepping prettily and smiling, took me to what was to be my home for a while. In an apartment on the fifth floor of an old building I found my host, Don Antonio. He was a man of fifty, about as tall as my shoulders, mustached like a musical-comedy brigand, and as strong, I imagine, as the squat little bull he was. He too received me heartily as Don Gennaro's friend. After a short talk and a glass of wine he showed me to my room, which was small and neat. I locked myself in and lay on the bed for the remainder of the afternoon, resting and thinking. Everything seemed O. K. I had looked for signs that I was suspected, but had seen not the slightest.

"Mike," I said to myself, "you'll learn a few things before you're through with this clambake—only here's hoping it won't be a lesson in Safety First for your successor."

At nightfall there came a rap on my door, and Don Antonio. "With your permission, Don Pasquale," he announced, "I have arranged for us to have dinner at a restaurant of one of our members. Later Don Franco will join us and a person in whom you will be interested. It is he who directs the plan of getting our people on ships bound for America."

"I am indeed grateful," I responded.

Half an hour later we were walking into a restaurant and wine shop, a tough joint where a gang that looked like sailors and laborers, and were most of them thieves and thugs, were eating and drinking at a long table. Don Antonio gave the mob a loud hello. "We greet you!" they replied in chorus, very friendly toward him and looking me over the way crooks look over a stranger.

DON ANTONIO led the way back to the kitchen. There the chef, a round and rosy little fellow who was the owner of the place, was frying fish in a big pan and singing an obscene song. He was known as Don Beppe.

"The spaghetti will be ready in a few minutes," he cried cheerily.

Don Antonio went to a kind of china closet in a corner, pressed a hidden button, and pulled the china closet forward. The closet was a secret door that led to a snug, concealed room. In the middle was a table.

Don Antonio laughed at my astonishment. "We have our own ways of preserving privacy."

We took our places at the table, the china closet closing behind us. A glass of good wine drunk, Don Beppe brought in a steaming platter of spaghetti and joined us in our meal. There was plenty of talking and laughing. My cue was to ask no questions, but to listen. The talk between Don Antonio and Don Beppe didn't amount to anything. Don Beppe, I gathered, was a member of the Camorra, but only small potatoes.

We were drinking coffee and brandy when there was a knock. Don Beppe opened the secret china-closet door, and in walked the imposing Don Franco with a young man, tall, dark, and a swell dresser.

"Don Pasquale, here is our man." And Don Franco slapped the young fellow on the shoulder.

This personage they called the Doctor. He was connected with the shipping companies and was the agent of the Camorra in turning off various tricks with the transatlantic steamers. I sized him up, with his pale, peevish face and precise manner of speaking, as something of a son-of-a-gun. Don Franco and Don Antonio were what old Don Gennaro would call gentlemen, good fellows, criminals and leaders of criminals but honorable after their own fashion. The Doctor looked like a rat to me.

Negotiations started off with the Doctor saying:

"It is possible, Don Pasquale, to get you safely across the ocean, and I will use every effort. But there are many difficulties. . . ." He reeled them off like a bargainer who is boosting the price by telling what a tough job he's going to have.

"My friends," I explained, "I do not ask anything for nothing. The fact is that my last few adventures were not unrewarded. I have money, and will pay."

"Do not speak of money," cried Don Franco and Don Antonio. "We do not think of money with a friend of Don Gennaro's." But the Doctor observed, "It is to be admitted that our efforts will deserve compensation."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[GREEN WHISKERS
Continued from page fifty-seven]

Friendship might count with the others, but he had a yen for the sugar. I agreed with him on a price of 10,000 lire. He promised to make arrangements for me to sail in two weeks. I paid him 500 lire in advance.

"I perceive, Don Pasquale," he exclaimed, pocketing the cash, "that you are a pleasant man. You are congenial company. We shall spend much time together."

We broke up at some time past midnight and I went home with Don Antonio. When we got to the house I pulled the old "just one more drink," saying, "Let us have a bottle of wine, Don Antonio. I find it difficult to sleep. Morbid and fantastic thoughts come over me."

"Don Pasquale," he exclaimed, "we must banish all such fancies, and a bottle of wine will help."

On our way to my room he looked into the bedroom where his children were.

"They are asleep," he muttered. "They, fortunate creatures, have no forebodings."

We sat drinking out of a dusty bottle till almost dawn. Don Antonio loved his wine, and his Camorrist gratitude went out to any good fellow who gave him an excuse for having another bottle.

On the following night I dined with him, Don Franco, and the Doctor in another tavern, haunt of criminals. We ganged up with the boys, a big mob and a tough mob, and ate and drank with them. Many were fugitives from the United States, some of them on my list. I was in the thick of things for fair.

A week passed, a week of high jinks for me in the Neapolitan underworld. I was a guest at feasts and conspiracies of the Camorra. At some of these the Oyster Woman was present with her white, glossy hair and smooth face and young voice.

On one of these parties the conversation drifted to the subject of men wanted in various places, and then I heard mention of New York and of my quarry Papaccio. I kept my mouth tight shut—just listened. Enough was said to give me a hint. Another time I heard more about Papaccio and heard things about others on my list. A confidential talk with Don Antonio when he was finishing his third quart of wine, and I learned still more. All told, I pieced together quite a bit of information about Papaccio and the others I had been sent to get, and likewise about the murder of Petrosino.

Papaccio was hiding near his native town of Afragola near Naples. I got the complete dope for catching him. The same went for several more on my list. In the cases of still others I got leads.

THE murder of Petrosino at the hands of the Sicilian Mafia was no mystery to the Camorra of Naples. I heard it talked about. I myself spoke of it. Eleven years after, that master stroke of the Mafia was still a thing for gloating and jubilation.

"It was death for him"—I heard the triumphant cry at a table of Camorrist gangsters—"and it will be death for any other detective from America who comes into our territories!" And I didn't like the way that tough nut said it.

I learned who it was that had killed Petrosino, how the conspiracy had been formed and the murder plotted. I heard that one of Sicily's important magnates, a prince of ancient family, had been an eyewitness to the killing of Petrosino and had recognized the killer. To him afterward I went in confidence, and he told me what he knew and confirmed the truth of what I had heard. He pledged me never to reveal his name, for at that time the Mafia was dominant in Sicily and he knew the Mafia too well for any trifling. Since then Mussolini has broken it up, but still I shall keep my promise.

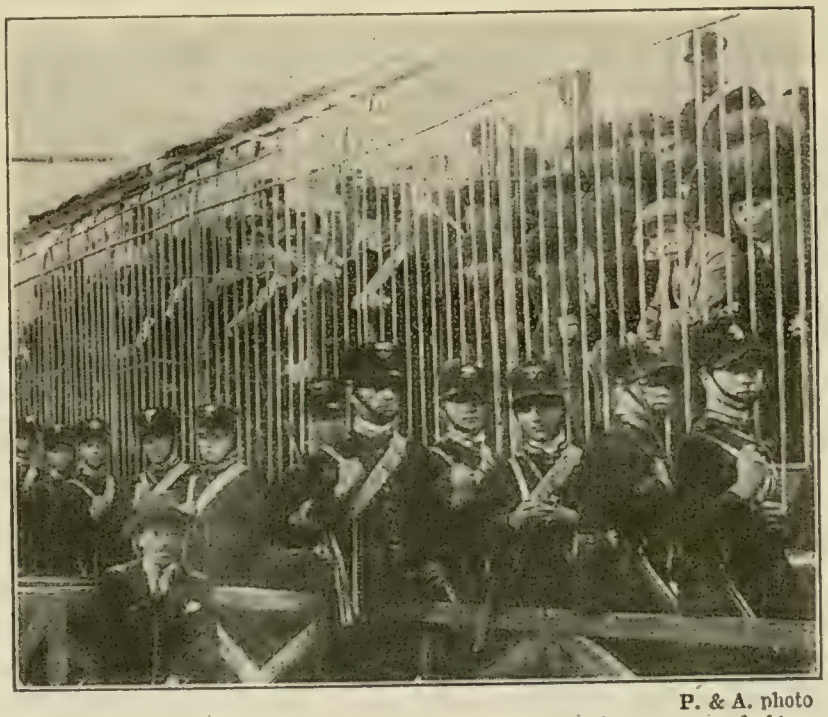
When the Mafia gangsters learned that Petrosino was in Palermo to get the Italian criminal records of Italian criminals in America for the purpose of deporting them, a meeting was held to discuss the affair. It was decided to kill Petrosino. A plot was formed and an assassin selected. One of the Mafiosi went to Petrosino and offered what he represented as valuable information. Petrosino dealt with him. On the day of the murder this man went to the Hotel Minerva, where Petrosino was stopping. It is in the Piazza Marina, the center and heart of Palermo. He sent in a message asking Petrosino to come out and meet him in front of the hotel. Petrosino suspected nothing. It was natural for an informer not to want to call on him in the hotel. Petrosino came out, and stood talking to the decoy man. The assassin was lurking near by and stepped up behind him.

"MY palace," the Prince told me, "is in the Piazza Marina, diagonally across from the Minerva Hotel. I was standing at a window, gazing across the crowded square, when I heard the shot. I looked, and saw Petrosino crumple to the sidewalk. There was a wild panic in the street. The assassin, putting a pistol in his pocket as he darted away, came running straight across toward my palace. He stopped on the street near my door, panting and wiping his face with a handkerchief. Then he walked calmly away.

"Several of my servants, hearing the alarm, had come to the window beside me. We recognized the man as a well-known bad character of the city, called the Schiffizano—meaning a seller of the blood of slaughtered animals, which was his trade. He had been picked to kill Petrosino because he was more interested than the others in Petrosino's mission. He had two brothers in America and they were among the criminals whose records in Italy Petrosino was investigating."

At the time the Prince and his retainers kept silent about what they had seen. Silence was healthy in Sicily with the Mafia in the saddle. The Italian police investigated as well as they could, but they had to deal with the same thing, only much worse, that confronted us in the United States in the suppressing of the Black Hand: people were afraid to talk and could not be dragged to the witness stand to support a case in court.

One night among my friends of the Camorra in Naples I spoke up with an open question. There was a mention of the Schiffizano, and I asked what had ever become of him. I was told in reply that he was in the United States. He had gone to America several years after the murder of Petrosino. Where in the United States he was I did not learn. I gathered from my informant's speech that he did not know. I was hopeful, though, that before I was through with my adventure in the Camorra I could get the address in the United States of the man who killed Petrosino.



P. & A. photo

When the Fascisti broke up the Mafia, 153 of its members were caged in a specially constructed prisoners' dock and all tried together.

The jobbings and crookeries of getting me a boat trip to America were going on. The Doctor told me that he had my passport all fixed up and an Italian Seamen's Union card for me. I was to ship as an engine-room man aboard a freighter that stopped at United States ports, in one of which, by arrangement with people aboard, I would sneak ashore.

I had no idea of going through with the scheme, and intended at the last moment to make some plausible excuse for ducking out. Then, with my stay among the

Camorrists completed, I would rejoin the Neapolitan police, and with them would make the arrests for which I had gathered information.

You need good nerves in this sleuthing game, but you never have them good enough. There are times when you get an awful pain, and your feet feel like traveling. Mine did that night when I listened to a spiel, a mean, tough song and dance, beginning, "I have important information."

There was a conference after dinner, Don Franco, Don Antonio, the Doctor, and several others confabulating and I sitting around listening, when in comes a gent, a savage-looking dog with a big mustache over a sour mouth. He's got a look something like a Black Hand Paul Revere making his round, and he starts in, "I have important information."

Everybody pricks up their ears, and he goes on:

"Friends of mine in America have learned that Fiaschetti of the Italian Squad of New York is in Italy on a secret mission. Undoubtedly he is here to make arrests. Perhaps he instigated the raids the police have already made. He is exceedingly dangerous. He is a native of Italy and knows all our dialects. He may be among us."

The news made a sensation, especially with me. My feet were itching to travel. The others looked around, at one another and at me, and I, of course, was looking at them as though I were expecting to see a disguised Fiaschetti of the Italian Squad among them.

Don Franco was toying with the coral ornaments on his big watch chain.

"Have we a description of this Fiaschetti?" He was as dignified as a Grand Supreme Potentate at a lodge meeting in Iowa. "What does he look like?"

MY feet were jumping around in my shoes, wanting so badly to travel. My ears were hurting me, expecting somebody to come up with a point-by-point description of me. Nobody present, however, knew what Fiaschetti looked like, although some of those crooks skipped from New York could have wised them up.

"It will be easy," said the thug who had brought the news, "to learn among some of our people exactly what his appearance is."

"Let us make inquiries at once." I never guessed that the handsome and rather benign features of Don Franco could get up such a menacing expression.

It was agreed that a description of Fiaschetti should be got on the following day and another conclave be held in the evening.

"We will hunt this policeman, by the blood of the Madonna!" Don Franco swore a savage oath. "We will find him, and then—"

And then there was going to be another Petrosino case, if they had their way about it.

"You will join us tomorrow, Don Pasquale," exclaimed Don Franco hospitably when it was time to go home.

I replied that I would, gladly, but I was thinking different.

"Don Pasquale," I said to myself, "this is the right time for your feet to travel."

I still had information to get about criminals on my list and about the murder of Petrosino, but the police department of the city of New York would have to get along without that. I had a good eye for the line where courage left off and foolishness began, and going near that gang after they had my description would be entirely on the foolish side. I always did regret that I had only one life to give for my country. If I had two, I would gladly give one.

I had to go home with Don Antonio that night, but early the next morning, before he was up, I made some excuse about having to go out—and headed straight for the police.

We immediately started making arrests. We got Papaccio, a few small fry, and three other important criminals: a man wanted in Brooklyn, New York, for murder; a man wanted in New York for a killing; and one wanted in Cambridge, Massachusetts, for robbery and murder.

My sudden disappearance from among them and the

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[GREEN WHISKERS Continued from page fifty-nine]

arrests that immediately followed made it clear to my former pals of the Camorra that I was indeed Fiaschetti of the Italian Squad. A plot was laid to kill me. Twice I was shot at in the streets. Things got so hot that the police insisted that I leave Naples. I returned to Rome for a final conference with the authorities there, and then set sail for New York.

The prisoners were held in Italy for trial. The Italian government punishes its subjects when it gets hold of them for crimes abroad. There is no death penalty for murder in Italy, but imprisonment there is severe. Five years is as bad as twenty in the United States. The three murderers I had caught along with Papaccio got each a good stretch, but with Papaccio there was further difficulty. New York gangsters slipped a word to the witnesses in the case—scared them stiff, and we could not get sufficient affidavits for the trial in Italy. The result was that I had to go to Naples again to present to the court testimony that had been given me by word of mouth.

International photo

Joseph Petrosino of the New York police department, killed in Palermo, Sicily, in 1909.

THE trial of Papaccio came up in 1922, two years after my adventures in Rome and Naples. I took the Rochambeau again, and the first thing I had to do was to tell Captain Rollin all about the trailing and capture of Papaccio and the others and the hunt for the murderer of Petrosino.

"And this trip, too," I said in conclusion, "is liable to be risky."

I told him of menacing word that had come from Italy. The Camorra had announced that if I appeared at the trial of Papaccio I would surely be killed.

When I got to Italy, though, I found that things had changed. Mussolini and the Fascisti were in control, and one of the first things they had done was to put a severe crimp in the Camorra. They ordered all gents without visible means of support to go to work; when these gents failed to obey, they gave them a licking with clubs; and when there was resistance, they threw hand grenades—no arrests, prosecutions, indictments, or other technicalities. The Camorra was not used to hand grenades.

AT the trial, while I was testifying, the death sign was made in court, but the Fascisti sent word that if the Camorra made any vendetta against me they would make a vendetta against the Camorra, and that meant something. There was no attempt to bother me. I've never been much of a scientist about politics, economics, or sociology, but just as a cop I can tell you that Fascism is a great thing when it comes to putting the screws on Black Handers.

Papaccio got thirty years, the first ten months solitary confinement in a dungeon. I was decorated by the Italian government for my work in the case, was made a Chevalier of the Crown of Italy.

Since then a lot of people call me by my title of Cavaliere, and I suppose I might be addressed as Sir Mike.

I learned nothing more about the Schiffizano, murderer of Petrosino. My purpose was to look for information about him later on, but this was prevented by my retirement from the police force.

The man who killed Petrosino is still somewhere in the United States.

Another real-life detective story by Mr. Fiaschetti will appear in an early issue.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

She Hoped He'd Recover

Mildred, aged four, learning of the severe illness of a man friend of the family of whom she was fond, begged to be allowed to send him flowers and asked the bearer of the offering to give him this message: "Tell him," she said, "that I hope he won't die lately."—Mrs. W. E. McDowell, 2317 Virginia Ave., Topeka, Kan.

* * *

A Two-Bit Reader

Dickie, just learning to read, was proud of his accomplishment. One Sunday we went to a restaurant for dinner. Dickie read the menu assiduously. When the waiter came around he said: "I want two eggs, any style, twenty-five cents."—E. J. McPeek, U. S. Naval Air Station, Pearl Harbor, T. H.

* * *

All Different Colors?

While taking a music lesson the teacher told my small niece that Bach had twenty children, which amused her greatly. On inquiring the cause of her mirth the little tot explained:

"I thought how funny the bathroom would look, with twenty little toothbrushes hanging up in it."—E. H. Aikens, 4715 Cedar Ave., West Philadelphia, Pa.

Aces and Acting

Reminiscent Smiles of a Net Star Who Doubles in Grease Paint

By WILLIAM T. TILDEN, 2d

WHEN a player makes the Davis Cup team for the first time, he experiences a great psychological change. No matter how great his previous record, and mine had been none too great, the Davis Cup team goes one step beyond.

I had made the team. My psychological reaction was profound and far reaching. I considered the matter from every angle. I decided that at last, after all these years, Christopher Columbus was to be appreciated for discovering America. Of course I recognized that in the centuries between, many men had done mighty deeds for the glory of the United States, but even so and notwithstanding, with the arrival of the U. S. Davis Cup team in Europe and myself (in person, not a picture) a member of that team, the United States would at last be completely justified in the eyes of the world.

I did not broadcast my views. I kept them closely to myself, yet they were a source of constant joy to me. I fed my soul upon them.

International photo

Tilden, Samuel Hardy, Johnston, and Garland of the victorious 1920 Davis Cup team, with the cup itself at the left and, at the right, Big Bill looking back on it all.

Underwood & Underwood photo

On meeting the other members of the team on the eve of sailing, I was a little disturbed to discover a like conviction centered about himself existing in the mind of each member. Naturally I did not tell them how mistaken they were about their importance, but I had a sense of pity that they did not quite grasp the fact of my presence in all its value. However, we were united in the realization of the great and tremendous importance of the team as a whole.

The Davis Cup team in 1920 crossed on a U. S. transport with General Peyton C. March, Chief of Staff of the U. S. Army. We landed at Antwerp, where General March was received by the representatives of the Allied armies with appropriate ceremonies. Yet the most impressive moment of the day was when General March and his staff, carrying the dignity and power of the United States, walked down the gangplank on to Belgian soil.

All the representatives of the Allies were magnificent military figures, replete with the medals and ribbons that spoke eloquently of their bravery on the fields of war, yet even these men paled into insignificance before the dignity of that slim spare figure of General March in the trim uniform of the United States Army, undecorated except for his tiny service bar of ribbon in the lapel of the coat.

It was a great inspirational moment to open the trip for a team representing the United States, and I know we all felt its significance and influence. We left Antwerp for London at once, and began to make serious preparations for a fitting entry into the greatest city in the world.

We knew that our arrival would create tremendous excitement. While we had a few doubts about whether His Majesty the King would be on hand at the station, we were convinced that no less than the Prince of Wales or Duke of York would head the reception committee, which should certainly include the Lord Mayor of Lon-

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don, the Coldstream Guards, and Lloyd George, as well as many lesser dignitaries.

We discussed how we should emerge from the train to meet our hosts. Each of us knew that he and he alone should lead the procession, but modesty forbade saying so, and it was finally settled that Samuel Hardy, captain of the team, should lead, followed by William M. Johnston, the champion of the United States, with myself closely following as second ranking player, and then R. N. Williams, 2d, and C. S. Garland to bring up the rear. We would have a tail to our kite, in form of porters bearing in our trail our eight trunks, thirteen suitcases, and six bundles of rackets.

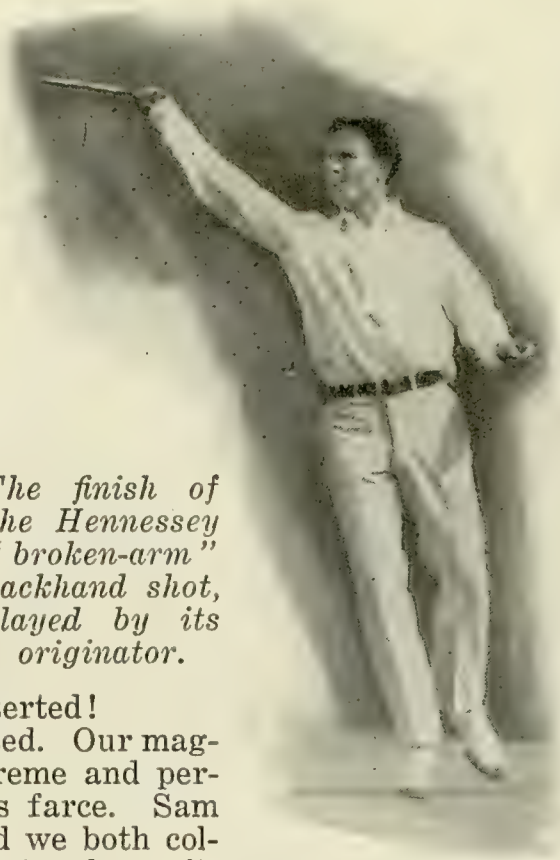
The train pulled into the station. We allowed the common herd to emerge first, so our entry would be dramatic and timely. We formed our cavalcade and with dignity befitting our importance descended from the train. I stepped upon the platform and, gathering my best manners around me as a cloak, modestly looked up to greet the waiting populace—and the Prince.

The station platform was entirely deserted!

The glittering bubble suddenly collapsed. Our magnificent entrance, dramatic in the extreme and perfectly timed, was suddenly revealed as farce. Sam Hardy looked at me and I at him—and we both collapsed on the combined assortment of trunks, suitcases, and rackets and screamed with laughter.

This delightful disregard of us did more to clarify my viewpoint on the relative importance of sport and athletes to English life, so at variance with the overemphasis of sport and its leading stars in the United States, than any other one incident in my whole athletic experience. One who can once experience the reactions that were mine at that moment and emerge with a swelled head and an inflated sense of his importance can only be a complete ass, or be covered with a hide thicker than an elephant's.

It is rather difficult to hit a tennis ball immediately following an ocean trip, but since first impressions are worth so much it is essential to look good on one's first appearance on the courts in a foreign country. The two are a bit difficult to reconcile. However, my mental state was such on arrival in England in 1920 on my first Davis Cup trip that I knew that from the moment I stepped off the boat my tennis would be perfect. I had my doubts about Johnston, Williams, and Garland. I feared they might be not so good. But why worry about them, for, after all, was I not the one destined to justify the United States—and how!



The finish of the Hennessey "broken-arm" backhand shot, played by its originator.

Underwood & Underwood photo

OUR first afternoon in London we journeyed directly to Wimbledon, where we discovered the English press and its camera cohorts awaiting us. Somehow our arrival had been noised abroad. The Americans decided that in view of the sea voyage and its possible effect on our superlative games, doubles would be safer than singles. Billy Johnston and I decided to give a little lesson in doubles to "the subs," as we patronizingly called Williams and Garland. (Passing shot: "The subs" beat us in the English championship in the semifinals and then proceeded to win the championship itself. However, why bring that up?)

We journeyed to the court in dignified and impressive procession, at last attaining the entry so carefully rehearsed at the station where it had proved such a flivver. In our warm-up we looked magnificent. Such speed and punch!—even if much of it did go in the net. Johnston and I won the toss and, ever watchful of our reputations, elected to let Williams and Garland serve.

What brains we showed! Williams set himself to prove who was the real hero of the American team, and with the English press and cameramen looking on, with that debonair and careless air so typically Williams, he tossed the ball high and in two mighty swings served a double fault to Johnston. A sense of guilty satisfaction stole through me. It was poetic justice that to me would come the chance to make up for Williams' blunder and show the English how good the Americans really were, for was I not destined to the glory?

Williams served and the ball fell good and rose gently in front of me, crying aloud to be killed. I stepped into it in perfect position. My racket came sweeping through with a vicious hiss. What form, what power, what beauty was in that forehand—except I missed the ball completely.

INTERNATIONAL trips always produce comedy.

Messrs. John Hennessey, Arnold W. Jones, and Bill O'Brien, our trainer, evolved a new language during the Davis Cup trip to Mexico in 1928. Under the mistaken idea that they were speaking Spanish, they would take an English word, put an "eo" on the end of it, say it four times rapidly with increasing vehemence, and then become annoyed because the poor victim they were speaking to did not understand what they meant. Mr. Hennessey had an embarrassing moment at the Hotel Regis. He had just had a bit of light nourishment and desired to settle his bill. He hailed the charming señorita who had waited on him and with due solemnity said earnestly, quickly, and loudly, "Checkeo! Checkeo!! Checkeo!!! Checkeo!!!!" Whereupon the señorita remarked with a distinct Yankee intonation, "What the hell do you want? The check?"

It remained for a San Antonio, Texas, girl to give the only adequate description of the famous Hennessey backhand I have yet heard. The Hennessey was playing me an exhibition at San Antonio when, early in the warm-up, he executed that strange convulsion, partly Indian club swing, partly vaudeville, wholly unorthodox and peculiar, which he uses for a backhand. The young lady seated on the sidelines gazed upon him with compassion and said with sympathy, "Oh, that poor young man! He must have just broken his arm!"

From the time I won the United States Championship in 1920 until I lost it in 1926, my life seemed one succession of tennis matches, with other things sandwiched in between. It was in the autumn of 1922, following the terrific final match in the nationals—when Billy Johnston led me two sets to one and 3—0 in the fourth, and seemed certain to retire the famous cup on which we each held two legs, only to have me emerge from the seemingly hopeless hole to win out by a nose—that an incident occurred that looked for a time as if it would end my tennis forever, and indeed for a few days looked as if it would end my life.

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R. N. Williams, 2d, of the 1920 team.

I was very much run down physically after the long grind of the season, but instead of taking a complete rest I continued playing tennis in a series of exhibitions around Philadelphia. I was playing Wallace Johnson at a club in New Jersey when I ran against the sidestop in chasing one of Johnson's insidious chops and badly bruised the second finger of my playing hand. I did not break the skin and paid no particular attention to the

Bill Tilden and Sandy Wiener, his tennis protégé, on the stage in a benefit performance. The blonde minx at the piano is young Wiener in wig and skirt.

incident, although the finger grew sorer day by day for nearly a week. At length I called in my regular doctor, who could find no definite sign of infection yet said he believed it was there.

After three more days of extreme pain, during which my finger swelled to three times its normal size, we called in a surgeon, Dr. William Swartley, now chief of the surgical staff of the Germantown Hospital, who after a careful examination dragged me off to the hospital for immediate operation. The poison by now was pretty well through my system, a staphylococcic infection that had been my old enemy in Paris and London in 1921, and Dr. Swartley had not only the local suppuration to fight but a case of septicæmia.

For several days after the operation, Dr. Swartley had hopes of saving all of my finger, but he found that was impossible and was forced to remove the end at the first joint. Still it would not heal. Finally one day he came to me and said:

"Bill, older and wiser men than I am in the medical profession are urging me to remove your finger at the base and get you out of the hospital. If I do that, I can get you home in twenty-four hours, but it will absolutely end all chance of your playing tennis again, for it will ruin your grip on your racket. I believe I can save the second joint on your finger if you are willing to stand the pain and take the time. Which is it to be?"

Naturally I chose as much of my finger as I could save. It was not a pretty thing at best, but I had had it a good many years then and had a sentimental interest in it. For three full months Dr. Swartley battled that infection and finally won his fight, for he saved my second joint and with it my tennis.

It had been in 1922 that I had first met "Sandy" Wiener, my favorite protégé, and he and I had a big season all planned for 1923. My accident made it look as if all chance of our plans going through was gone. Sandy had been marvelous to me all the time of my illness, and never showed how keenly he must have felt his disappointment. His only thought was for me and my tennis.

HOWEVER, I made a solemn promise to myself that if I had the ability to do it, I would get enough of a game back by the following year so that Sandy and I could go through with our plans. I found my task even greater than I had feared. My finger was very sensitive and gave me great pain when my racket turned in my hand, but that was the least of my troubles. I had to learn new grips on all my shots, to use my first and third finger to compensate for the missing second.

The result was that I studied and worked harder on tennis than ever before in my life. Incidentally the long enforced rest and the great care given me by my aunt and cousin, the Misses Hey, had eliminated my old enemy, Mr. Staphylococcus, from my system and by 1923 I was in better physical condition than ever before in my life. So it turned out that the loss of my finger, instead of ruining my tennis, was a blessing in disguise. However, I do not suggest this as either a pleasant or a necessarily successful method of improving your play.

It was in 1925 that I first blotted the stage with my presence professionally. For years I had mixed up in amateur theatricals, coaching the school play at Germantown Academy and also organizing and directing a series of productions at the Germantown Cricket Club. I had directed and played in Clarence, Dulcy, Seventeen, A Successful Calamity, Wedding Bells, and Alias Jimmy Valentine, and had directed and staged The Intimate Strangers, Stop Thief, and several other plays, so at least I had a slight idea of the stage.

My first professional appearance was in a play called

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[ACES AND ACTING
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originally The Kid Himself—not a good play by many miles, and I was incredibly bad in it; but it was featured by one of the most magnificent performances by a child that I have ever seen. A thirteen-year-old boy, Billy Quinn, played the leading rôle, and scored a great personal triumph. His work was as great as anything Jackie Coogan ever did for the screen. Billy and I became and still are great friends. He has been on the stage since he was five years of age and now at seventeen shows promise of becoming one of America's best juveniles. He has much of the same quality of wistful pathos that made Glenn Hunter such a tremendous success.

The New York critics were unanimous that I was the world's worst actor. They said so so often that it has become part of theatrical tradition. Doubtless they were right. They believed I was just attempting to use my tennis reputation for one or two shows to gain big money. Actually I am attempting to learn the theatrical business as a life work, for I love it and believe anyone can learn a job in time if they stick at it.

The following year a good friend of mine and a brilliant young playwright, Courtenay Savage, did a clever dramatization of E. J. Rath's novel The Dark Chapter for Billy Quinn and me. He called it They All Want Something, but, although it was better than The Kid Himself for me, and I was better in it, it was evidently not what the critics or public wanted and it failed. I had a year of stock—guest-starring in They All Want Something with Billy and learning lots I did not know about the stage. It was great training.

In the spring of 1928 I was actually on the road playing in a show by Mr. Savage called The Buzzard when the U. S. L. T. A. offered me the captaincy of the Davis Cup team and brought pressure to bear on me to go at once with the team to Mexico. Through the courtesy of the management of the company, I was given my release and left at once for the team's training camp, thus sacrificing another step along the theatrical road.

This year I have played my first dramatic rôle, my first "character heavy." It has been Count Dracula in the road company playing Bram Stoker's thriller Dracula—a new experience for me, but for the first time the critics have been unanimously kind to me. Maybe at last I am really learning something about the stage. Who can tell?

I HAVE found the theatrical people as a whole very charming, real, human individuals. Once in a while you meet the bumptious, impossibly conceited ass that the average public like to think all actors are. Once in a while you meet the scheming, immoral, dangerous type that our grandparents considered all actors, but not so often as you meet the same type in high society.

In the main, the theatrical profession as I have met it is a group of intelligent, hard-working, sensible people with a rather informal, easy-going code of manners that, while different from those of the general public, are, to me, far more attractive. I enjoy the life, and the people I meet. It is a life of hard work and heartaches, but so interesting that once in it you cannot escape its spell.

You need a sense of humor to help you over many places in any sort of public life, whether it is stage or athletics. I have often succeeded in discovering I was the goat, just about the time I had decided I was the little hero. I remember the day in New Haven, when we were playing in They All Want Something, that my pride received a bitter blow. I was playing the man's lead, a rather romantic figure who appears as a tramp but turns out to be a millionaire in disguise. He was supposed to be young and handsome, both things distinctly out of my line, but with the aid of much careful make-up I can look the first if not the second. It was a matinée performance and seated about the third row of the orchestra were two young ladies of about seventeen years. They were watching the show carefully and studying me with great interest. I was quite flattered. I had been reading about myself for years as "the aged net star," "the veteran internationalist," and even "the decrepit veteran," and to see two charming young ladies so interested made me feel I was quite a kid again. Suddenly one turned to the other and said, "Ruth, is that really Bill Tilden, the tennis player?" Ruth took a last long look and replied, "No, Gracie, no—that's his son!"

P. & A. photo

Bill Tilden in an amateur production of Tarkington's play, Clarence.

NOT many years ago I was playing a tournament at the Nassau Country Club at Glen Cove. It was during one of those periods of my tennis career, which seem to me to be all too frequent, when I was playing particularly badly. On this day I was engaged in battle with F. C. Baggs, commonly known to the tennis world as "Pop." Now Pop is not and never was an absolutely first-class tennis player, as he will admit. It was a wet, dark day, on a wet grass court, and Pop has a chop stroke. I was sliding around trying to hit his skidding shots, with success practically negligible, having lost the first set and being in a precarious condition in the second, when I noticed a charming elderly lady watching us.

It was easy to see that in her seventy-some years she had never seen any tennis, but I judge that she had heard there was tennis being played at Nassau C. C. and she felt that she should learn something about it. Suddenly she caught my eye and beckoned me over.

"Just a minute, young man," she said sweetly. "Excuse me, but can you tell me just when Mr. Tilden is going to start to play tennis?"

I gazed upon her for a moment, stunned. Ah, me, such is fame. What a blight upon my reputation! "God only knows, madam," I replied with dignity. "I've been asking myself the same question all day."

One meets so many peculiar cranks in this world who seem to believe that because a person is in the public eye he is public property. For one who has had to journey a good many thousand miles, and like it, I am the world's worst traveler, and I am exceedingly shy about meeting people socially. I do not mind crowds at all if I am to play before them or act before them, but to meet them in person absolutely defeats me. Because of this peculiar complex, I suppose, every "nut" with a secret sorrow, a theory, a pet aversion, or even just a plain mania picks on me to tell the whole affair to and seek advice from.

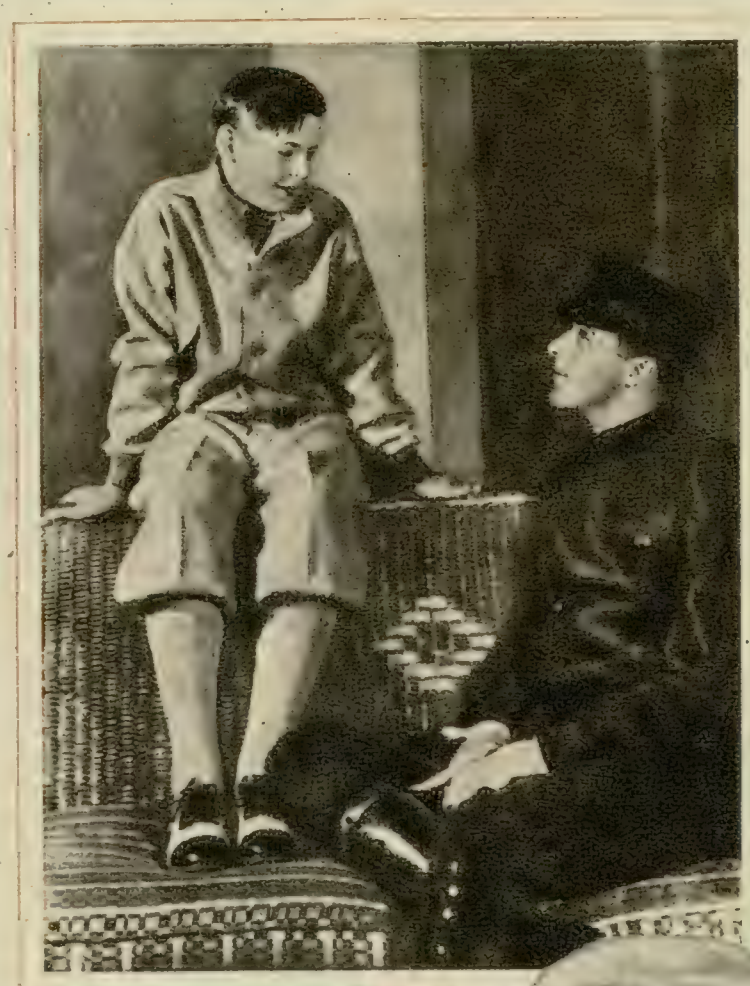
All who remember Booth Tarkington's Clarence will remember that all the Wheeler family sought Clarence's advice because "You've been in the army, Clarence; you ought to know." I suppose since I've played tennis I ought to know how to cure mumps, find lost dogs, write movies, or win charming ladies. I have listened, or pretended to, to the pathetic life stories of scores of absolute strangers who have pinned me down in a train or boat and poured out their tale of woe into my suffering ears.

I have found that I have a peculiar fascination for drunks. A drunk will cross any street in the biggest crowd to fall on my neck and claim me as a long-lost friend or a kindred spirit, yet I never take a drink. At such moments I greatly prefer the company of all the wet and affectionate dogs which also make a habit of

leaping at me, usually when I am in white flannels.

The only nuts I get any real amusement from are the tennis nuts, who are legion. Naturally, I am fair game for them. At every tournament, one or more of their ilk descend upon me to tell me why I lost to—fill in at your own wish: Cochet, Lacoste, Johnston, Lott, or practically any living player, since they have all beaten me. The nut has it all worked out. The match is discussed by him alone as I sit silent, and often is diagramed intimately from first to last shot, while my game, brain, clothes, racket, and anything else that can be thought of are taken apart and declared hopelessly wrong. Then, says the nut, if I had only done so-and-so, here and there, I would have won easily! All of which may be quite true, except that the nut forgets that your opponent is apt to have a little to do with the match, himself.

After the diagrammatic or dissecting nut comes the theoretic nut. He is the man who has proved to his satisfaction that all the strokes in modern and bygone tennis are wrong and that he, and he alone, has solved the secret of how to hit a tennis ball. Discarding all the results of years of experience, and all the laws of gravity and other such laws of physics, dispensing with the rules of spin with a wave of the hand, he discloses a theoretical shot that curves two ways and bounces a third, or that rises suddenly and for no reason, just as a player attempts to hit it, thus causing error; or a shot that will always bounce back over the net, or will roll along the ground when it hits.



P. & A. photo

Tilden and his young friend Billy Quinn in a scene from They All Want Something.

The delightful part about these theoretical nuts is that, since none of them has ever played tennis, they really believe their own theories, and are quite sincere in their belief that we players are just a bunch of idiots because we do not jump at the theory.

A close relation to the theoretic nut is the nut who is revolutionizing the game by inventing a new racket. Naturally, I am not hitting at such serious attempts to improve rackets as are annually made by leading manufacturers, because all such work is really constructive and of great value. I am referring to the man who provides a hidden chamber for rosin in the handle of the racket, so that in the heat of battle he can loose the rosin on his hand and the racket won't slip—completely forgetting that in the heat of battle one does not desire to have clouds of rosin sliding into one's hand.

Or there is the man who has various styles and various methods of stringing, including ways to tighten and loosen strings during play, so as to accelerate or retard the speed of each shot. Just how he gets time during play to do this, I have never understood.

SLIDING handles, overgrown heads (I mean racket, not human), etc., etc., are annually laid before me for expert advice.

Frankly, if those things require expert advice, I am no expert, for to me all such novelties are ridiculous. I am a great believer in using a well strung racket of a regular stock model; no trick handles or trick foibles to either racket or clothes; no eye shades and wrist braces —since the less you require to play your game, the easier it is to play it, the less chance you have of being caught without your regular equipment, and the more often you will play your game.

I listen to all these crazy ideas of the theoretic nuts and get many a secret laugh. I admire the ingenuity of the mind that can think up the ideas, and I enjoy the enthusiasm for the game that prompts their effort, but I do wish that these people really played tennis, because if they did it would save them spending so much brain power on impossibilities.

It is difficult to be a theoretic nut on tennis and also to be a tennis player.

I always love to meet the man who was in tennis many years ago and who is always sighing for the palmy days "when tennis was well played—tennis, not this stuff of today."

"Why, I remember when Bill Larned used to drive within a foot of the base line every time! Look at these present players—no depth, no drive. That guy Tilden, all he does is chop, then drive, then drop a short one. He has no average consistent depth. He's not in a class with Bill Larned."

Underwood & Underwood photo

Big Bill disguised as a tramp, in the same play.

MAYBE he is right. It would not surprise me to find Larned was better than I, but the point my critic misses is that times change in tennis. The day of average consistent depth went out with Larned. Today we use the whole court to hit into, not just the base line.

Ah, but how sincere is the old-timer's contempt for this mixed spin and depth game of today! Age is always intolerant of youth. I judge that in the tomorrow of the next ten years I will look on the games of Junior Coen and the other youngsters with a patronizing contempt, saying, "But they have no variation."

God grant that somehow I shall succeed in keeping my mouth shut, no matter what I may think. It is impossible for any man who is not actively engaged in competition at the moment to judge accurately the problems that face the player of today.

The attempt to advise, and then force the following of that advice in actual play, will cause certain defeat. Only the player himself can solve the problem that confronts him on the court in a match.

It has been the fact that for years our Davis Cup play has been directed by a committee of men who are not actually engaged in modern competition, rather than by those who are intimately in touch with the play of the moment, and that this has caused much of the friction within the teams in past years.

Let the business angles be run by the business men, but if we want to bring back the Davis Cup to the United States and then retain it, we must let the players of the moment direct the playing destinies of the team.

In an early issue Mr. Tilden will tell who plays the best tennis and how the United States can win again.

Kept

The Story of a Girl Without the Law

By
VIÑA DELMAR

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

LILLIAN CORY asked Hubert Scott for a dollar. He gave her just that. One dollar! All in a flash the truth came over her. Hubert was broke! She should have guessed it before. Her heart sank.

It had all been so different. Money to throw away. When she had met Hubert he had just sold his business for $15,000, and retired. She herself was working at a handkerchief counter in a department store. He had given her an apartment and a Nash car. She knew he had a wife. Well, it wasn't her first affair, so things were even enough.

He had done everything for her—and for her friends, too. There were Billy Fisher and his Louise, the girl he had married after too long a time. Billy had made a "touch" whenever he liked. And Hubert had quietly put up the money that had saved Anna Leitz when she got into trouble with her Fred. Now Anna was respectably married to Clifford Sullivan. Oh, Hubert had been generous—too generous.

Hubert was irritable now—wouldn't lend to anybody. She felt she had to have the whole truth. When she got it, it was this: Hubert still had enough to run things for another month. But there were the two cars, she reminded him: her Nash, his Packard. Hubert said it wouldn't come to that; they wouldn't have to sell the cars. What he'd do would be to get him a good, well paying job. She was reassured.

Lillian was wrong about the Packard. It wasn't Hubert's. It was his rich wife's second car, loaned to him. And she was wrong about his wife, Helen. Lillian thought she adored Hubert, but Helen and her grown son, young Hubert, believed that when Hubert Senior had sold his business to the McKay Brothers, a good-natured fool was about through.

PART NINE—THE NEW APARTMENT

LILLIAN fried bacon and eggs for Hubert and they sat down to dinner.

"Say," she said, "you know what I was thinking today? When you was figuring you had rent and enough for food and all for next month you forgot the cars. That's fifty dollars for the garage, Hubert. You simply have to get rid of those cars. We can't afford to keep them and you'd get around two thousand dollars, wouldn't you, for the two of them? Even more, maybe, and that would keep us swell till something turned up that you'd like to take."

Hubert said, "We got to have cars."

"Well, we could get other ones when things started breaking right again, couldn't we? It wouldn't hurt us to walk or use trains and trolleys for a while. We're both too fat."

They stared at her as though she had risé

"We got to have cars," Hubert repeated.

"Well, how are you going to meet the garage bill?"

"He'll let me run it for a month. He knows I'm a responsible party. By that time I'll be all set."

"I'd get rid of the Packard if I were you. We could run around in the roadster. That Packard is more expensive to run. Besides, it isn't so new and when things pick up we could knock everyone dead with a new one."

"Listen, Lil, I wouldn't get rid of the Packard. I'll tell you why: A guy's got to look like somebody if he wants people to think he *is* somebody. I can't afford to sack the Packard, see? It's my mark of prosperity. Like that guy I approached today about a job. He was

from the dead. She stared back at them. "Where have you been?" they asked in unison.

impressed with me. He figured I wasn't down and out because I had the Packard. See what I mean?"

"But he didn't offer you much money," Lillian pointed out.

"Say, five thousand isn't so little. Do you know there are guys who figure themselves made when they struggle up to that amount? I'm turning it down because I don't think it's enough for *me*, but don't get the idea that it isn't much."

Lillian felt properly squelched. She drank her coffee in silence and began immediately on the dishes. Hubert went to the bedroom and got into his bath robe and slippers. Anna had invited them over to her apartment for the evening, but Hubert had forgotten and Lillian, seeing that he was tired, did not remind him. He fell asleep on the couch and when the Sullivans came over to see what had delayed Lillian and Hubert he did not awaken.

"I think Louise and Billy will be over," Anna said. "They'll want to tell you the news."

"Louise is going to have a baby, I suppose," Lillian said.

"No, this is good news. I oughtn't to tell you though. They'll want to tell you themselves."

"Maybe it's just as well that you don't tell me, then," Lillian said.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[KEPT
Continued from page sixty-seven]

"Billy's got a pay job on the radio," Anna said. "He's going to advertise Gittner's Self-Service Dress Shop. A half hour once a week. He's going to get a lot of money for it, I guess."

"He can't get more than twenty-five dollars for it," Cliff said.

"Oh, go on," Anna protested. "I heard that the Happiness Boys get five hundred dollars every time they broadcast."

"Well, for God's sake, Anna, Billy isn't the Happiness Boys, is he? And Gittner's isn't the Happiness Candy chain and Billy isn't going to be on a first-class station."

"I don't care," Anna said. "He's going to get more than twenty-five dollars for it because Louise says she's going to get a lot of new clothes."

"Maybe he gets a discount at Gittner's," Cliff suggested.

"Wait till Billy gets here," Lillian said. "We'll hear all about it then."

Billy lived up to Lillian's expectations and they heard all about it. Hubert was awakened to hear the news.

"I'm going to call myself Billy Fisher, see? I can't get any cute name for myself that goes in with ladies' clothes or else I'd sound like a Nance. But I got a raft of good ideas. I'm going to use 'Yes, sir, that's my baby,' for a signing-off song. I'll change the words, see? I'll make it about my girl friend who wears Gittner's dresses and always looks like she's got Lady Duff-Gordon lashed to the mast. I'll change the song when I get a better idea, but this all came so sudden."

"What are they paying you, Billy?" Cliff asked.

"Jees, you got a nerve."

"Well, I was just interested, that's all."

"You wait a little while, brother, and you'll be reading in the newspapers what they're paying me."

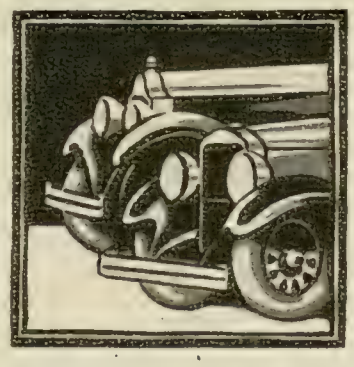
Cliff retired to a corner. Lillian and Hubert had meant to congratulate Billy on his success, but it was impossible to get a word in.

Louise didn't try to talk. She just beamed on her spouse and seemed well content to bask in his reflected glory. Anna said, later, that Louise was lucky she had nailed Billy when she had, as she would have had a fat chance now. Louise's smug satisfaction suggested that she was thinking the same thing.

THE Fishers didn't stay late. Billy had to be up early in the morning combing through the music publishers' late hits.

"How about the paint business?" Lillian asked.

"Say, I'll clean up on that, too. I'm going to stick at it a while yet, of course, and I bet I'll sell oceans of paint when I tell the poor boobs that I'm a radio entertainer with a regular commercial program on the air. You know, they'll get asking me questions about the studio and what Graham MacNamee is like, and before you know it I'll be writing them up for a million dollars' worth of my old Brush-Alac."



Cliff laughed. "Say, Billy, when you get to see Graham MacNamee outside of the Pathé News I'll have you to dinner in my Park Avenue apartment."

"Oh, is that so? You'll remember you said that this time next year."

"I wouldn't be surprised," said Cliff.

Hubert and Lillian were alone at last and they promptly retired. Hubert said he had to be out early again in the morning. Lillian set the clock and left her kimono where she could snatch it readily.

It was teeming rain when they awakened to the clock's jangle. Lillian turned off the alarm and went to the window.

"It's pouring," she said.

"Is it? That's tough."

"Are you going out?"

"Certainly. Man's work can't be postponed on account of a little rain."

She went to the kitchen and put the percolator on the burner. She heard no sound from Hubert and just before she dropped the eggs into boiling water she returned to investigate. It seemed that, after all, man's work could be postponed. Hubert was sound asleep. The covers were half off him, giving the impression that his intentions had been noble but sleep had overtaken him in the midst of them.

Lillian gently tucked the covers about him and left him undisturbed. She returned to the kitchen and turned off the gas beneath the coffee and the egg water. Then she crept back to bed herself. What was the use of him going out and getting drenched? He'd get sick and then what would become of them? She was glad that sleep had kept him from faring forth in the rain, but, she reflected, he would probably be as mad as a hornet when he awakened and found what she had done.

IT was noon when they awakened again. Hubert was very angry at Lillian and asked her if that was the sort of thing she would do when he had a responsible position. It was too late now, thanks to her, for him to go searching for any opportunities today, so she might just as well get the checkerboard.

They played checkers till dinnertime and went out to dinner in a table d'hôte restaurant on Dyckman Street.

Afterward they went to the movies. Hubert was of the opinion that saving pennies made you think you were broke and then you looked broke and then all was lost. It sounded like a good argument to Lillian.

She wasn't concerned, anyway. If things got really troublesome Hubert would certainly sell the cars. After all, he wasn't a damn fool. Two thousand dollars would be a tidy sum to go ahead on. So there was really nothing to worry about.

When Lillian set the clock that night she set it for 9. Hubert, after thinking the matter over well, decided that getting around to see people early would make him look like a cheap job-hunter. Ten or so was a nice hour to start looking people up.

The only difficulty was that he didn't know whom to look up. He had rather planned in his innermost mind on the McKay Brothers. Too bad Arch hadn't been there. He ought to have asked Bert when Arch was expected back. Well, he'd go again in a week or so. But by then he'd probably be connected with something else.

He spent the next day at the club. It was the second time he'd been inside the place since he had met Lillian. It was a nice place to be, too. Lots of good fellows, good beer, good conversation. His day passed buttonholing one member after another and confessing to him that he was bored with a life of leisure. Each listener said that he didn't blame him and agreed that it must be tiresome.

"Got anything that I could do over at your place? I'll go nuts if I don't get something to do." Hubert laughed as he spoke. He didn't want a fellow member to think that he really needed work.

Nobody had an opening for him.

"Well, if you hear of anything," Hubert would suggest carelessly to each. They would nod and hurry away.

He stayed at the club till after 10 o'clock. He went back to Lillian then. It had been a good day. He had informed many men that he was open for offers and they, in turn, would inform their friends. Hubert figured that thus some three dozen men would be told that he was ready to return to the business world. He decided not to go forth again for a few days. His might look like a desperately needy case if he haunted the club or the offices of his friends. Besides, those men who had been told of his desire to assume responsibilities once more would be telling people about him and that was enough.

While Hubert was concealing his need for work the first of the month came around and with it the dapper rent collector.

Hubert paid him and announced that the apartment would be vacant by the next first.

The young gentleman smiled and reminded Hubert of his lease.

"Never mind that bunk," stormed Hubert. "I'll not

live in any place where the janitor argues all day with the tenants and makes the place sound like an East Side tenement. Besides, my wife hasn't known a well day since we've lived here. The heat is bad and everything else."

The young man made a deprecating gesture with eloquent hands. "It's not my fault," he said. "I just thought maybe you forgot the lease. I'll tell the landlord. It's his business, not mine."

"They'll sue us," Lillian said as Hubert closed the door.

"I'd beat the case in any court in the country. Why, the service here has been terrible. No heat after ten o'clock at night or anything."

"That's the time that heat goes down in all apartments. You were foolish—you should have gone to see the landlord and told him that you met with business troubles."

"Why should I do that? What's it his business what I met with? I'm damned if I'll go ask favors of him."

"All right. Suit yourself."

HUBERT went to the garage then. He had received the bill in his morning mail and had to have a little talk with the fellow. He entered the garage wearing his genial smile and went to the office at once.

"Say, let this bill go a month, will you? I'm a wee bit strapped for cash."

"We don't usually do that, Mr. Cory."

"Of course not. I don't usually ask you to either. If I meant to gyp you I'd park the cars here till you yelled and then I'd take them both out and let you go fish for your money. I'm being straight with you."

"Well—"

"If you don't want to, all right. Those new garages down by the river are giving a month's concession. I'll put my cars there."

"I guess you're all right. Leave them here."

"Don't guess. I don't want you to be watching me all month as though I was trying to put something over on you."

"It's all right, Mr. Cory. You won't run away."

"Damn right, I won't," said Hubert. "All your customers should be like me—then you wouldn't have to worry."

Lillian began at once to look for a new apartment. First she tried houses that were as new but not as grand as the one she had grown used to. After all, a new house cannot be utterly unpleasant. The rents frightened her. Even two rooms and kitchenette were fifty in some places and fifty-five in others.

She consulted Hubert after strolling through Inwood and regarding apartments both inside and out.

"How much can we pay?" she asked.

"Well, I think we ought to be able to get something for forty dollars," he answered.

"Hubert, don't you remember Anna couldn't get anything for forty?"

"Sure she could have if she wanted. She just happened to like that forty-five-dollar one, though."

"We won't get in a new house for forty dollars."

"Coming around here being polite. Where do they get that stuff?"

"Well, who cares about a new house?"

"That's right," said Lillian. "After all, it won't be for long."

"Of course not."

Remembering that it wouldn't be for long—keeping firmly in her mind that thought—Lillian went out next day again to hunt for a new home. Inwood's slum row. Gray houses with dirty window panes and screeching janitresses. After all, it wouldn't be for long . . .

"Have you a vacancy? Two room and kitchenette."

II

THE apartment faced the street. The sun shone in one room. But what a small room! The walls were painted a bilious yellow and the woodwork was a dark brown. There were no outlets here. Just a chandelier that hung disconsolately from the ceiling. The kitchenette was in a closet: a small rusty black stove, a sink, and one shelf for dishes. The ice box was in the hall. The bathroom was dark and small. No shower.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[KEPT
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The bedroom was a box with a window and a closet.

"How much?" asked Lillian.

"Thirty-five dollars."

Well, it wouldn't be for long. Hubert would be surprised, too, that she had been able to get an apartment so cheap. Of course, if it was going to be an indefinite stay she couldn't bear it. But for a month or two what difference did it make?

"I'll take it," said Lillian.

The janitress looked out the window at the trim, clean little roadster. "You'll take it?" she said.

"Yes, from the first of next month."

The janitress shook her head. "No," she said; "I got to have someone take it from the fifteenth of this month. I got to have half a month's rent in for this month."

"But my rent's already paid for this month where I am."

"Sorry." The janitress shook her head and her eyes, beneath the frill on her dust cap, watched Lillian's face anxiously. "I'll see what I can do," she said after a moment. "I'll call up the landlord."

The apartment was on the third floor and as Lillian followed the janitress down the three flights of stairs she found herself wishing that the landlord would not consider waiting till the first. The stairs were fearfully dirty and the commingled odors of cooking foods that filled the halls sickened her. But it wouldn't be for long. Oh, blessed thought!

The janitress described Lillian as a nice lady when she spoke to the landlord. She sold him the idea of waiting till the first so that he could have her nice lady for a tenant.

"That will be all right," the janitress said brightly as she hung up the receiver. "Could you let me have ten dollars deposit?"

Lillian got a receipt signed "Mrs. J. Svensen" in exchange for her ten dollars. She found, upon gaining the street, that several of the children of the gray row of houses were disporting themselves in the roadster. She was very angry and experienced a desire to bang their heads together, but she only smiled at them and said, "I need the car now." No use in making them sore. They'd probably scratch the cars all up if they took a dislike to her.

THE garden court had never before looked so peaceful and lovely as it looked to her that afternoon. She gazed at it with stricken eyes and had to reason with herself to keep from feeling low. After all, this was just another angle of being a kept woman. Gee, you couldn't always be on the crest of the wave. The kind of life she had picked for herself was one of ups and downs. More ups, of course, than downs, but this was the test of whether she was big enough for the job or not. After all, when you were used to nice things it took courage to be one of Mrs. Svensen's tenants.

Her living room seemed beautiful to her as she looked at it. Gosh, she'd never really appreciated it before. Oh, well, when Hubert got the kind of job he was after they'd get a place that was even nicer than this one. She'd like it all the better, too, for having lived in a dump for a while.

And maybe she wouldn't have to move at all. Maybe Hubert would connect with something good before the first of the month and they'd let Mrs. Svensen keep their ten dollars and the bilious little apartment. Gee, Hubert would look funny in those tiny rooms. He was so big. The furniture would look funny, too. Like a well dressed lady slumming.

But the furniture didn't look funny in the dingy little apartment. For the pink satin chair was soiled and torn in a few places, the rugs had cigarette burns, the Windsor chairs were wabbly and loose, the three-piece suite was stained and scratched.

On that first day in their new home Hubert took a look around, then buried his face in Lillian's shoulder. "God, Lillian," he said, "this is terrible!"

She caught her short upper lip between her teeth and bit it hard. Then she said, "Sure it's terrible. Wait till we get the pictures up. It'll look better then."

She shook herself free of him and ran for a hammer. It wouldn't be for long. Oh, God, it couldn't be for long!

III

THERE is more to being broke than at first meets the eye of the uninitiated. It is not just a matter of doing without bracket lights, a built-in shower, and a white gas stove. It is not even merely a matter of hurrying by shop windows, washing one's own hair, and mending runs instead of throwing stockings away. If it were only this none but the very weak and inefficient would mind poverty. It is more—much more.

You live where the rents are very cheap. Your neighbors are poor and with trouble and hardship they have lost any fastidiousness which once they may have had. You buy an exterminating powder for kitchen pests and you use it freely and frequently. All to no avail. If the woman upstairs, downstairs, or beside you is satisfied to have swarms of roaches, then you must be satisfied, too.

Too, the dumb-waiter becomes a horror to you. You loathe opening it. The garbage is set upon it without regard for the morning call. In paper bags, in boxes, in milk bottles the garbage is thrown upon the dumb-waiter; and the janitor is stubborn—he will not remove it till garbage call next morning.

There are children about you shouting in the halls, crying, screaming. You fear, at first, that one of the number has been hurt. Later you hope that one has. The city heat, the garbage, the roaches, the crying children have your nerves at the breaking point. You can bear it no longer and perhaps you flee from it all, and someone with a secure and satisfactory income who believes that poverty and romance are synonymous calls you a quitter.

. . . . .

The man at the garage wanted his money. Hubert hadn't it to give him. He told him so.

"Well, you don't move your cars out of here till you get it."

Hubert was terrorized. Helen would be wanting the Packard. He couldn't tell her he was broke. He heard, in his imagination, the cold, cutting tones of his wife's voice. He couldn't tell her the Packard was in for repairs. That would be worse.

Funny how he hadn't been able to connect up with a good job. It must be a bad season, or perhaps even a bad year. Well, there'd be no fooling around now. If he got those cars loose he'd certainly sell the Nash. Too bad he couldn't sell the Packard.

He hunted up Carl Feldman. Feldman had always been a good scout.

Carl greeted him affably. He liked Hubert despite the fact that he thought him nature's prime sap.

"How's tricks, Hubert?"

"Rotten. I was in on that Imperial Steel slump." He had been reading the papers that morning.

"Is that so? Gee, that's too bad."

"Yeh. Oh, it doesn't matter an awful lot, only I'm a little tied up. I bought something else on a tip from one of the big boys. It'll come through big around the twentieth of the month. I've got absolute information on it. In the meantime I'm a little short. Could you let me have a hundred or so, Carl, till the end of the month?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Hubert, I'm a little pressed myself. How much could you get by with?"

"A hundred would fit me fine."

"A hundred? Gee, I don't know."

"You know I'm good for it, Carl, don't you?"

Carl regarded him speculatively. The fact was that he didn't know Hubert was good for it—didn't even think he was. Still, he'd been a business man for years and had quit clean. Well, what the hell? A hundred dollars wasn't a million.

Hubert hurried back to Inwood with the hundred

dollars Carl had drawn from the bank for him. He handed it to the garage man with a smile.

"If I had known that you'd have conniption fits over such a small amount I'd have paid you long ago," he said. "Take what I owe you out of this and next month's rent on the Packard. I'm taking the Nash away today to give to my nephew."

Lillian was impressed when, five minutes later, he honked the roadster's horn beneath her window. She had never expected to see either car again. She hurried downstairs to him, pulling her coat on as she ran.

"How did you talk him into giving up the car?"

"I paid him."

"Paid him? Where did you get the money?"

"Why, I was up talking to Carl Feldman about a job and he suddenly remembered that he owed me a hundred bucks. Can you imagine that for luck? It had gone right plump out of my mind."

"Gee, that was luck! What about the job?"

"That sounds good. I have to go see the fellow tomorrow. I'm going to sell this car, Lil, I just decided. You don't mind, do you?"

"No, but I think you're foolish. Why don't you sell the Packard? You'll get more money for it and the roadster will be cheaper for us to run."

"Now, we've been over that a dozen times. I'm not going to sell the Packard."

"All right."

"Well, I'm going to see about selling this car now. Want to go with me?"

"No. I have to go to the stores. You'll be home for dinner, won't you?"

"Sure."

"See you later."

Lillian walked over to Dyckman Street. She passed the butcher shop where she used to deal and turned her head away. She was always afraid that the butcher would come running out and ask her why she didn't deal with him any more. He'd been a very obliging butcher and he had good meat, only it was expensive. Down below Post Avenue was her new butcher. His store was one of a chain and he was only employed there. He brought you meat out of the ice box already chopped. He never let you pick out your own beef and watch him chop it right before your eyes.

She bought three lamb chops today. Hubert could always eat two. She had potatoes. A can of peas, a loaf of bread, and a half dozen eggs. What was all the conniving for? She had forgotten that Hubert was selling the Nash. She could have gotten a chicken. She decided to get a rich, creamy cake in the bakery.

She crossed Dyckman Street and directly in front of Loft's she encountered Anna Sullivan and Louise Fisher walking together. It was the first time she had seen them since she had been in the new apartment.

"WHY, Lillian!"

"Well, for heaven's sake!"

They stared at her as though she had risen from the dead. She stared back at them.

"Where have you been?" they asked in unison.

"Settling my apartment and one thing and another," she returned. "Did you quit work, Anna?"

"No; I've been sick. This is really my first day out. Louise has been keeping me company. Gee, we wondered and wondered where you'd gone."

"You knew."

"No, honest, Lillian. I knew it was that row where the nigger janitor stabbed his wife, but I didn't know which house. We've wondered about you a lot."

Lillian was conscious of Louise's hard, inquiring eyes regarding her under the rakish slant of a pale green cloche. She saw Anna's glance roving over her bundles, the soiled dress under her unbuttoned coat. She was suddenly conscious that her heels needed straightening and that she was out without a hat. Good God, was this she—Lili Cory? She was frightened to walk on and leave Anna and Louise alone. They would say things to each other about her. They would, perhaps, look back at her and pity her.

"Come on up to my place," she said. "Let's have some coffee and cake."

The girls were willing to accompany her. They threw over the chance to see John Gilbert make love to Greta Garbo. It was worth it. They wanted to see Lillian's new home.

They waited politely at the bakery counter while she purchased an apple cream cake. Then they walked home with her.

Lillian took their wraps and bade them be seated while she made coffee. They looked the apartment over. Louise was the bolder of the two.

"What possessed you to come here?" she asked.

"Now, what would possess anybody to come here? The rent's cheap."

"Ah," breathed Louise. "Where's Hubert?"

"He'll be in soon. He's in a bit of a hole. He made some bum investments and we're trying to make them up by economizing for a while. All in the life of a kept woman, girls—all in the life of a kept woman."

"STILL got the cars?" asked Anna.

"We're selling the Nash. Not the Packard, of course. We're not that bad off."

"I see," said Anna. "Well, you're certainly a brick to be willing to live here."

"Oh, I don't mind it. We're hardly ever in. We've been chasing around a lot. I've been meaning to drop over and see you both at different times, but you know how it is. You get busy and all."

The girls nodded understandingly. Louise asked if she could have another cup of coffee. Lillian poured out fresh coffee and asked about Cliff and Billy. It seemed they were both doing splendidly.

"I thought you were trying to dodge us," Louise said. "You never sent your address or come by for us any more." She settled herself comfortably and looked encouragingly at Lillian. "You can tell all your troubles to me," her expression said.

"I thought I wrote my address out for you," Lillian lied. "Funny that I didn't."

"Well, you didn't. Theresa was asking about you the other day, too."

"Tell her where I am, will you?"

"Why don't you write to her? Or you could call her up."

Lillian considered it for a moment. "You tell her," she said, then. "I never get around to writing or phoning people."

"You used to," Louise accused.

"Yeh. Well, I've been busy."

"Doing what?" Anna protested. "Gee, it couldn't have took long to settle this apartment."

"Well"—Lillian wrinkled her brows as though to recall some of her recent social activities. "Did you ever hear Hubert speak of the McKay Brothers?"

"Yeh, I think so."

"They're the men who bought his business. Well, we've been running around quite a bit with them and their wives." Lillian paused for a moment to wonder if either of the McKay brothers had a wife. "Then we've been seeing quite a bit of Carl Feldman."

"No time for old friends, eh?" Louise asked.

Lillian smiled at Louise and said, "You know different, only heaven knows this is no place to entertain people."

The girls looked around again and their eyes remarked that it really was an amazingly ugly place.

"Well, now that we've been here," said Anna, "can we bring the boys over?"

Lillian had one of her rare flashes of insight. "Yes," she said, "you'd better bring them over. They'd never believe you if they didn't see it for themselves."

"Oh, it isn't as terrible as all that." Louise's eyes searched for something about which she could say a pleasant word. "You get the sun in this room," she said at last.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

KEPT
[Continued from page seventy-one]

"That's a big help to me," Lillian said. "I'll be just crazy about it on a hot summer's day."

"My God, how long do you expect to stay here?" Anna asked.

"Not long, but it will be summer before we know it."

The girls were looking at their watches, drawing out their compacts, their lipsticks, pulling their hats more firmly down upon their heads. Lillian thought it would be cute if they rehearsed these gestures and did them more perfectly in unison. It was pretty well done even as it was, but Louise had twisted her leg to see if the seam in her stocking was straight. Anna hadn't done that. It sort of spoiled things. They were going now. Lillian thought of her Nash roadster. Maybe, even now, somebody else owned it and Hubert was on his way to her with money. Tonight would be a good time to have a little party. Anna and Louise were bound to bring their husbands sometime and certainly while Hubert had money was the most auspicious.

"What are you doing tonight?" she asked.

Anna and Louise looked at each other.

"I guess nothing," Louise said.

"Well, why don't you all come over tonight?"

"All right."

Louise arose purposefully. "Well, I have to beat it, then," she said, "if we're coming back tonight. I have a lot of things that have to be done."

After they had gone Lillian threw herself on the couch and began to wait for Hubert. She was always waiting for him nowadays. The minutes spent in waiting were happy minutes. She always felt that he was hurrying to her with good news. When he finally came he never had much to tell. There was always someone who had offered him a job. Nothing astonishing there. People were bound to offer a fellow like Hubert jobs by the barrelful. Only they never offered him more than five thousand a year.

She felt, sometimes, that he ought to take one of these jobs, but, on the other hand, he was probably right. Why should he get himself into the $5,000 class when he was worth so much more? She knew that it was only a matter of patience and courage and they would be on easy street again. But oh, she hated this place so much! If things would only come right!

HUBERT got $500 for the car.

"There you are," he said, spreading the money before her. "Money isn't hard to get."

"Not if a person has a car to sell every day," she answered.

"You watch now, kid. This is lucky money. This'll break the ice. Everything will change from today on."

She told him about meeting Louise and Anna. "They're coming back this evening. Cliff and Billy are coming too. Do me a favor, Hubert. Let me spend twenty-five dollars, will you?"

"Spend fifty if you like. Spend a hundred. What do you want to do?"

"Oh, Hubert, I'm a mess. I haven't anything to wear or anything. I haven't bought things for ages. You know, I had a lot of things and they all went at once. I don't want Louise or Anna to think we're broke."

"Well, this apartment won't keep our secret very well, Lillian."

"I kinda covered that by talking of economizing after you made bad investments. See? But I hate to look awful myself."

"Sure. Go ahead."

After dinner Lillian rushed out to Dyckman Street. She got a dress for fifteen dollars. It was blue georgette with a plaited skirt. Very pretty. She bought shoes for six dollars. Black satin pumps they were. She didn't care much for the heels—they weren't high and slim enough—but she was in too much of a hurry to hunt about. Stockings could be managed on a dollar nineteen. They were pretty stockings. A shade known as autumn dawn. Her hair did need attention but she could let that go. If anything came up about it she could always say that she was letting it grow.

Lillian bought a bottle of gin for two dollars, a dozen lemons, and a bottle of fruit juice. She went to the delicatessen store then, and ordered a dozen sandwiches—ham-and-cheese combinations—to be sent over at 11 o'clock.

Less than thirty dollars had been spent and she had redeemed herself for running about Dyckman Street hatless, with run-down heels.

It was thrilling, too, to be having company again. She could see no reason why she had abruptly broken with the Sullivans and the Fishers. That had been a fool trick. It hadn't been fun to sit night after night in the little apartment playing innumerable games of checkers and quarreling with Hubert to vary the monotony. It had been stupid to be ashamed of being broke. It was only temporary, anyway.

THEY came at 9 o'clock. The girls had changed their dresses since the afternoon. Lillian was glad that she was looking well. The men eyed the apartment and sat down. They did not seem to know that this was the same couch upon which they had sat so many times before. They had also slept on it, spilled drinks on it, and burned holes in it, but now they sat stiffly upon it and close to the edge.

Lillian was excessively gay. She took their hats and coats and flung them upon the bed in the other room. She talked as she mixed the drinks and laughed a great deal.

"I hear you sold the Nash," Billy said. "I wish I had known you wanted to. I'd have bought it." His tone was one of extreme boredom. It was really no great matter. One buys so many cars.

"Billy is rolling in wealth nowadays," Anna said. "I'm surprised he talks to us."

"Making out well, Billy?" Hubert asked.

Billy became apologetic. "Don't pay any attention to her," he said. "She thinks a guy who broadcasts is lousy with money. You know how it is, Scotty—I pull through."

Lillian served the drinks and conversation perished while the experimental sip was taken.

"That's gorgeous, Lillian," Anna said.

Everybody agreed and discovered that there wasn't anything else to say about anything in the world.

Hubert was sullenly quiet. Lillian asked Billy how he sang in the studio. Louder or softer than usual?

"About the same," said Billy.

"Oh."

Silence. Conversation was very scarce, but they got along the best they could till the sandwiches came. Lillian put them on a plate and handed them around.

Anna said they were gorgeous.

At 12 o'clock the Sullivans and the Fishers departed.

"Now don't be a stranger, Lillian," the girls said. "Come around any time at all."

"I will."

"We had a lovely time. Good night."

"Good night."

The door closed and Lillian went back to her living room and looked it over.

Every cigarette had been properly extinguished in an ash tray. Every glass was right side up and unbroken. There had been no fights and no noise of any kind.

Hubert looked at the platter whereon six sandwiches still rested. Everybody had refused a second.

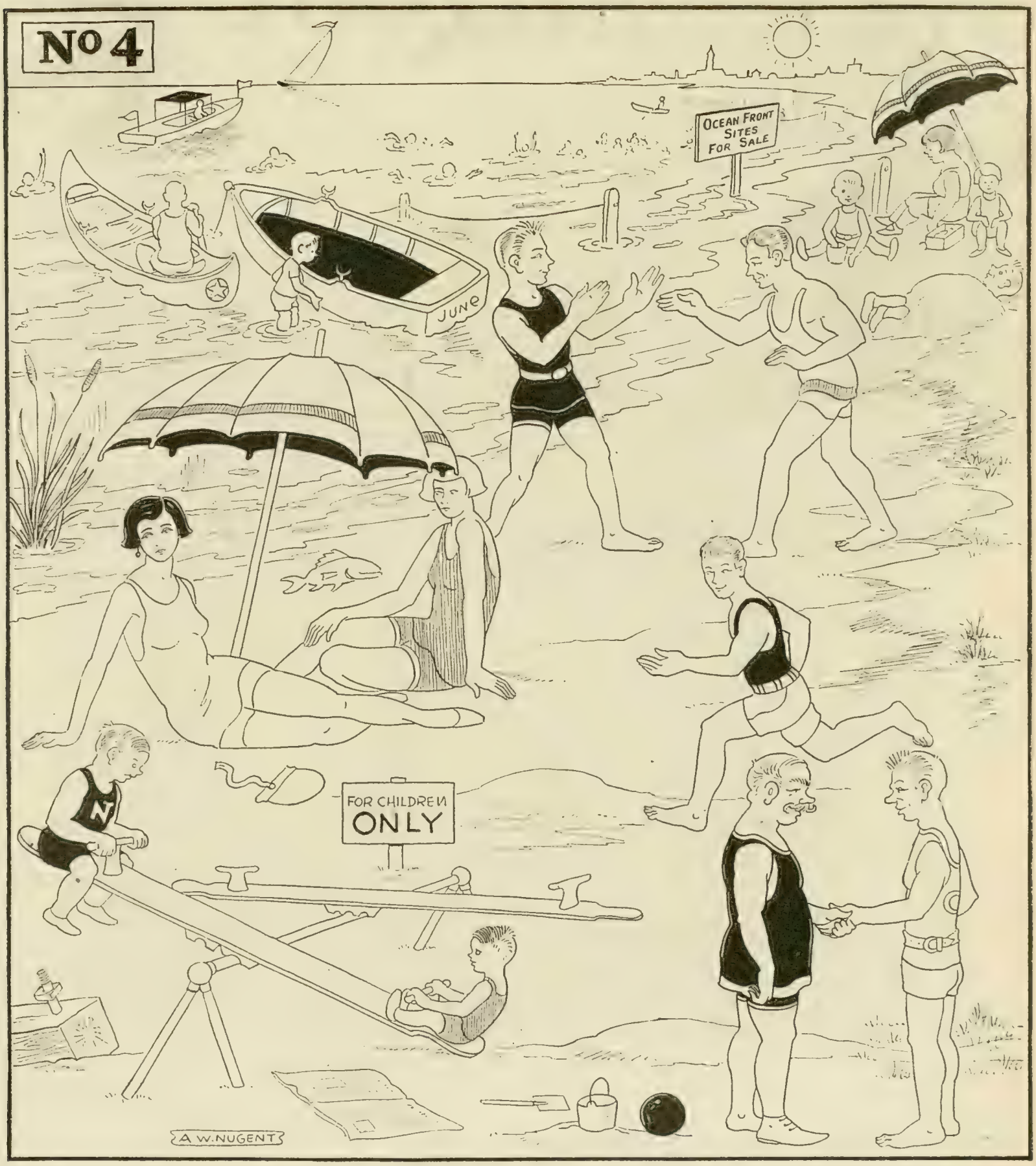
"They weren't as hungry tonight as they always used to be," he said. "Or maybe they're getting polite in their old age."

"Yes, they were very polite," said Lillian. She seemed to forget them then. She was silent for a whole minute, standing motionless in the center of the little room that was too pitiful to misuse.

"Damn them!" she blazed suddenly. "Coming around here being polite. Where do they get that stuff?"

How to live on nothing a week is a problem. You'll learn how Hubert solved that problem when you read next week's installment of this story.

How Many Mistakes In This Picture? $1,000 for Answers Every Week



Rules and Regulations Covering This Contest

YOU are offered an opportunity to profit through the engaging game of picking up the other fellow's mistakes. In the accompanying picture, the fourth of a series in connection with which LIBERTY offers prizes of $1,000 *each week*, the artist has been guilty of between forty and fifty errors.

These Prizes Are Offered Each Week

First prize	$500
Second prize	200
Third prize	100
Forty prizes of $5 each	200
Weekly total	$1,000

Find as many of these as you can, and identify them in any convenient way. Simply list them, or note them on the picture itself, or on a tracing of it. The form is left entirely to you. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of accuracy, neatness, and originality displayed in presenting the mistakes.

Everyone, except professional artists and employees of LIBERTY or members of their families, may compete, and it is not necessary that you buy a copy of LIBERTY to qualify as a contestant. You may consult the various issues at any LIBERTY office or wherever files of the magazine are available.

Entries must be mailed within one week after the date of the issue in which a picture appears. Address them to MISTAKE PICTURES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, P. O. Box 480, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. No entries will be returned and it will not be possible for LIBERTY to engage in correspondence on the subject of the contests.

ACIDOSIS
causes chronic fatigue and MENTAL DULLNESS

MUCH is heard these days of the "chronic fatigue" of tired business men and women. *Yet it is a fact that hard physical work will make neither man nor woman "chronically" tired.*

Authorities check the meals of these business men and women who are not only tired but cannot concentrate and find the answer in *faulty diet* consisting largely of good and necessary but *acid*-reaction foods such as eggs, fish, fowl, bread, meat and cereals. And, an entirely inadequate amount of the necessary *alkaline*-ash foods like Oranges, Lemons and other fresh fruits, vegetables and Milk.

In many cases, these authorities point out, tiredness from which one cannot rest and inability to concentrate are due to nerve cell poisoning because of pollution (mainly acid in nature) of the body fluids which bathe them.

The unbalanced diet outlined above results in the more common type of Acidosis which is responsible for many of our common ailments such as headaches, nausea, sour stomach and indigestion.

Such conditions unquestionably affect mental ability and decrease capacity for work.

To prevent Acidosis every meal must contain sufficient alkaline reaction foods to balance the acid-forming foods. Oranges, Lemons and other citrus fruits have been found to be particularly efficacious for this purpose.

A glass of Orange Juice should be included in every breakfast menu, even in addition to the breakfast fruit. A glass between meals is very beneficial. Citrus fruits may be used in fruit cocktails, fruit punches, garnishes and salads or desserts for luncheon and dinner.

Conserve your time and energy through the proper use of food. California Sunkist Oranges and Lemons should have a prominent place in every household. Rich in minerals, vitamins, sugars and fruit acids, these Oranges and Lemons help to meet many of the requirements of a well balanced diet. Their alkaline reaction in the body is effective in maintaining the proper alkaline balance, thus preventing Acidosis.

Send the coupon at once for a free copy of "Telling Fortunes with Foods," a popular booklet discussing Acidosis and containing many suggested menus for its prevention and correction; also Safe Reducing diets prepared by an eminent authority.

California Sunkist Oranges have the richest juice and finest flavor. You identify them by the famous name "Sunkist" on the skin and on the wrapper. "Sunkist" Lemons carry the name "Sunkist" on the wrapper. "Sunkist" assures uniform quality.

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DIETETIC RESEARCH DEPT., California Fruit Growers Exchange, Div. 1308-B, Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, California.

Please send me without charge, a copy of your book *Telling Fortunes with Foods.*

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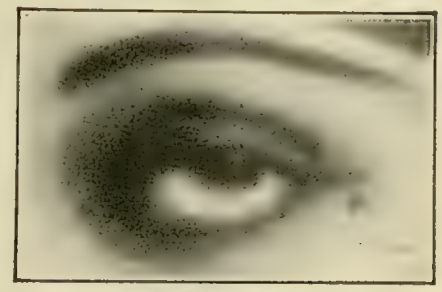
That Come-Hither LOOK



By EILEEN BOURNE

A PURSUIT that engages the attention of many of our girls, young and dieting to be, concerns itself with eye shadow, eyebrow pencil, and mascaro. The object is to add depth, brilliance, mystery, and a dash of the well known come-hither to the eyes.

Eye beautifying is the most ticklish art in the whole scheme of making a lady what she'd like to be. Our first, foremost, and most urgent appeal in connection with eye make-up is practice. Practice, in private, until you can tell those eyes of yours: "At last I have done right by you." For if there is anything that can convert a nice person into the proverbial hard-boiled egg, it is the over-treated eye, lash, and eyebrow.

As to what color eye paste or shadow to choose, the amateur would better stick to the old rule about determining it from the color of her hair and eyes. Only the skilled craftswoman may take liberties with shades foreign to her coloring.

A medium blue is recommended for the brown-haired one with blue eyes and fair skin. The light-blue-eyed blonde with very fair skin would do herself a greater kindness with a light blue shadow. If one has green eyes and blonde hair, let her try a medium green paste. A blonde-haired girl with brown eyes will find brown shadow flattering. For the redhead with blue eyes there is a cerulean blue especially good. A redhead with green eyes, however, might find a green paste more seductive; or a mixture of green and blue might be tried out. With brown eyes and red hair, brown is usually best. A purple shadow intensifies the velvety depths of large black eyes.

One of the Irish type, dark-haired and blue-eyed, might try medium blue. But for dark brown hair and dark brown eyes the brown eye shadow seems best. Hazel-eyed women find green the most becoming shade, as a rule. To make gray eyes "blue," or blue eyes bluer, use blue mascaros and eye shadows.

There is a rule that only a woman with black hair or iron-gray hair can use black shadow and black eyebrow pencil. It is, like other rules, elastic if the hand that breaks it knows how to handle color lightly. Clever women take into account the color of rouge and powder; also the color of the gown to be worn.

For the sun-tan make-up, blue eye shadow, regardless of coloring, promises the happiest effect. With brown or black, eyes tend to recede in a dark face.

A little cream as foundation for the shadow is urged for its help in getting the make-up on more evenly and more lightly. The color may be left a trifle heavier on the extreme edge, fading away at the fold over the eyeball. While many smart women use an Oriental kohl on the edges of the eyelids to outline the eyes, magnify them, and give them added brilliance, there is danger in that little rim for the amateur. She would better forgo it.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

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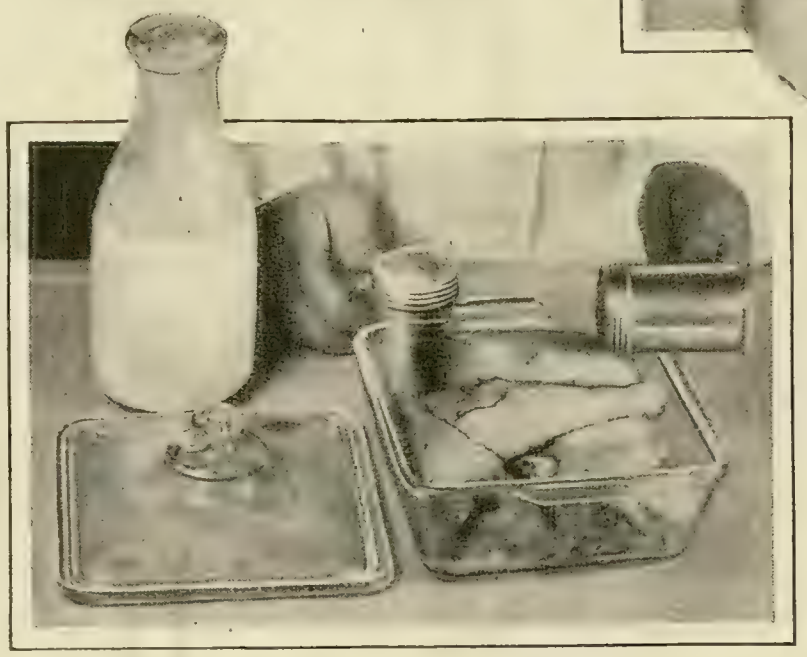
Additional Methods of Cooking Fowl

By Ethel Somers

LAST week LIBERTY printed a comprehensive list of poultry and game birds, and told how to select them. It also gave instructions for their preparation and mentioned the dishes properly served with each. Here are some more detailed recipes.

Steaming is the best way to cook old fowl. This may be followed by roasting or frying if you prefer the chicken browned.



Casserole fowl has the advantage of cooking without any supervision; and it permits a number of interesting tasty variations.

Broiled Chicken
(or other poultry)

Broiler chickens ¾ to 1¼ pounds each
1 tablespoon oil or melted fat per chicken
3 tablespoons lemon juice per chicken
1 teaspoon salt per chicken
⅛ teaspoon pepper per chicken
Cream or evaporated milk, if desired

CLEAN and dress the chickens; split down the back. Brush the inner parts with the oil and sprinkle with lemon juice. Let stand one hour or more, during which time the meat will absorb the oil and lemon juice, becoming white and tender. Wipe dry with a clean cloth and sprinkle with the seasonings. Place on a greased broiler, broiling very slowly by placing six to eight inches below the flame at 450° F. Broil until tender and brown, or about twenty-five minutes. The chickens should be turned frequently or the skin will brown before the meat is tender. The meatier side should be turned toward the flame most of the time. Baste every five minutes with oil and lemon juice in the proportions already given. Should the outside brown before twenty-five or thirty minutes, steam, until done, in the upper oven. A little cream or evaporated milk poured into the bottom of the baking dish enhances the flavoring. When done, spread each chicken with two teaspoons of butter. Garnish with cress or parsley. Accompany with wedges of lemon or lime or a sauce.

If the bird is old and a bit tough it is wiser to use the upper oven for the whole cooking. Place the halved or cut-up chickens in a roasting pan. Brush with oil, omitting the lemon juice. Brown in a hot oven (450° F.) for about thirty minutes. Baste every ten minutes with the fat or oil, preferably that which collects in the roaster. Then add water, stock, or cream or evaporated milk to a depth of one inch. Cook more slowly (300° F.) until tender, about twenty-five minutes to the pound.

MONOTONY of taste spoils many an ambitious appetite. Learn to put a new, luscious tang in your chicken dinners. For different poultry recipes consult LIBERTY'S three cookbooks. They cost 10 cents each; all three for 25 cents. Please use the coupon below when sending for them.

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Pan-Fried Chicken
(or other poultry)

2½ pounds chicken
2 teaspoons salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
¼ cup flour or corn meal
¼ cup fat

FIRST cut up the chicken as for stewing. If the fowl is tough it is safer to steam it up to twenty minutes, depending on its tenderness. Dry and roll each piece in the well blended flour, salt, and pepper. Heat a heavy fry pan or Dutch oven. Melt the fat (which may be chicken fat, oil, butter, bacon, lard, or minced salt pork) therein and lay in the pieces of chicken. Heat with a medium high flame at the start, turning frequently. When brown reduce flame. Fry from twenty to thirty minutes. Serve with milk or cream gravy, garnishing with wedges of lime or lemon and parsley.

Chicken Huntsman Style

PREPARE as for fried chicken, adding cream, milk, or water enough to half cover the browned chicken. Cover the kettle tightly and cook over a low flame or place in a slow oven (250° to 275° F.) until tender, or for two or three hours.

Deep-Fat-Fried Chicken

USE only very tender or steamed chicken. Dip in egg and crumbs or fritter batter and fry in deep hot fat (365° to 375° F.) for about seven minutes.

Fricassee Chicken

4 pounds fowl
3 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
3½ cups cold water

LAY the cut-up chicken in a kettle for stewing. Sprinkle with the salt and pepper and add half of the water, boiling hot. Cover tightly and simmer gently over a tiny flame or bake in a slow oven (250° F.) until tender, which will be from one and one-half to three hours, depending on the fowl. The best results are obtained when as little water as possible is used. Add a little at a time to prevent burning.

When the chicken is done the liquid should be cooked down to about two cupfuls. Add one tablespoon flour for each cup of chicken stock for gravy. Stir it into two tablespoons of cold water, mix thoroughly, and stir slowly into the stock. Continue cooking at least fifteen minutes. If a yellow gravy is desired, just before serving stir in one or two beaten egg yolks.

Creole Chicken

4 pounds chicken fricassee, using paprika in place of pepper
3 green peppers, minced
1 garlic clove or medium onion, minced
2 cups tomato pulp
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons butter or chicken fat

MIX the seasoning ingredients and pan-fry gently in the fat. The mixture should not brown but rather cook savory for about twenty minutes or until the peppers are tender. Add to the fricassee after thickening.

Chicken Casserole

AFTER preparing Creole chicken, add from two to three cups of corn freshly cut from the cob or canned. Place in a casserole and cover with a sprinkling of one-half cup of grated cheese. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) until the top browns, about fifteen minutes.

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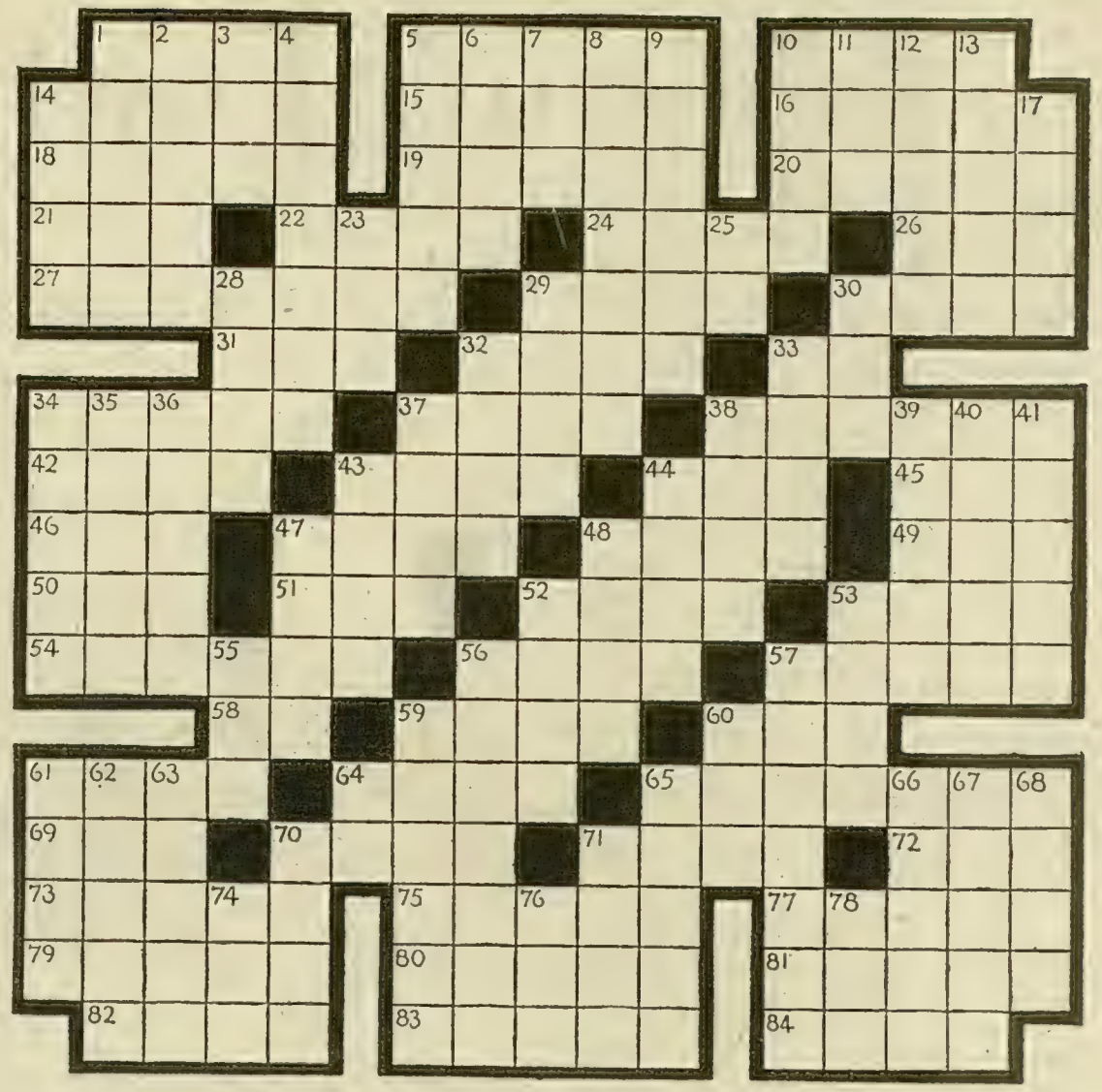
Liberty's Twin

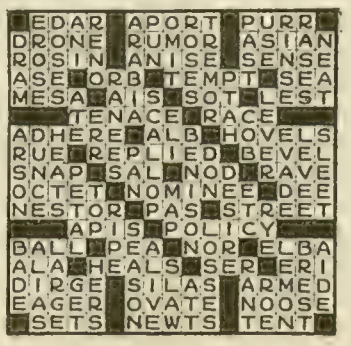


HORIZONTAL

1 Utter raucously
5 Shattered
10 Measure of weight
14 Coated with icing
15 Propelled
16 Metric measure
18 A snake
19 Loafed
20 Worship
21 Native metal
22 Ridge or tuft left by mowers
24 Piebald
26 Mesh fabric
27 Nuptials
29 Observed
30 State of disorder
31 Coin of Siam
32 Peltry
33 Not
34 Carpenter's tool
37 Excludes
38 Responds to an impulse or action
42 Country road
43 Booty
44 Mend
45 A constellation
46 Past
47 Sea mammal
48 Spasmodic breath
49 Swine
50 Man's nickname
51 Beat (colloquial)
52 Close violently
53 River in Siberia
54 A trembling
56 Paroxysm of pain
57 Responsibilities
58 Toward
59 Provides with a complement or crew
60 Son of Noah
61 Poet
64 Rows
65 Floor coverings
69 Beverage
70 Hostelries
71 Likewise
72 Hawaiian wreath
73 Raises
75 Breathe abnormally
77 More crippled
79 Rest on the knees
80 A duck
81 Paradises
82 Sea bird
83 Talk
84 Beetles

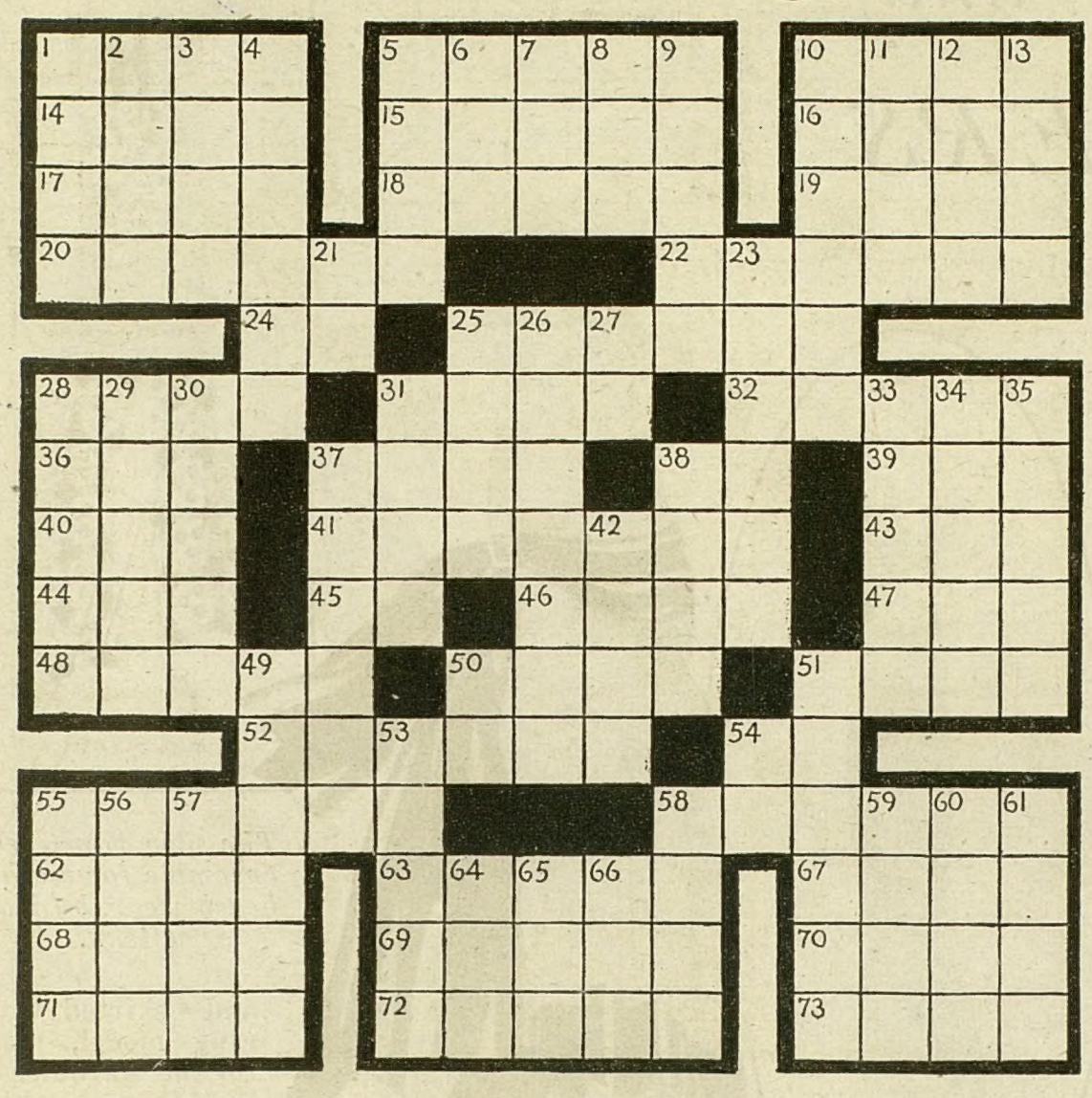
VERTICAL

1 Sound like that of a trumpet
2 Intertwined
3 Playing card
4 White ant
5 Fetch
6 Went horseback
7 Nocturnal bird
8 Warders
9 Whirlpools
10 Pleased
11 Cause to be quit of
12 Expiate
13 Lakes or pools
14 Expand
17 Steeps
23 Insect
25 Measure of type
28 Native of a European country
29 Swell of the sea
30 Extinct flightless bird
32 Season
33 Adjoining in a series of things
34 A workshop or other apparatus complete
35 Beer
36 Pole of an electrical source
37 Ray
38 Circle
39 Antic
40 Threefold
41 Scandinavian legends
43 A fruit
44 Tooth
47 Narrow opening
48 Cooking utensils
52 Forbids
53 Illuminating device
55 Rabid
56 Edible root
57 Sang
59 Residence of an ecclesiastic (plural)
60 Owns
61 Thwart; disappoint
62 Arrange in a row
63 Allude
64 A preposition
65 Office assistant
66 Man's name
67 Years between twelve and twenty
68 Gentlemen
70 Island
71 Extent of surface
74 Cardinal number
76 Poem
78 Commotion



Answer to last week's puzzle

Puzzle Pages



HORIZONTAL

1 Religious service
5 One of a Polynesian people
10 A large flat-bottomed boat
14 A tenor violin or viola
15 A flower
16 One of a people of Hindustan
17 Any of the twelve heads of Islam
18 Woman's name
19 A month of the Jewish year
20 A genus of mosslike bog plants
22 Country bumpkins
24 Syllable sounded in solmization
25 To be on one's guard
28 Simians
31 Flexible pipe for conveying liquids
32 To sally forth
36 To bleat as a sheep
37 Part of a valve
38 Toward
39 Ecclesiastical wine vessel
40 A unit in the C. G. S. system
41 Small fishing boat used on the French coast
43 A tree
44 Sailor
45 Else
46 The darnel
47 Bear young
48 Cut with scissors
50 Founder of the Keystone State
51 Large flatboats
52 Surrender (law)
54 Printer's measure
55 Exhibit ostentatiously
58 Hebrew teachers
62 Man's name
63 Shelf of rock
67 Unintentionally to part with
68 A European capital
69 Bay window
70 Woman's name
71 Makes a practice of
72 Offensively filthy
73 Make headway against an adverse current

VERTICAL

1 Mutilate, wound, or disfigure
2 Character in Spenser's Faërie Queene
3 Cessation of motion or progression
4 People of a Hamitic race of Africa
5 Female demon in Teutonic folklore
6 A tree
7 Combining form: ear
8 A color
9 Malay-Negrito of northwestern Ceylon
10 Wagers
11 System of signals
12 Heritable land in medieval Teutonic law
13 Conflicts
21 Symbol for an element
23 A bird
25 The male of the guinea pig
26 Aggregation of property owned (plural)
27 Pronoun
28 Instigates
29 East Indian measure
30 Great wave moving up a river
31 Give attention to
33 More secure from danger or injury
34 Eskimo boat
35 Acquires by labor
37 Tallied
38 Bird of the gull family
42 Propeller blade
49 Alliance in Lindley's classification (botany)
50 Greek letter
51 Goes easily
53 A fruit
54 Assyrian deity
55 South American country
56 Book of the Bible
57 Hoarfrost
58 Rest with confidence
59 Fastening device
60 Island
61 A ridge
64 Period
65 Roman underworld god
66 Obtain

Answer to last week's puzzle

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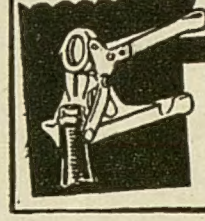
Tilt Top



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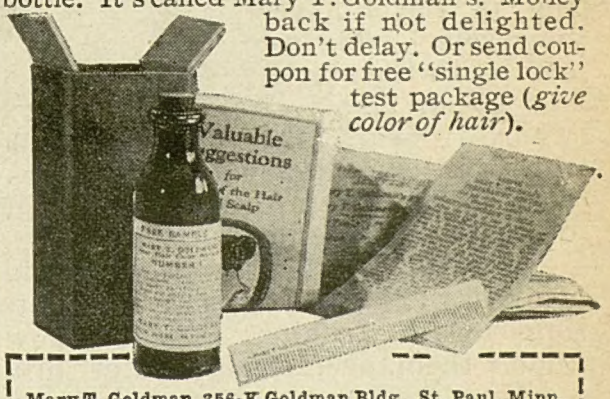

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You must not miss this fascinating story of the gallant young warbirds who flew the colors of the Lafayette Flying Corps... By Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. Read it
IN LIBERTY NOW!

The Lady and the TROUSERS

By Bettina Bedwell

Paris.

TROUSERS are in fashion for ladies. If Paul Poiret were in Paris now, he would be able to say, "I told you so," although the bifurcated harem product that he predicted would replace the feminine skirt has very little to do with the present styles. Women are not to be separated from their uniquely feminine badge—the skirt. Rather, Paris is taking a tip from the 1850s and is combining skirts and trousers with absolutely no loss of ladylike charm.

There are times and places when the skirt has to go. Then it is unwept and unregretted. Whole new departments for airplane clothes have come about in Paris couturier salons—and with mail-order houses selling flying busses, it seems high time. These plane clothes fashions now fermenting in Paris have no traffic whatsoever with the skirt.

This Worth gown of black lace, with fitted trousers, is an example of the mode; another, shown at the left, is the smart aviation suit from Paul Caret.

Chanel is omitting the slip from evening gowns and substitutes ankle-length trousers.

The new trousered ensemble for tea or beach wear, by Nowitsky.

Another quarter where trousers unadulterated by the skirt flourish is in the pyjama realm, where costumes for the beach, the boudoir, and the informal tea and dinner are being turned out in increasing numbers.

However, it is a trouser-and-skirt combination for everyday and evening wear in town that is the most thrilling news of fashion. Evening gowns with nary a slip under them, even of the filmiest order, have instead decorative trousers and pantalets—garments that recall vividly those really feminine trouserettes that were universal in the first half of the nineteenth century. The trousers worn beneath the fashionable evening skirt of 1929 sport no ruffles, but they peep from beneath a very long skirt in the same enticing manner as did the pantalets of Civil War times. Sometimes they are fitted to a neatly turned calf; again, they are loose and flowing. Houses like Worth and Louiseboulanger and Chanel, whose dignity is unimpeachable, are now substituting trousers for skirts under evening dresses.

For aviation, the trousered ensemble shown in our first sketch, and designed by Lady Egerton of Paul Caret, is composed of coat and knee-length trousers of beige tweed, with a sort of skirt, open in front and back, with buttons to attach it at will. A heavy white knitted sweater is worn under the coat.

Our third sketch shows the famous Chanel trousered and skirted evening model, made for the Marquise de San Carlos, which did a great deal to bring about a general interest in this type of costume. Chanel made this frock of black lace, banded with black velvet, and added almost ankle-length trousers, also of black lace.

WORTH combines black satin trousers with knee bands of lace, as shown in our second model. The frock is of black lace, very long at the sides, and is a beautiful example of the long-sleeved evening gown now in vogue.

Femininely smart trousers, when not accompanied by a skirt, are usually very long and wide, like the printed pyjama trousers of the Mary Nowitsky model shown in the upper right-hand corner. The coat of this ensemble, which was designed for the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, is made of dark red crêpe, with revers of printed crêpe. The long trousers go over the top of a plain, sleeveless blouse.

* * *

Velvet hats, with wide, shirred brims perched on bandeaux, are the last word in Paris headlines seen at the Polo Club.

The Louiseboulanger necklace of sea beans mixed with Franciscan carved wooden beads is the newest jewelry seen in Paris.

Woolens that are indeed featherweight are woven of ostrich feathers by Lesur for fall wear.

Oversize flowers in contrasting bright colors trim many of the first fall hats from Paris.

Match your fall hat to your fur neck piece or the trimmings on your coat, and let your costume colors contrast as they may, is a new Paris dictum.

For the first time in history, the greatest dermatologists★ in America give scientific approval to a complexion soap

I was sure Camay would be a *wonderful* soap the minute I knew Procter and Gamble made it. And then, from my own complexion, I discovered it was so mild that I was convinced it must be the ideal soap for even the most delicate complexions!

To be sure my opinion was right, I consulted 72 of the most eminent dermatologists in America. These physicians examined Camay's chemical analysis. They tested Camay's effect on various kinds of complexions. They used Camay themselves. So did their families.

As a result, Camay has the unanimous approval of these great scientists — something no other complexion soap *ever* received before!

Many of these physicians went much further than a formal approval. A professor of dermatology in the largest medical school west of the Rockies says:

"I have purchased samples of Camay in the local market and have tried them out on my own skin and that of several members of my family, all of whom have sensitive skins. As a result of these experiences I can state that Camay Soap is a first class toilet soap in every respect."

A Chicago authority says:

"Camay lathers freely. The sensation produced by the lathering process is one of blandness. It cleanses efficiently without leaving the skin feeling drawn."

Will *you* try Camay? I am sure, before you're two weeks older, you'll begin to realize, just as I did, that there never was anything like this fragrant new soap for helping you keep your complexion fresh and clear and outdoor-looking.

Helen Chase

Face Your World With Loveliness is a free booklet of advice from America's leading dermatologists about skin care. Edited by a former president of the American Medical Association. Write to Miss Helen Chase, Dept. YLL-89 Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

CAMAY IS A PROCTER & GAMBLE SOAP

★ **What is a dermatologist?**

The title of dermatologist rightfully belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

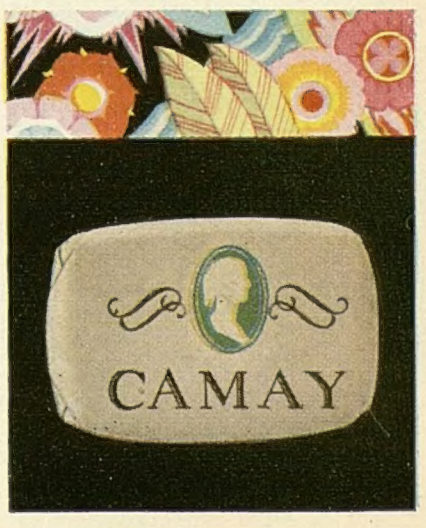
I have personally examined the signed comments from 72 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the formula and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to the accuracy with which their approval has been stated in this advertisement.

J. Allen Pusey

M. D.

(Dr. Pusey is a former president of the American Medical Association, editor of The Archives of Dermatology, and Professor Emeritus of Dermatology at the University of Illinois.)

CAMAY 10¢ A CAKE



A modern bathroom by Ely Jacques Kahn New York

The "Viceroy" bath, "Filmore" lavatory, and "Rockbourne" closet are in Old Ivory, a favorite Kohler color

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The reasonable extra charge for color in Kohler fixtures adds only a trifle to the cost of the complete bathroom. And, as the price table at the right suggests, there are Kohler colored fixtures to fit any bathroom budget.

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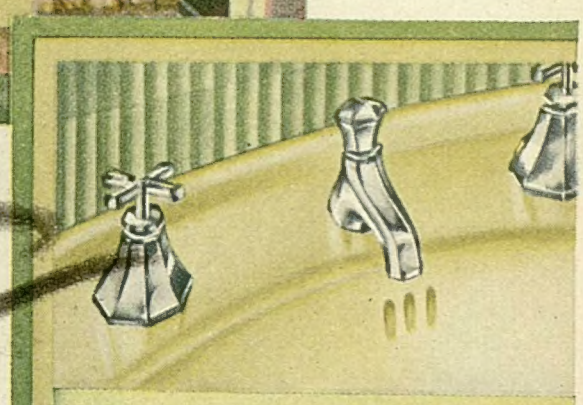

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